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SKETCHES
AND
RECOLLECTIONS.

BY JOHN POOLE, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "PAUL PRY," &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL I.

LONDON :
PUBLISHED FOR HENRY COLBURN,
BY RICHARD BENTLEY ; BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH :
AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1835.

204 ~~4~~ 2.35 (1)



Five money
(2 vols)

LONDON:

P. SHOBRI, JUN., 4, LEICESTER STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

TO
JOHN CHARLES DENHAM, ESQ.,
AS A RECORD OF
MUTUAL FRIENDSHIP,
LONG EXISTING, UNINTERRUPTED, AND UNABATED;
THESE VOLUMES OF
SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS
ARE INSCRIBED BY
THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

THE following papers, now first collected under the general title of *SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS*, have already appeared, at intervals, since 1825, as contributions to a Periodical Work. The favourable reception with which most of them were honoured on their several and separate appearances has induced their re-publication in their present form. To a numerous class of readers, who seldom or never see the periodicals, they will be new; and, it is hoped that, to many, upon whom they can make no claim on the score of absolute novelty, the re-appearance of some of them may yet be not unwelcome. Their present arrangement is not according to the order in which they were originally published, but is one adopted for the purpose of contrasting as much as possible, and varying, the subjects.

Of the narratives, if they have the good fortune to amuse, few readers will inquire whether they be founded, or not, on fact. But some of them are so: after all, fact is the best foundation for a superstruc-

ture of fiction. The anecdotes of gaming, and of duelling, and the anecdotes generally (related *as such*) are strictly true.

Of the characters, though, for reasons sufficiently obvious, they are introduced under fictitious names, many of them are actually drawn from the life ; with no other variation or amplification of feature, or of exaggeration in the colouring, than such as a painter would be warranted in using for the purpose of giving the most striking effect to his portraits.

All the papers have undergone as careful a revision as the author could bestow upon them : this is a duty which every writer owes to the public : yet does he not pretend to have rendered his work proof against the *heavy fire* of criticism, nor, indeed, does he apprehend that his trifles will be attacked by so formidable a battery. Who ever goes out sparrow-shooting with a four-and-twenty-pounder ? or, on the other hand, is it to the inspection of the Master-General of the Ordnance that a maker of pop-guns would submit his small artillery ?

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SKETCHES
AND
RECOLLECTIONS.

DICK FERRET.

A SKETCH

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

It is by no means a pleasant thing to be stared and pointed at as an object of singularity. Fops and coxcombs are of a different opinion ; but since (thanks to an unaspiring tailor, and just so much of common sense as serves to protect me from knocking my head against every post I see,) I am not a member of either of those ancient fraternities, I have felt with

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extreme acuteness the inconvenience of my position. In society, public or private, in the streets, at the theatre, at table, at the club, have I been subjected to this annoyance. Often, when opportunity has served, I have approached a glass, expecting to find that some wag had taken advantage of my "innocent sleep" to black my face, or pin a napkin to my coat, or stick pens, porcupine-wise, in my hair—the most approved witticisms of your practical Congreves: but such has not proved to be the case; and, too proud or too indolent to inquire, I might still have remained ignorant of the cause of my attracting, for some time past, such pointed and distressing notice, but for the visit, the other morning, of our friend Dick Ferret. I say *our* friend, because every body knows Dick, and Dick knows every body; but, for the enlightenment of the few nobodies who are unacquainted with him, I will give a slight sketch of his person and character.

Dick appears to be about six and twenty, though I have heard it asserted that he is considerably older. He is tall, standing about six feet two and a half inches; and, if I am not inclined to agree with those who would rank him in "the first order of fine forms," it is

because he is somewhat too slim in proportion to his height. His face is thin, and

“ Sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought ;”

and his hair, which is raven-black, falls in profuse ringlets over his shoulders. His eye is small, but dark, intelligent, piercing; and almost seems to possess the wonderful power of looking at, over, under, into, and through you at a single glance. This feature is strikingly indicative of an alleged quality of his mind, which will presently be noticed. His gait is measured, slow, and solemn. With respect to dress, he is negligent in the extreme; I had almost said slovenly. This, in my opinion, is the only point at which Dick lies open to rebuke; for, of his moral and social qualities, it may truly be said they are without a flaw. His piety is unsullied by the slightest tinge of moroseness; his abstemiousness—for he never tastes but of one dish, nor ventures beyond a second glass of wine—renders him not unindulgent towards those who more easily yield to the allurements of the table. He is good-humoured, good-natured, and well-meaning. His learning is, perhaps, more varied than profound; his mind is stored with facts and anecdotes accumulated in the course of his two voyages round the

world, and three pedestrian journeys over Europe and Asia ; and since, in addition to all this, like Desdemona, he “sings, plays, and dances well,” it will readily be admitted that his accomplishments are amply sufficient for the pleasurable purposes of society. The only drawback to their display is a natural reservedness, amounting almost to shyness, which it will sometimes require all the ingenuity of his friends, by a gradual and dexterous drawing-out, to overcome.

Now, were I to stop here, it might be said that I had drawn a faultless monster ; in justice, therefore, to our friend, I must reduce him to within the limits of human perfection.

I have already alluded to an alleged quality of his mind, and that is — inquisitiveness. I say *alleged*, because I, for my own part, am unwilling to admit its existence—at least, as a distinguishing trait in his character. All men are desirous of obtaining knowledge and information : all men are anxious to know what is going on in the world : all men, to attain these ends, must, in some way or other, ask questions, or, to use the other term, be inquisitive ; and where is the real difference between pumping a book or a newspaper at your break-

fast, and pumping your friends and acquaintance at any time later in the day? The difference, if any there be, is in the manner, not in the thing; and Dick's manner is all-to-nothing the best, inasmuch as it is less trying to the eyes than poring over small print. It proves nothing against Dick that R——, one day, finding amongst the visiting cards on his table a small scrap of paper with merely a note of interrogation marked on it, said to his servant — “If Mr. Ferret should call again, I shall be happy to see him;” and even if it did, Dick is so rich in good qualities that he can well afford so trifling a set-off against them.

I was busy arranging some papers when Dick Ferret entered my room. Scarcely had he taken his seat ere I was convinced, by his look and manner, that his good-natured soul was agonized by the necessity imposed on him, by his ardent and sincere friendship for me, of communicating something which he knew must occasion me pain or uneasiness. Dick (unlike your meddling tale-bearers who fetch and carry with a malicious intent), disdaining the petty arts of hint, insinuation, and inuendo, went directly to the point, and, with his customary frankness, thus began :—

“ My dear fellow, you — I — a-hem ! — you are a sensitive man, and pay more attention to such things than they deserve. For my part, I do n’t believe it, and so I said at the time.”

“ What time ? and what don’t you believe ? ”

“ There, now ! I knew it would make you uneasy. You are wrong ; it is not worth your attention. Besides, if people do point at you as a person affecting singularity, how can you help it ? But, mind, I do n’t say they *do* ; I merely say *if* they do.”

“ To speak the truth, Ferret, I have fancied as much for some time past, and shall be glad if you can acquaint me with the cause of it.”

“ There, again ! Now you are wrong — I must use the liberty of a friend to tell you you are *very* wrong. Why need you care about it ? It is n’t pleasant, to be sure, but one can ’t go all over London to stop people’s tongues. As to the cause, as I said at the time, every man has a right, in these matters, to do as he likes. But, between ourselves, I did n’t think it friendly on his part to urge the subject against you in the way he did ; and so I told him.”

"Then you *are* acquainted with the cause ?
And to whom do you allude ?"

"Nobody — nothing. Now mind, I know nothing, and I have told you nothing, so you have heard nothing from me.—A-hem !—Have you seen our friend Willoughby lately ?"

"A week ago. We shall dine together to-morrow."

"Shall you !!! Well—I am glad of it —*very* glad. I do n t like to see old friendships broken up. I know you *did* entertain a very great regard for him, and so did he for you—I know he did—and, indeed, so he ought, for you have rendered him some services."

"Nothing of any importance. But what is this to lead to ?"

"But I tell you you have, and you know it ; and you 'll be good friends again one of these days, notwithstanding."

"Notwithstanding what ?"

"Pooh, pooh ! you must not notice it—when you meet, you must give him your hand as usual—I tell you, you must. Every body knows Willoughby : he does not mean half the ill-natured things he says ; and he is sorry for it when he has said them. But then the mis-

chief is done — Eh ? Yet he is a good fellow at bottom, and you must not mind this. You *will* dine with him to-morrow, notwithstanding, — Or does he dine with you ? — or perhaps you are to meet somewhere ? — Where ? ”

“ Now, Ferret, you have led me to suspect that Willoughby has said something to my discredit : it was at your option whether or not to remain silent upon the subject altogether ; but, since you have chosen to say so much, I consider you bound to declare all you know.”

“ Say ! what have I said ? I have said nothing. Can you imagine I would go about repeating what I hear at a private table ? ”

“ No ; for the certain penalty for such a proceeding would be your exclusion from such table ever after. But, as I have already intimated, you have said either too much or too little, and have now bound yourself to——”

“ Again I tell you, you are wrong to be in the least annoyed at it ; for what was there in it, after all ? Nothing — a-hem ! — at least, there *would have been* nothing in it had he said it to me privately. But, between ourselves — and this I say to you as a friend — he *oughtn't* to have said it in the presence of



ten others, all friends and acquaintances of your's — (for every one of them will find a different motive for your conduct) — there he was wrong, and so I told him at the time."

"And in what point is my conduct open to opinions so many and so various?"

"What need you care about their opinions? You are not obliged to print your 'Life' unless you think proper."

"Print my 'Life!' What in the sacred name of Foolery do you mean?"

"I said so; the very thing I said. But you know Willoughby's way when he gets a crotchet into his head—he runs wild—there is no stopping him. He said it was a d—d piece of affectation—that you purposely abstained from so doing in order to render yourself conspicuous — singular; that, except yourself, there was not a man, woman, or *child*, past the age of twenty but had published his, her, or its 'Memoirs,' or 'Life and Times,' or 'Reminiscences,' or 'Personal Narrative,' at the very least: that it was the fashion, the mania, the frenzy of the time: that nothing but your immeasurable vanity prevented your doing as others did: and that when this means of exciting notice should be exhausted, you would be seen walking about

the streets dressed in a pink silk coat, red-heeled shoes, and a feather-rimmed hat."

So, now the murder was out—the grievance I have complained of was explained.

"And Willoughby did really make such a charge against me?" said I.

"Why now, my dear fellow—you do n't know it from me—I have told you nothing—What have I said?—You must n't say *I* told you this. Besides, he is your friend; he meant it for the best, and you *ought* to follow his advice."

"But, even were I so inclined, I have scarcely any thing to relate worth listening to."

"Pooh, pooh! you have, I know you have, and you know it too. You have lived a good deal in the world; have seen and known many remarkable people; and have in your possession many curious letters—thousands!—I know you have—have n't you? Yes, yes, you must—Eh?"

"Psha! I despise the pettifogging process of nightly recording the conversations of the day: of noting down the careless joke, or the half-serious half-jesting opinion heedlessly thrown off at the convivial board: of accumulating letters intended only for the friendly

eye ; and all this for the purpose (a purpose of doubtful propriety, at the best,) of filling a quarto to be published at the first convenient opportunity."

"I didn't say a *quarto*—now, my dear fellow, I did *not* say a quarto."

"I won't quarrel with you about the size : make it an octavo — a duodecimo, if you will, my objection is the same ; nor would it be lessened by thrusting portraits and autographs into the book."

"Your portrait ! my dear fellow, I said nothing about your portrait. But will you think of the matter ?"

Perceiving that my sincere and excellent friend had the subject deeply at heart, and, at the same time, to put an end to the conversation, I told him I would consider of it.

"But, for Willoughby," added I, "who has exhibited this my foible in the worst possible point of view, I have done with him."

"There you are wrong," said Ferret ; "he meant no harm ; and when you meet, you must shake hands with him as usual. He is your friend — I know he is ; but he has a dangerous tongue—a *very* dangerous tongue — and I told him so."

"That was well. You told him so, did you?"

"Told him? I mean I as good as told him. But come, I can't bear to see old friends dis-united; *and after a few months or so*, when the affair has blown over, he'll be sorry for what he said, and *I should n't wonder* to see you as good friends again as ever."

"Well, be that as it may. But one word at parting, Ferret. I have promised you that I will *consider* of this subject—nothing more; but do n't mention to any one that you have even hinted the matter to me."

"Not a soul. You know me;—hear, see, and say nothing, is the rule of my life. I never ask questions, I never repeat what I hear. And you, my dear fellow—I have told you nothing about our friend Willoughby—you know nothing from me. Do n't mention my name in the business—promise me."

"I promise. Good morning, Dick."

Acting upon the information so kindly conveyed to me by my excellent friend, Dick Ferret, the instant I was left to myself I wrote a formal note to my *friend* Willoughby, declining the pleasure of meeting him on the following day. [By the by, we have met since,

and I understand he is utterly at a loss to account for my undisguised coldness towards him ; but, being under a promise of secrecy to our friend Ferret, I am not at liberty to enlighten him as to the cause.]

Scarcely had I sealed my note when in came A——.

“ Well,” said he, “ when do you expect to get it out ?”

“ Out ! What ?”

“ Oh, I just now met our friend Ferret, who told me *in confidence*. But I agree with him : ‘ Memoirs and Correspondence, in three volumes, quarto,’ will lead the public to expect too much.”

Before I had time to reply, B—— entered the room.

“ I have just parted with our friend Ferret. I like your title : ‘ Mems. on Men, and Thoughts on Things ;’ but I am quite of his opinion—stuffing it all into one volume small octavo will be looked upon as a sorry piece of mock-modesty.”

Next came C——.

“ Better late than never,” said C—— ; “ I commend you for the intention, although you are somewhat late in the field. You must not

be angry with our good friend Ferret for trusting ME with the secret — I hold it confidentially, and it shall go no farther. But I can't help agreeing with him — not as to publishing in eight volumes octavo, because if you can fill them pleasantly there will be no harm done — but the portrait—(and he mentioned this with unfeigned concern, for he is a warm friend of your's) — placing, as a frontispiece, a portrait of yourself in a red velvet cap, with the forefinger of your left hand pressing your temple, a pen as big as an ostrich feather in your right hand, and your right foot resting on a pea-green satin cushion, is—I agree with him—an instance of vanity—excuse my frankness — to be equalled only by the absurdity—pardon the word—of announcing your ' Voyages, Travels, Life, and Adventures,' as intended for the use of schools !”

I had no time for explanation or reply, for I was visited in rapid succession by D——, E——, F——, G——, and the rest of the alphabet, each with a different version of a story which was not absolutely untrue, inasmuch as it had the very slightest possible foundation in truth.

“ This is unendurable !” exclaimed I. “ You

all know our friend Ferret ; he is incapable of uttering a falsehood, but his *imagination* is peculiarly constructed. He is what I would call a beau-idealist : he sees and hears things as they are ; he describes and relates them as they ought to be. You show him an acorn, he thinks of an oak, he describes a forest. 'T is thus he has led you into error upon the present occasion. He suggested to me the necessity of my following the fashion of Life-and-Times-writing ; I gave no positive promise that I would. But, admitting that I did, I admit no more than that the stuff, the groundwork, is my own ;—for the exquisite and elaborate embroidery—the three quartos, the eight octavos, the velvet cap and pea-green satin cushion, I am indebted to his—*beau-idealism*. I never even thought of aspiring to the dignity of a volume. The most I ever contemplated was to furnish, from time to time, to the lighter pages of the New Monthly, a few 'Sketches' of character and manners, and 'Recollections' of persons and events. At any rate, I now find myself bound to the undertaking ; and when, in some shape or other, I shall have contributed my quota to this most craving appetite of the time — when I shall have pub-

lished my Memoirs and Reminiscences — I trust I shall receive the usual reward of such a labour — that of being allowed to sink into quiet obscurity.”

EARLY RISING:

"I'LL PACK MY PORTMANTEAU."

"Promises, like pie-crusts, are made to be broken."—**ELÉGANT EXTRACTS.**

THAT is not true. The proverb is a wicked proverb, and deserves to be thrust out from the collection for its wickedness, as do some others for their folly. To act up to the pernicious principle it inculcates would tend directly to the disorganization of society.

Yet there are certain matter-of-course promises, which we are in the habit of making, with an implied understanding, on the parts both of *promiser* and *promissee*, that they will not be kept: we engage in them with just the same degree of sincerity which we exercise when writing to assure an utter stranger that we are his very humble and obedient servant. I shall not attempt to defend either the wisdom

or the virtue of the practice : I merely state the fact : it is one of the polite usages of the world. We are requested to do some certain thing — to perform some extraordinary feat ; by common courtesy we are bound to engage in the undertaking : the promise is of such a nature—so absurd, so wild, so nearly unaccomplishable — that no man in his senses would make it, with a serious intention of carrying it into effect ; nor would any one, possessed of a grain of humanity, be so cruel as to insist upon its fulfilment. I will state, for instance, a striking case.

You live somewhere about St. James's. One day, in the depth of winter, you meet an old acquaintance, whose domicile—mark the season and the localities !—is near the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park. You have not met for a long time before, and are both of you really delighted at the meeting. He can have no possible motive for insulting you, or for drawing you into a quarrel : yet, at parting, he, with a countenance expressive of nothing but good-humour, shakes you by the hand, and says, "I'm heartily glad we have met again : *will you come and breakfast with me, AT NINE O'CLOCK to-morrow ?*"

Now, if you could, for a moment, believe that the invitation, or the insult, (call it which you will, for, in such a case, the words would be synonymous,) were offered in sober seriousness, you would instantly take a review of your whole past life, and inquire of yourself what offence you had ever committed against that man in particular, or against society in general (of which he might arrogate to himself the right of becoming the avenger,) to warrant him in meditating such an attack upon your peace and comfort : that done, the proper course to be pursued would be obvious. But; no; as a man of the world, you are perfectly well aware that the "Breakfast with me at nine"—like the Spaniards' "May you live a thousand years!" our own, "I hope you're well" to every person we meet, or, the "You'll always find me your friend" of the universe entire—is a phrase totally devoid of meaning; you, therefore, cordially return your friend's grasp, and promise that you'll wait on him with the greatest pleasure: consequently—you don't go. The thing is well understood on both sides.

But of all the promises which are made, notoriously and expressly for the purpose of being broken, those relative to early rising,

whether we make them to ourselves or to others, are the most common. As I address myself to the members of a community far advanced in civilization, I might spare myself the trouble (but that it is best, in all cases of importance, to come to a distinct agreement upon terms,) of defining *early rising* to be the act of getting out of one's bed at any hour before nine o'clock (A.M.) between Lady-day and Michaelmas, or before eleven (A.M.) from Michaelmas to Lady-day: and, for the same reason, I have insisted upon the A.M. as a protection against my being confounded with those ultra anti-matinalists who adopt the P.M. throughout the winter portion of the year, and touch on the verge of mid-day during the summer. Again; by *early rising* I mean it in the sense of a constant practice. I do not call him an early riser who, once in his life, may have been forced out of his bed at eight o'clock on a November morning, in consequence of his house having been on fire ever since seven; nor would I attach such a stigma to him who, in the sheer spirit of fool-hardiness and bravado, should for once and away "awake, arise," even three or four hours earlier, in the same inclement season: *I, myself, have done it!* But the fact is,

that the thing, as a constant practice, is impossible to one who is not "to the manner born." He must be taught it, as a fish is taught to swim, from his earliest infancy. He must have enjoyed the advantage of the favourable coincidence of making his first appearance in the world at the very identical moment of sunrise on the twenty-first of June. *To acquire* the habit of it——! as well might one study to acquire the habit of flying. The *act*, then, being impossible, it follows that all promises made to that end must be futile.

I know it may be objected to me that chimney-sweepers, dustmen, &c., are early risers; but this I would rather take to be a vulgar error than admit it as a fact: what proof can you adduce that they have yet been to bed? For my own part, I am unwilling to think so uncharitably of human nature as to believe that any created being would force another to quit his bed at five o'clock, on a frosty morning, if he had once been in it. By the same rule, to what suspicions might not *I* be subjected in the mind of any one who may have seen *me*, in the month of June, enjoying the glorious spectacle of the rising sun! *I* see it before *I* retire to rest; whilst others, drones, sluggards, as

they are, have been snoring in their beds since eleven o'clock of the previous night!

I have confessed that once, in the sheer spirit of bravado, I myself rose (or promised to rise,) at that ignominious period of the night, known, or rather heard of, by the term "four in the morning." My folly deserved a severe punishment, which, indeed, it received in its own consequences; but, since I have lately been informed that "a good-natured friend" is of opinion that it merits the additional chastisement of public exposure, I will (to spare him the *pain* of bestowing it upon me,) inflict the lash with my own hand. That done, I trust that even my *friend*—for one's friends are usually the most difficult to satisfy in such cases—will admit it as a sufficient expiation of my offence.

I had the pleasure of spending the last Christmas holidays very agreeably with a family at Bristol. I am aware that those who have heard nothing of the Bristolians, save through George Frederick Cooke's satire on them,* will be amazed at any one's venturing to bring together in the same sentence three

* "There are not two bricks in your accursed town," said the tragedian, "but are cemented with the blood of an African."

such words as "agreeably," "Bristol," and "pleasure;" but I declare it, on my own knowledge, that there is in that city one family which, for good sense, good-humour, pleasantry, and kindness, is not to be outdone by any in Great Britain. "The blood of an African," indeed! There is not one amongst them, not excepting the ladies, no, nor even excepting Miss Adelaide herself (albeit she sweeten her coffee after the French fashion), who would not relinquish the use of sugar for ever rather than connive at the suffering of one poor negro. The family I allude to are the Nortingtons. As a rigid recorder, I speak only to what I positively know: there may be others of equal value.

Having an appointment of some importance, for the eighth of January, in London, I had settled that my visit should terminate on Twelfth-night. On the morning of that festive occasion I had not yet resolved on any particular mode of conveyance to town; when, walking along Broad Street, my attention was brought to the subject by the various coach-advertisements which were posted on the walls. The "High-flyer" announced its departure at three in the afternoon—a rational hour; the "Magnet"

at ten in the morning — somewhat of the earliest; whilst the “Wonder” was advertised to start every morning at five precisely!!! — a glaring impossibility.

We know that, in our enterprising country, adventures are sometimes undertaken, in the spirit of competition, which are entirely out of the common course of things: thus, one man will sell a bottle of blacking for nine-pence, with the charitable intention of *ruining* his neighbour (so think the worthy Public), who has the audacity to charge his at a shilling — the intrinsic value of the commodity being, in either case, a fraction less than five farthings. Such a manœuvre, however, is tolerable; but the attempt to ruin a respectable vehicle, professing to set out on its journey at the reputable hour of three in the afternoon, by pretending to start a coach at five o'clock in the morning, was an imposition “tolerable” only in Dogberry’s sense of the word — it was “not to be endured.” And then, the downright absurdity of the undertaking! — for, admitting that the proprietors might prevail on some poor idiot to act as coachman, where were they to entrap a dozen mad people for passengers?

We often experience an irresistible impulse

to interfere in some matter, simply because it happens to be no business of our's; and, the case in question being clearly no affair of mine, I resolved to inquire into it. I went into the coach-office, expecting to be told, in answer to my very first question, that the advertisement was altogether a *ruse de guerre*.

"So, sir," said I, to the book-keeper, "you start a coach to London at five in the morning?"

"Yes, sir," replied he — and with the most perfect *nonchalance*!

"You understand me? At *five*? — in the MORNING?" rejoined I, with an emphasis sufficiently expressive of doubt.

"Yes, sir; five to a minute — two minutes later you 'll lose your place."

This exceeded all my notions of human impudence. It was evident I had here an extraordinary mine to work; so I determined upon digging into it a few fathoms deeper.

"And would you, now, venture to *book* a place for me?"

"Let you know directly, sir. — (Hand down the 'Wonder' Lunnun-book, there.) — When for, sir?"

I stood aghast at the fellow's coolness.

After a momentary pause, "For to-morrow," said I.

"Full outside, sir; just one place vacant *in*."

The very word, "outside," bringing forcibly to my mind the idea of ten or a dozen shivering creatures being induced, by any possible means, to perch themselves on the top of a coach, on a dark, dull, dingy, drizzling morning in January, confirmed me in my belief that the whole affair was, what is vulgarly called, a "take-in."

"So you *will* venture then to *book* a place for me?"

"Yes, sir, if you please."

"And, perhaps, you will go so far as to receive half my fare?"

"If you please, sir—one pound two."

"Well, you are an extraordinary person! Perhaps, now—pray be attentive—perhaps, now, you will carry on the thing so far as to receive the whole?"

"If you please, sir—two pound four."

I paid him the money, observing, at the same time, and in a tone calculated to impress his imagination with a vivid picture of attorneys, counsel, judge, and jury—"You shall hear from me again."

"If you please, sir ; to-morrow morning, at five *punctual*—start to a minute, sir—thank'ee, sir — good morning, sir."

And this he uttered without a blush !!!

"To what expedients," thought I, as I left the office, "will men resort, for the purpose of injuring their neighbours ! Here is one who exposes himself to the consequences of an action at law, or, at least, to the expense of sending me to town in a chaise and four, at a reasonable hour of the day ; and all for so paltry an advantage as that of preventing my paying a trifling sum to a rival proprietor—and on the preposterous pretence, too, of sending me off at five in the morning !"

The first person I met was my friend, Mark Nortington, and ——

Even now, though months have since rolled over my head, I shudder at the recollection of the agonies I suffered, when assured by him of the frightful fact that I had, really and truly, engaged myself to travel in a coach which, really and truly, would start at five in the morning ! But, as the novel-writers of the good old Minerva school used, in similar cases, to say, "in pity to my sympathising reader's feelings, I must draw the mysterious veil of concealment

over my—oh! too acute sufferings!” These, I must own, were, in no little degree, aggravated by the manner of my friend.

Mark, as a sort of foil to his many excellent qualities, has one terrible failing: it is a knack of laughing at one's misfortunes; or, to use his own palliating phrase, he has “a habit of looking at the ridiculous side of things.” Ridiculous! Heavens! as if any one possessing a spark of humanity could perceive any thing to excite his mirth in the circumstance of a fellow-creature's being forced out of his bed at such an hour!

After exhibiting many contortions of the mouth, produced by a decent desire to maintain a gravity suitable to the occasion, he at length burst into a loud laugh; and, exclaiming (with a want of feeling I shall never entirely forget), “Well, I wish you joy of your journey; *you must be up at four!*” away he went.

It may be asked why I did not forfeit my forty-four shillings, and thus escape the calamity. No; the laugh would have been too much against me: so, resolving to put a bold face on the matter, I—I will not say I walked—I positively *swaggered* about the

streets of Bristol, for an hour or two, with all the self-importance of one who has already performed some extraordinary exploit, and is conscious that the wondering gaze of the multitude is directed towards him. Being condemned to the miseries, it was but fair I should enjoy the honours, of the undertaking. To every person I met, with whom I had the slightest acquaintance, I said aloud, "I start at *five* to-morrow morning!" at the same time adjusting my cravat and pulling up my collar; and went into three or four shops and purchased trifles, for which I had no earthly occasion, for the pure gratification of my vain-glory, in saying, "Be sure you send them to-night, for I start at *five* in the morning!"

But, beneath all this show of gallantry, my heart, like that of many another hero on equally desperate occasions — my heart was ill at ease. I have often thought that my feelings, for the whole of that distressing afternoon, must have been very like those of a person about to go, for the first time, up in a balloon.

I returned to Reeves's Hotel, College Green, where I was lodging.

"I'll pack my portmanteau" (the contents of which were scattered about in the drawers,

on the tables, and on the chairs)—“that will be so much gained on the enemy,” thought I; but, on looking at my watch, I found I had barely time to dress for dinner, the Nortingtons, with whom I was engaged, being punctual people.—“No matter; I’ll pack it to-night.” ’T was well I came to that determination; for, the instant I entered the drawing-room, Mrs. Nortington, taking the bellrope in her hand, but *not pulling it*, just said to the servant who announced me, “O—dinner!” an exclamation which, when so uttered, timed, and accompanied, is a polite hint that the dinner has not been improved by your late arrival.

My story, however, had arrived there before me; and I must do my friends the justice to say, that all that kindness could do for me, under the circumstances, was done. Two or three times, indeed, Mark looked at me full in the face, and laughed outright, without any apparent cause for such a manifestation of mirth; and once when, after a few glasses of wine, I had almost ceased to think of the fate that awaited me, Miss Adelaide suddenly inquired—

“Do you *really* start at five? isn’t that rather early?”

"Rather," I replied, with all the composure I could assume.

But for a smile, and a sly look at her papa, I might have attributed the distressing question to thoughtlessness rather than a deliberate desire to inflict pain.

To parody a well-known line, I may say that, upon the whole —

"To me, this Twelfth-night was no night of mirth."

Before twelve o'clock, I left a pleasant circle, revelling in all the delights of Twelfth-cake, pam-loo, king-and-queen, and forfeits, to pack my portmanteau,

"And inly ruminate the morning's danger!"

The individual who, at this time, so ably filled the important office of "Boots," at the hotel, was a character. Be it remembered that, in his youth, he had been discharged from his place for omitting to call a gentleman, who was to go by one of the morning-coaches, and who, in consequence of such neglect, missed his journey. This misfortune made a lasting impression on the intelligent mind of Mr. Boots.

"Boots," said I, in a mournful tone, "you must call me at four o'clock."

"Do 'ee want to get up, zur?" inquired he, with a broad Somersetshire twang.

“*Want* it, indeed ! no ; but I must.”

“ Well, zur, I ’ll *carl* ’ee ; but will ’ee get up when I *do* carl ? ”

“ Why, to be sure I will.”

“ That be all very well to zay overnight, zur ; but it bean’t at all the zame thing when *marnen* do come. I knoa that of old, zur. Gemmen doan’t like it, zur, when the time do come, that I tell ’ee.”

“ *Like* it ! who imagines they should ? ”

“ Well, zur, if you be as sure to get up as I be to carl ’ee, you ’ll not knoa what two minutes arter vore means in your bed. Sure as ever clock strikes, I ’ll have ’ee out, danged if I doan’t ! Good night, zur ; ”—and *exit* Boots.

“ And now I ’ll pack my portmanteau.”

It was a bitter cold night, and my bed-room fire had gone out. Except the rush-candle, in a pierced tin box, I had nothing to cheer the gloom of a very large apartment, the walls of which (now dotted all over by the melancholy rays of the rushlight, as they struggled through the holes of the box,) were of dark-brown wainscot—but one solitary wax taper. There lay coats, trowsers, linen, books, papers, dressing materials, in dire confusion, about the room. In despair, I sat me down at the foot of the

bed, and contemplated the chaos around me. My energies were paralyzed by the scene. Had it been to gain a kingdom, I could not have thrown a glove into the portmanteau; so, resolving to defer the packing till the morrow, I got into bed.

My slumbers were fitful — disturbed. Horrible dreams assailed me. Series of watches, each pointing to the hour of FOUR, passed slowly before me — then, time-pieces — dials of larger size — and, at last, enormous steeple-clocks, all pointing to FOUR, FOUR, FOUR.

“A change came o’er the spirit of my dream,”

and endless processions of watchmen moved along, each mournfully dinning in my ears, “Past four o’clock.” At length I was attacked by nightmare. Methought I was an hourglass — old Father Time bestrode me — he pressed upon me with unendurable weight — fearfully and threateningly did he wave his scythe above my head — he grinned at me, struck three blows, audible blows, with the handle of his scythe, on my breast, stooped his huge head, and shrieked in my ear —

“Vore o’clock, zur; I zay it be vore o’clock.”

It was the awful voice of Boots.

“Well, I hear you,” groaned I.

"But I doan't hear you. Vore o'clock, zur."

"Very well, very well, that 'll do."

"Beggin' your pardon, but it woan't do, zur. 'Ee must get up — past vore, zur."

"The devil take you, will you ——"

"If you please, zur ; but 'ee must get up. It be a good deal past vore — no use for 'ee to grumble, zur ; nobody do like gettin' up at vore o'clock, as can help it; but 'ee toald I to carl'ee, and it bean't my duty to go till I hear 'ee stirrin' about the room. Good deal past vore, 't is I assure 'ee, zur."

And here he thundered away at the door ; nor did he cease knocking till I was fairly up, and had shown myself to him in order to satisfy him of the fact.

"That 'll do, zur ; 'ee toald I to carl'ee, and I hope I ha' carld 'ee properly."

I lit my taper at the rushlight. On opening a window-shutter, I was regaled with the sight of a fog, a parallel to which London itself, on one of its most perfect November days, could scarcely have produced. A dirty, drizzling rain was falling. My heart sank within me. It was now twenty minutes past four. I was master of no more than forty disposable minutes, and, in that brief space, what had I

not to do ! The duties of the toilet were indispensable — the portmanteau *must* be packed — and, run as fast as I might, I could not get to the coach-office in less than ten minutes. Hot water was a luxury not to be procured : at that villanous hour not a human being in the house (nor, do I firmly believe, in the universe entire,) had risen — my unfortunate self, and my companion in wretchedness, poor Boots, excepted. The water in the jug was frozen ; but, by dint of hammering upon it with the handle of the poker, I succeeded in enticing out about as much as would have filled a tea-cup. Two towels, which had been left wet in the room, were standing on a chair, bolt upright, as stiff as the poker itself, which you might almost as easily have bent. The tooth-brushes were riveted to the glass in which I had left them, and of which (in my haste to disengage them from their stronghold,) they carried away a fragment ; the soap was cemented to the dish ; my shaving-brush was a mass of ice. In shape more appalling Discomfort had never appeared on earth. I approached the looking-glass. — Even had all the materials for the operation been tolerably thawed, it was impossible to use a razor by such a light.

“Who ’s there ?”

“Now, if ’ee please, zur; no time to lose; only twenty-vive minutes to vive.”

I lost my self-possession — I have often wondered *that* morning did not unsettle my mind.

There was no time for the performance of any thing like a comfortable toilet. I resolved therefore to defer it altogether till the coach should stop to breakfast. “I ’ll pack my portmanteau; that *must* be done.” *In* went whatever happened to come first to hand. In my haste, I had thrust in, amongst my own things, one of mine host’s frozen towels. Every thing must come out again.

“Who ’s there ?”

“Now, zur; ’ee ’ll be too late, zur !”

“Coming !”

Every thing was now gathered together — the portmanteau would not lock. No matter, it must be content to travel to town in a *des-habille* of straps. Where were my boots ? In my hurry, I had packed away both pair. It was impossible to travel to London, on such a day, in slippers. Again was every thing to be undone.

“Now, zur, coach be going.”

The most unpleasant part of the ceremony of hanging (scarcely excepting the closing act) must be the hourly notice given to the culprit of the exact length of time he has still to live. Could any circumstance have added much to the miseries of my situation, most assuredly it would have been those unfeeling reminders.

"I'm coming," again replied I, with a groan, "I have only to pull on my boots."

They were both left-footed! Then must I open the rascally portmanteau again.

"Please, zur——"

"What in the name of the —— do you want now?"

"Coach be gone, please, zur."

"Gone! Is there a chance of my overtaking it?"

"Bless 'ee! noa, zur; not as Jem Robbins do droive. He be vive mile off by now."

"You are certain of that?"

"I warrant 'ee, zur."

At this assurance I felt a throb of joy, which was almost a compensation for all my sufferings past.

"Boots," said I, "you are a kind-hearted creature, and I will give you an additional half-crown. Let the house be kept per-

fectly quiet, and desire the chamber
call me —— ”

“At what o’clock, zur ? ”

“This day three months at the earli

RUINED BY ECONOMY.

I HAVE never been thoroughly satisfied that my first marriage was not an imprudent one.

I attach no blame to myself, for that I, being known by no more distinguished an appellation than Robert Stubbs, should have selected for my partner in the dance of life a lady sinking under the weight of such a name as Jemima-Rosalvina-Mariamne Fitzroy-Mandeville. There was no very obvious error in this. A person of very fine sensibility might, indeed, take exception to the *Fitzroy*, as implying that a screw had been loose somewhere ; but I never considered that either Miss Fitzroy-Mandeville, or myself, need concern ourselves about what had happened — if ever it had happened—most probably so long ago as the reign of Charles the Second. The moment the ring was placed on her finger, the Fitzroy-Mandeville was obliterated, and she became, for ever

and ever, a positive Stubbs. She had, indeed, intended to announce herself as Mrs. Fitzroy Stubbs, or Mrs. Mandeville Stubbs, (I forget which;) but to this I peremptorily objected: there was in the combination a something which struck me as verging on the ridiculous: and all I could permit was that she might wave the precedence to which, as the wife of an elder branch of the family, she was justly entitled, and, instead of the dignified simplicity of "Mrs. Stubbs," (by which the right of such precedence would have been asserted,) cause to be engraved on her visiting-cards, "Mrs. Robert Stubbs." It was, therefore, not respecting the conjunction of names that I have ever entertained any qualms.

Nor was it that my wife bore in her veins a dash of aristocratic blood — however derived; nor that she was young; nor that she was beautiful; nor that she was accomplished; nor that she was amiable; nor, &c. &c. &c. No; it was none of these. My error lay in this: that, possessing an unencumbered five hundred a-year of my own, upon which I might, as a single man, have lived very pleasantly in London, or, with an unpretending wife, very happily in some Welsh village; I should have

married a woman who increased my income by a clear thousand *per annum*.

Jemima was a person of expensive habits ; and my attempts to control or to check her propensity to throw money out at windows were invariably met by a hint, (which, thanks to a philosopher of the present day, has now become an axiom,) that “every one has a right to do what they please *with their own*.” It was in vain I argued that every guinea of what had once been *her* thousand a-year was now *mine*, and that not one shilling of all my own independent property was her’s : that even, were she the lawful purse-bearer, she would still have no right by her extravagances to involve us both in ruin : that it was for the husband to regulate and manage the finances, save in matters of minor household-concerns ; my arguments and remonstrances were always met by the same ready question.

“And pray, Mr. Stubbs, how much a-year had you before you married me ?”

I had, at the period so adroitly referred to, more than enough to enable me to contemplate the approach of Christmas without alarm ; and certainly such was not the case when my income was trebled. The Ruination-shop in

Waterloo Place was not at that time in existence: nevertheless, I cannot think with any thing like pleasure of what might have been the result of my dear Jemima's proceedings, had I not had the misfortune to lose her in the third year after our marriage. Our only child, Jemima-Robertina—for so we named her, as an affectionate compliment to each other—died not long afterwards.

My fortune was considerably impaired; but, by contriving, for a few years, to live upon half my actual income, and by the help of, what was of still greater use in restoring it, a couple of pretty legacies, I was at length master of eighteen hundred pounds a-year.

I now resolved to marry once again.

Profiting by experience, I avoided the rock which had so nearly wrecked me. Name, blood, fortune—I would none of them. I chose for my wife Mary Brown, the orphan daughter of a country curate. I need not say she was poor—I have noticed her parentage. She was well educated, though she had never drawn up a plan for reforming the Government of Great Britain, nor—what (judging by its frequency amongst *well-educated?* or *highly-talented?* young ladies) must be a work of



still greater facility — she had never even conceived the idea of improving and ameliorating the condition of society all over the world ; she was sufficiently accomplished, though she had not passed months in learning to sing *Di tanti palpiti* almost as well as a third-rate chorus-singer at the Opera ; and she was very pretty, or, which, perhaps, was still better — I thought so.

All this was sufficient to justify my choice. Yet one more good quality she possessed, and that it was that tended, more perhaps than any of the others, to confirm me in my resolution of making her my wife. I received from Mrs. Judith Brown, her paternal aunt, an assurance that Mary was a very Phoenix for ECONOMY.

I had had experience of how one may be ruined by an extravagant wife : I was now to learn in what manner a good fortune may be puddled away by Economies.

We inhabited a very commodious house, though a small one, in Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square. The situation was peculiarly desirable, inasmuch as we were in the immediate neighbourhood of our best friends and most intimate acquaintances. We were at no very

great distance from the Opera and other places of public amusement, of most of which we were passionately fond. Mary's first notable discovery was that, merely by going to live a couple of miles out of town, we should accomplish a positive saving, in house-rent alone, of thirty pounds a-year!

Well; the experiment must be tried; but as I had, just before, had the house fresh painted and repaired, and newly furnished from top to bottom, I consented to the change with no very good heart.

The place she selected was Evergreen-Lodge, Vauxhall — a house more than double the size of the one we occupied, and of which the back parlour was nearly as large as our front drawing-room! yet these advantages were obtained not by any additional cost, but, on the contrary, to our benefit to the extent of the sum already specified. Notwithstanding this, a little instrument — no other than a three-foot rule — which I carried in my pocket on our journeys backwards and forwards between the two houses — was a source of great uneasiness and alarm to me: for, by dint of applying it to the walls and floors, I discovered that scarcely a piece of furniture in the old house would suit the new one.

"Leave the matter to me," said my wife, "and I'll manage it with all possible economy:" and I must do her the justice to say that whatever could be done—under the circumstances!—was done. At the end of a month I received her report. Without following up its numerous details, some idea of her economies may be derived from the principal items:

Imprimis: The window curtains, *of course*, were useless; in the first place, because they would not fit the new windows, and, in the second, because the materials adapted to a town-house would be quite preposterous in the country. She had, however, managed this point admirably. Hawkins, our upholsterer, would take them off our hands at one third of the price he had, not long before, charged for them, which sum would be *almost* enough to purchase materials of an inferior quality—yet good enough for the country. As to the making-up of them, *she* would superintend that point; and, by having a couple of work-women in the house, for five or six weeks, at thirty shillings each per week, we should save a full half of what Hawkins would charge. Palpable economy.

2ndly. The carpets. Here our gains were

manifest. Our large drawing-room carpet would cut down excellently well for the front parlour; and the strips remaining after the operation would serve as bed-carpets for the servants' rooms, *and not cost us a shilling!* But, since we could not expect the advantage *all* ways, there would be a trifling set-off on the carpets for the other rooms. However, here again we were fortunate in our upholsterer; for Hawkins had been so civil as to say that, rather than we should be inconvenienced, he would take all our *old* carpets off our hands, allowing us the *fullest value* for them, and furnish us with *new* ones at the very *lowest price!* Here was a disinterested upholsterer for you! Compared with him, Aladdin's friend, who gave new lamps in exchange for old ones, was no better than a usurer.

3dly. The pier and chimney-glasses. These must in every case be new; but what then? we could lose nothing in this item, good looking-glasses being always worth their cost. As for our own, Hawkins, the fairest-dealing creature in the world, had assured her that he would allow us as much for them — as any other tradesman in town would offer.

4thly. Wardrobes, tables, chairs, and articles

Of miscellaneous furniture. Of these many **were** found available ; and, with respect to **those** which were not, Hawkins, who was a sort of Providence to us, kindly stepped in, **and** took them in exchange, at a fair valuation ; —a valuation which, as it was his own, we **should** have been Hottentots, or worse, to have **disputed**. To have expected that, in the transit from Mortimer Street to Vauxhall, every article of furniture would escape injury, would have **proved** me a blockhead ; and as, in fact, much injury had occurred, I could not, in conscience, object to so reasonable a charge as 25*l.* 2*s.* for repairs. A saving of thirty pounds per annum, in the single item of house-rent, is not to be achieved without a *little* sacrifice.

“ And pray, Mary, what have you done about my favourite drawing-room chairs, and settees ? the blue damask and gold, I mean— you know the chairs alone cost 5*l.* 15*s.* each ; and I hope——”

“ Why, my love, they would have been *quite* out of character in the country, as Hawkins, who made them, himself admitted ; they were *much* too handsome : so he has *spared* us a set in exchange — much neater, and more simple and appropriate. And, what do you think,

dear ? we are only to give him ten guineas on the bargain !”

“ And how have you negotiated the exchange of your square piano-forte for a cabinet ?”

“ Not at all. *That* was an attempt at imposition I would *not* submit to. Really, if we did not proceed with some regard to economy, we might be ruined in a day. They offered to make the exchange for thirty guineas ; that is to say, charging sixty guineas for their own, and allowing us thirty for our’s — which cost forty only five months ago — thereby fixing upon us a loss of ten ! That would have been absurd ! Now I’ll tell you how I have contrived. I have bargained to take their’s outright, at fifty-five—a *saving*, you see, of five guineas — (here, I have done it on paper) — and, as it would positively be throwing one’s money into the sea to sell for thirty guineas an instrument for which we so lately paid forty, I have made it a present to cousin Charlotte. Oh, by-the-by, love ; I have saved two shillings in the transport : to have sent it down to Cornwall by the carrier would have cost two pounds ; now I have bargained for 1*l.* 18*s.* by the steamer. It is but two shillings, I admit ; but you remember the proverb : ‘ Take care of

the pence, and the pounds' — you know the rest." —

Well; Christmas came, and, along with it came our friend Hawkins's bill for alterations, and exchanges, and substitutions, and additions. As every thing had been contrived with an eye to economy, it amounted to no more than 916*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.* I own I did not like even that; but, as we were living at a reduced rent, it would have been barbarous to complain.

Our new house contained more rooms than we had any occasion for, and three of them (of no contemptible dimensions) remained literally empty. An empty room in one's dwelling-house always begets in my mind a notion of discomfort — nay, something more oppressive still — an idea of desolation. I *hinted* a complaint of this, (for Mary was so good a creature I could never prevail upon myself to utter a complaint in form, which I knew would distress her,) and was pleased to find that my dear, economical wife — I do not intend a pun — had already contemplated a remedy for the evil.

"I'll tell you," said she, "how I intend to manage this: as we have no earthly use for these rooms, it would be a sin to throw one's money away upon *new* furniture for them; so

I shall watch opportunities at sales, and whenever I meet with a bargain I'll buy it."

Marvellous, indeed, was her good fortune! for never did she attend a sale but a bargain rewarded her prudence and industry; so that in less than two months the three empty rooms were furnished to suffocation. It is quite true that we had no need of a single one of her purchases; but, since she had bought each individual article for less than its prime cost, and thereby constituted me the fortunate possessor of three rooms' full of incontestable bargains, I could not, with any show of reason, complain at the expenditure of 582*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.* in the process.

The designation of "the empty rooms" remained by those three useless apartments long after my wife had, by the exercise of her economies, crowded them to excess; and considerably to my cost did they maintain their distinction. If ever I ventured to remonstrate against the purchase of some cheap inutility, on the ground of our having no place wherein to bestow it, my wife's answer was always ready: "Oh, we can find a corner for it in one of the *empty rooms*."

And here I will relate an instance of her

amiable *naïveté*—her disregard of the figurative, or habit of taking words in their literal sense.

“And where do you intend to put it?” said I, on one occasion, when I was threatened with the introduction of some useless and cumbersome bargain; “where do you intend to put it, my love? the least crowded of those rooms is already so full we can’t swing a cat in it!”

“My dear,” replied she, “we don’t want to swing a cat in it.”

On looking to the memorandums relative to our loss occasioned by the first year’s saving in house-rent, I find that—(adding to the outlays already noticed; the expense of carriage-hire in house-hunting; charges for removal; the loss of three quarters’ rent on our former house, which I held on lease, and which remained, for that period, unoccupied; and numerous trifles, incidental and accidental)—I find that the gross sum expended in the purchase of thirty pounds’ worth of saving was £2017 15s. 9d.

From which deduct the said

saving	30 0 0
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There remains, as *Lost by*

<i>Economy,</i>	£1987 15 9
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I think it was Caleb Whitefoord who, being reproached by a lady for his inhumanity in having gone to Paris expressly to see a man's head cut off, replied : " But, Madam, I made all the reparation in my power: I went the next day to see it sewed on again." So — finding, after an experience of two years, that Vauxhall was too far from London for convenience, and too near it for economy, my wife " made all the reparation in her power," by prevailing upon me to return to our old quarters in Mortimer Street. I must do her the justice to say that she remembered the " tremendous expense of moving useless furniture," (I use her own words,) " and the accidents to which good furniture is liable ;" to avoid all which, the three rooms full of bargains were sold on the spot—(and, alas ! they were sold even greater bargains this time than the last !) — and the rest of the property was disposed of " at a very fair price — considering." Again I quote my excellent wife.

These are instances of economy on a grand scale. But, unhappily, she is economical, on a similar principle, in all her proceedings. To avoid the expense of wear and tear of harness, or of injury to the coachman's livery on a

rainy day, she will hire a hackney-coach to carry her to a cheap shop in the city, where she can purchase as much tape and bobbin for eight shillings as in Oxford Street would cost nine — “and a shilling saved, my love— !”

Not many mornings ago, I found her cutting up a gown she had worn but once, to make a frock for our little Anna. Her reason for this was convincing : “ It would be madness to lay out money for stuff for a child’s frock, when it might be saved by using any thing one might happen to have in the house.” And when I asked her why she had sent a white India shawl (which I had given her but a few days before) to be dyed black, her reply was, that “it might soon want cleaning, and that these were not times to throw even five shillings away.” The next morning Tom came to me with, “Please, Pa’, will you send Ma’ ten shillings for the dyer?”

I bought a pony for the use of the two children. My wife, upon a strict examination of the livery-stable-keeper, discovered that the keep of one pony was twelve shillings per week, but that he could contract to keep two at a guinea. Here was so obvious a source of economy, that I should have been a churl to

refuse to allow each of the children its own pony to ride.

I have no objection to decent economies in the larder, or the cellar: — Heaven forbid waste! — but I have not yet (spite of all my wife's arguments) been able to appreciate, as fully as it may deserve, the economy of bestowing upon a stale mutton chop a bottle of expensive sauce, in order to render it eatable; nor can I understand that I am a gainer by her giving to the cook, for some culinary purpose, a bottle of my fine old sherry worth seven shillings, in preference to "fooling away one's money for what one has in the house:" —that is to say, in preference to purchasing at the nearest wine-vaults, for half-a-crown, a commodity which would answer the purpose every way as well.

Upon annually making up my accounts, I invariably find that my expenses increase (consequently, that my property diminishes) in exact proportion with my dear Mary's economies; so that, unless she should commit some notable extravagance, or, at the least, submit to exercise a prudential degree of carelessness in the management of our affairs, I must soon expect to be—RUINED BY ECONOMY.

EMINENT LIARS.

I REVERENCE Liars. I must not be understood as meaning those coiners and utterers of falsehoods, always petty, whether great or small, which are intended either to injure other persons or to serve themselves; those despicable creatures who invent lies, or pervert the truth, as a means to attain an end: all such I abandon to the contempt they deserve. Nor do I mean those peddling, pettifogging, would-be liars, who only lie by halves, who falsify facts, or timidly set about embroidering a groundwork of truth with details of their own creating. No; the liars I allude to are the spirited emulators of the Mandevilles, the Pintos, and the Münchausens, who tell you the lie, the whole lie, and nothing but the lie; and who lie, too — (I do not desire a softer term, for, though “familiar,” yet, in the sense in which it is here applied, it is “by no means

vulgar;) — who lie from no less noble an impulse than the pure, disinterested, honest, unadulterated love of lying.

So profound is my veneration for that illustrious fraternity, that I cannot consent to honour with a niche in their temple even Gulliver himself. To say the truth, Gulliver was but a poor fellow after all. Indeed, it never was seriously pretended that such a man as Gulliver did exist, or ever had existed. He was nothing more than a peg to hang a satire upon: the puny invention of a novelist. Gulliver was Swift, and Swift was Gulliver, and the history of his adventures was timidly put forth as a mere fiction. For this reason the *book* called Gulliver (for Gulliver is but a book, and never was a man,) must be degraded to the level of the Utopias, the Arcadias, and other flimsy *books* of the same ignoble kind. Had Jonathan Swift stood forward as a gallant gentleman-liar (like my late lamented friend, Colonel Nimrod, for instance,) would have done, and roundly asserted that he himself, the identical Jonathan — that he, in his own proper person, had visited a country called Lilliput, where he had held intercourse with a race of human beings of such diminutive proportions that their very giants

were scarcely six inches tall : had he pledged his own character for veracity on the positive occurrence *to himself* of all the adventures he tamely ascribes to a shadow, then had Jonathan Swift been deemed worthy of equal rank with those glorious liars whose names I have recorded. As it is, he has compromised his fame. He may be a fine writer, a keen satirist, a profound philosopher — with so much reputation as those ordinary qualifications may acquire for him, let him rest satisfied ; but — LIAR he is not.

I have mentioned Münchausen. It is generally believed that Münchausen is only a *nom de guerre*. Such, however, is not the fact. The name and title still exist ; and *the* Baron Münchausen was a Hanoverian nobleman, who, even as lately as fifty years ago, was alive and lying.* It is true that the *Travels* published as his, though not written by him,

* The present paper is certainly admitted to be a suspicious medium for the conveyance of truth ; nevertheless, the information concerning Baron Münchausen is given under the positive belief of the writer that it is authentic. He received it from a Polish gentleman (one whose veracity has never been impeached), who assured him that, when travelling many years ago through Hanover, he met with several persons who had been well acquainted with the hero, and that the name of Münchausen was then, as it may be still, a by-word for any story partaking over-much of the marvellous.

were intended as a satire or parody on the Travels of the famous Baron de Tott: but Münchhausen was really in the habit of relating the adventures, now sanctioned by the authority of his mendacious name, as having positively occurred to him; and, from the frequency of the repetition of the same stories, without the slightest variation even in their most minute points, he at length believed the narratives which he had himself invented, and delivered them with as much *sang-froid* as if they had described nothing but so many probable events. There was nothing of the *fanfaron*, or braggart, in his manner; on the contrary, he was distinguished by the peculiar modesty of his demeanour. When called upon, in company, as he invariably was, to relate some of the extraordinary adventures of his life, he would enter upon the subject with as much diffidence as a Wellington, or a Nelson, describing his own real achievements; till, gradually warming, he would become vehement, and endeavour to illustrate his descriptions by the most extravagant, yet, at the same time, the most expressive gestures and attitudes.

Münchhausen was a masterly liar; a great

artist. It must be remarked that, in his wildest inventions, there is nothing to shock the understanding: admit the cause, and the consequences follow naturally enough. He shoots a handful of cherry-stones into a stag's forehead! Allow the possibility of cherry-stones taking root in a stag's forehead, and there is nothing improbable in his finding, a few years afterwards, a cherry-tree sprouting from it. — The cold, in a certain country where he is travelling, is so intense as to freeze the tunes a postboy endeavours to play upon his horn. The horn is hung by the fireside, and, as the tunes in it become thawed, they flow out audibly, one after another. Admit the cause, I say, and there is nothing absurd in the consequence. Had he made a tree of emeralds and rubies to spring from his cherry-stones, or a band of musicians to start out of his horn (as some of his awkward imitators would do), he would not so long have maintained his enviable eminence as a consistent, a glorious liar, but have been confounded in the mass of inventors of nonsensical rhodomontades.

But my main object in this paper is to rescue from oblivion a few of the mighty lies of one who, had he committed his sublime inventions

to the press, instead of modestly employing them for the edification and delight of those private circles which he sometimes honoured with his presence, had eclipsed the whole galaxy of liars. But, alas ! he is dead ! Colonel Nimrod is dead ! The day that witnessed the extinction of that lying luminary of the sporting world was a day of rejoicing to all the birds in the air and all the fishes in the sea. Ah ! securely may'st thou gambol now on yonder pleasant slope, thou noble stag, for Nimrod is no more ! Spread out your glittering wings in peace, ye bright inhabitants of ether ; and you, ye little fishes and ye great — sprats, shrimps, leviathans, white-bait, whales — sport freely in your watery homes, for Nimrod is no more ! Well might it be to them a day of jubilee when their unparalleled destroyer was destroyed : to me it was a day of lamentation and of sorrowing.

I knew him well. With what delight have I listened to his astounding narratives, each sentence worth a whole volume of truth ! and how impatiently have I, upon such occasions, turned from the captious lover of matter of fact, who has petulantly whispered me—“ ’Tis all a lie ! ” —And what then ? The Faery Queen is a lie ;

the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a lie ; yet neither Spenser nor Shakspeare are stigmatized as liars. Why then should the epithet "lie," in its opprobrious and offensive sense, be applied to those extempore prose inventions of any reveller in the realms of Imagination, which, were they measured out by lines and syllables, and committed to paper, would be called Poems ? All inventive poets are, in a certain sense, liars ; and akin with poets are travellers into countries which never existed, seers of sights which have never been seen, doers of deeds which were never done ; and such merely was Colonel Nimrod : he was an extempore prose poet. Such liars, indeed I would say liars generally, are your only interesting tale-tellers ; for nothing is so insipid as the bare truth : and the proof of this is, that we seldom meet with a true story worth telling. This may appear to be a startling opinion, but most people entertain it, and are often unconsciously led to express it. Of a hundred real adventures, ninety-nine are not worth relating ; and the common eulogy bestowed on any real occurrence which happens to be somewhat out of the usual way is, that it is as interesting as a romance : in other

words, that that particular fact is as interesting as a fiction — or, to come at once to the point, that that true story is as interesting as if it were a lie.

But I am digressing from my purpose, which is simply to record two or three of the most exquisite of the many admirable lies I have heard delivered by my late lamented friend, Colonel Nimrod.* Outrageous and extravagant as they will appear, I do most positively assert that I repeat them, as nearly as I can, in his own words. His manner of narrating those marvellous tales, of which he always was himself the hero, was perfectly easy and assured, and was calculated to impress his hearers with a conviction that, at least, *he* entertained not the slightest doubt of their truth. He seldom described his feats, or the accidents of his life, as subjects to be wondered at ; they were casually noticed, as the turn of the conversation might afford occasion, and as mere matters of every-day occurrence. If, indeed, any one expressed a more than usual degree of asto-

* It need scarcely be observed that the *name* of Nimrod is fictitious ; but the person it represents was, for a very long period, a prominent character in the sporting world. To many, the subsequent mention of his place in Yorkshire will at once fix his identity.

nishment, or exclaimed, "That's *rather* extraordinary, Colonel!" his reply invariably was—"Extraordinary, sir! why I *know* it is extraordinary; but I'll take my oath that I am in all respects the most extraordinary man that God ever let live."

A BROKEN HEAD. — In Paris one day I was standing with him at his window, in the *Rue de la Paix*, when a man was thrown from his horse. "There's a broken head for *him*, Colonel," said I.

"I am the only man in Europe, sir," he replied, "that ever had a broken head—to live after it. I was hunting near my place in Yorkshire; my horse threw me, and I was pitched, head foremost, upon a scythe which had been left upon the ground. When I was taken up, my head was found to be literally cut in two, and was spread over my shoulders like a pair of epaulettes. *That* was a broken head, if you please, sir."

NEW MODE OF EXECUTING A WRIT.—Something having occurred in conversation that led to the subject of arrests, he started up and exclaimed—

"Gentlemen, I have been arrested oftener than any man in England — once under most

atrocious circumstances. You must know that I was lodging at Stevens's; my wife was with me. One morning, between seven and eight, while we were in bed, a bailiff came into the room. 'I understand your business, my good fellow,' said I, 'wait below, I'll get up and dress, and accompany you to my solicitor, who will do the needful.' By G—, gentlemen, he swore that I should get up and go with him as I was. 'What! in my night-shirt!' said I. He insisted; I resisted; when the scoundrel went to the fire-place, drew out the poker which had been in the fire all night, and thrust it, red-hot as it was, into the bed between Mrs. N. and me. Mrs. N.—*woman-like*!—the moment she felt the red-hot poker, jumped out of bed; not so your humble servant. There I lay, and there stood the scoundrel poking at me; and there would I have remained, had not the bed-clothes taken fire. Now I did not choose to be burnt in my bed, nor would I endanger the safety of the house, in which there happened to be many lodgers at the time; so up I got and *dressed myself*—I resolved, at least, to carry *that* point, and I did. Now I put it to you, as men and gentlemen: Did I compromise my honour by giving in at last? But

observe, 'twas as I tell you—not till the bed had taken fire.”

EXPEDITIOUS SHOOTING.—I once said to him, “You have the reputation of being an excellent shot, Colonel Nimrod !”

“Ay, sir; I shoot with a ramrod sometimes.”

“Shoot with a ramrod !”

“Why, how the devil else would you shoot when you are in a hurry ?”

“Really, I do n’t understand you.”

“This is what I mean, sir. For instance : I was going out one fine morning at the latter end of October, when I saw the London mail changing horses — as it always did within a mile of my gates — when I suddenly recollected that I had promised my friend F—— a basket of game. Devil a trigger had I pulled — the coach was ready to start — what was to be done ? I leaped over the hedge, fired off my ramrod, and may I be d—d if I did n’t spit, as it were, four partridges and a brace of pheasants. Now I should be a liar if I said I ever did the same thing twice—in point of *number*, I mean.”

These specimens will serve to show to what perfection poor Nimrod had brought the art of

lying. I could repeat one which he delivered whilst lying (in both senses of the word) on his death-bed, but that *that* might be misconstrued into the pure effect of delirium. For my own part, I consider it as another illustration of "the ruling passion strong in death." That he believed his own stories, and expected they would be believed by his hearers, I am fully persuaded. Of this infirmity of mind I shall not attempt to trace the causes; but, wherever it exists in the same degree, I consider it as presenting a case for the consideration of the physician rather than of the moralist.

THE LITTLE PEDLINGTON GUIDE.

INTRODUCTION.

“How provoking! I have lost the Guide-book.”

“Then, my dear Annie, we must find our way about Little Pedlington without it.”

“But the origin, the history, the antiquities, of the place — its curiosities, its amusements, its places of public resort, and so forth — how are we to become acquainted with those?”

“That’s very sensibly put, my love; we must have a Guide-book; so I dare say that, if you will desire Rivers just to look into some one of the trunks, she will find a Cheltenham Guide, or a Margate Guide, or a Harrowgate Guide, or a Brighton Guide: either of them will serve our purpose.”

“Preposterous!”

“Not so absurd as, at first sight, it may appear. Compare any one of these works with any other of the same description, and you will be astonished at the amiable understanding that seems to exist between them. It is but altering the name of the place in the title-page, as

occasion may require, and the same book will carry you very creditably through every watering-place in England. You have in each a High Street, and a North Street, and a Crescent; a parish church, a poor-house, and a charity school; the best supplied market in the kingdom; the most highly-talented apothecary in Europe; the most learned parson in Christendom; the most obliging circulating-library-keeper in the known world; the most accommodating mistress of a boarding-house in the universe; and the most salubrious of climates, adapted to the cure of every imaginable disorder and to the improvement of every possible constitution. It is true that the tradesmen recommended to you by one Guide-book are severally named Scarsnell, Larkins, and Simcoe (the town's-people usually consisting of ramification of about three families); whilst by another you are referred to nothing but Tupfords, Ruffens, and Whiffnells. This certainly is a remarkable difference, but it is the only one I could ever discover in these polite Ciceroni; all other points, or, at least, nineteen out of every twenty, being notices of precisely the same things in precisely the same language, and the twentieth hardly ever worth the trouble of a distinction."

"I'm so delighted ! I have found it : I have it here in my reticule."

"Then sit down ; and, that we may be prepared for the wonders we are to see, I'll read it to you. And, though you won't admit that any of the 'Guides' I have mentioned would have assisted us in our walks about Little Pedlington, I think you will presently be convinced that the 'Pedlington Guide' will answer quite as well as a Guide to any other place of fashionable resort in Great Britain.—Ahem ! ahem !"

THE STRANGER'S GUIDE

THROUGH

LITTLE PEDLINGTON ;

COMPRISING

ITS HISTORY FROM THE EARLIEST PERIOD TO THE
PRESENT TIME ;

TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

ITS ANTIQUITIES, CURIOSITIES, AMUSEMENTS, PROMENADES, &c.

ALSO

A DESCRIPTION OF ITS ENVIRONS.

BY FELIX HOPPY, ESQ.

MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FOUR ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS, OF THE PARISH PUMP,
THE REV. JONATHAN JUBB, THE VALE OF HEALTH, AND THE
EXTENSIVE NEW BURYING-GROUND.

"Hail, PEDLINGTONIA ! Hail, thou favoured spot !
What's good is found in thee ; what's not, is not.
Peace crowns thy dwellings, Health protects thy fields,
And Plenty all her cornucopia yields."

PEDLINGTONIA : a Descriptive Poem, by the Rev. J. Jubb.

HISTORY.

The Universal Deluge, which transformed the variegated and smiling face of our terrestrial globe into one unvaried and monotonous mass of the aqueous element, and which, in its ruthless and unpitying course, overwhelmed and swallowed up cities, empires, and nations, sparing neither the monarch's palace nor the peasant's hut; and which bowed down alike the gentle hill and the giant mountain, rooting up not only the tender plant of the garden but also the mighty oak of the forest; and which, unlike the genial and beneficial showers of spring which beneficently foster the fruits of the earth for the use of man; but which, more like the raging cataract, converted our rolling planet into one wide, vast, waste of waters, disfigured also the fair spot on which now stands the town of Little Pedlington.

But to descend to a later period.

Little Pedlington (or, as it has at various times been written, Peddle-le-town, Peddle-in-town, Piddletown, Peddletown, and Peedletown) (it is now invariably called by its more euphonous appellation of Pedlington) is situated in the county of —, at the distance of — miles from London. And here, reflecting on these

successive changes, we cannot refrain from quoting that apt line of the Swan of Avon *—

“ Each doth suffer a sea change.”

But to proceed.

Of the extreme antiquity of this place there can be no doubt, for our ingenious townsman, Simcox Rummins, Esq. F.S.A., has clearly proved, in his learned and elaborate Essay on that subject (a *few* copies of which may still be obtained by an early application to Mr. Snargate, Bookseller, High Street,) that the *identical ground* on which the present town is built existed long prior to the invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar! And, if farther proof were wanting, it might be adduced in an ancient coin, dug up about thirty years ago by some workmen, who were employed in removing Hob's Pound, which formerly stood at the north-east corner of South Street, and of which the curious visiter may still discover some faint traces. Of such antiquity is this precious relic, that one side of it is worn perfectly smooth; whilst, on the other, nothing more can be perceived than the almost imperceptible outline of two heads, and these remains of the legend, which have

* We need not inform our poetical readers that we allude to the immortal Shakspeare.

baffled the attempts of the most profound antiquaries to determine to which epoch of Roman greatness to refer it :

GUL—US ET M—R—

The sneers of a certain bookseller not a hundred miles from Market Street, who has published *what he calls* a Pedlington Guide, and who describes the coin as nothing more than a William-and-Mary's shilling, we treat with the contempt they deserve. It is in the possession of the eminent gentleman we have already mentioned, who, with his well-known liberality, is always happy to offer it to the inspection of intelligent visiters, who will know how to decide between the ignorant assertion of a Sn-gg-rst-n and the opinion of a Rummins !

During the Civil Wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, as well as in the later conflicts between Charles and the Parliament, indeed in every case where courage and wisdom were called into action —

“ O that dissension should our land divide ! ”

PEDLINGTONIA.

it does not appear, from any positive record, that our town took any part ; but who can doubt that it did ? “ The fortifications ” (see *Rummins*) “ if any did ever exist, must long since

ave been demolished, for not the slightest traces of any are to be found. I must, however, except the ditch which traverses the north end of High Street, and which, although it now be dry, and so narrow as to allow of one's stepping across it, must, if ever it had been a military work, have been so wide and deep as to be capable of containing a considerable quantity of water. Nor must I conceal the fact that, not many years ago, two *sword-blades* and a *cannon-ball* were therein discovered: these are now in my possession." The testimony of so impartial a writer to the prowess of the Pedlingtonians cannot be too highly valued; nor must their modesty recoil if we again quote the unrivalled poem from whence we have extracted our motto:

"Fair are thy daughters, and thy sons how brave!
No Pedlingtonian e'er will be a slave.
Friend to his country, and his King's well-wisher,
At Glory's call he'll serve in the militia."

But it is only of late years that Little Pedlington has assumed its present importance, and justified its claims to be ranked amongst those towns and cities which adorn and dignify the British Empire; and, if it yield the palm for extent and splendour to the metropolis of

England,* it will confess itself second to no other for antiquity, beauty, and salubrity; nor need it fear to enter the lists in honourable competition with *any*, for the meed due to intellect and refinement, boasting, as it does, of possessing in its bosom a *Rummins* and a *Jubb*, a few copies of whose unrivalled and truly classical Poem called PEDDLINGTONIA, descriptive of the beauties of the place, may still be had at Yawkins's Library, price 2s. with a plate, and for which an early application is earnestly recommended.

"We have no hesitation in declaring it as our impartial opinion that, for classic purity of taste and style, nothing, since the days of Pope, has appeared worthy of comparison with this Poem: it is truly Doric. Without intending to decry *B-r-a*, *Sc-tt*, *M-re*, *R-g-rs*, or *C-mpb-ll*, we will venture to prophecy that this work will operate a reform in the public taste, bring back poetry to *what it ought to be*, and obtain for its author a deathless fame. We are proud to say it is the production of our highly-gifted Rector and townsman, the Rev. Jonathan Jubb." — *See the Pedlington Weekly Observer, June 17th.*

THE TOWN.

The entrance to Little Pedlington from the London road is by High Street, and presents to the astonished eye of the visiter an aspect truly imposing; nor will the first impression thus created be easily obliterated from the "mind's eye."† On one side, after passing

* London.

† Shakspeare.

between two rows of well-grown elms, stands Birch House, a boarding-school for young gentlemen, under the able superintendence of the Rev. J. Jubb, the terms of which may be had at Yawkins' Library; and on the other, the view is met by the George and Dragon Inn, kept by Mr. Scorewell, whose politeness and attention are proverbial, and where travellers may be sure of meeting with every accommodation on very reasonable terms.

Passing along, we come to East Street, West Street, North Street, and South Street, so named from the several directions they take (see *Rummins*), all converging into a focus, designated Market Square, the market having formerly been held on that identical spot now occupied by the New Pump; of which more in its proper place.

But, if we are at a loss to which of these noble streets to give the preference, whether for regularity or cleanliness, in what terms shall we describe the Crescent! Well may it be said that Englishmen are prone to explore foreign countries ere yet they are acquainted with their own; and many a one will talk ecstatically of the marble palaces of Venice and Herculaneum, who is ignorant of the beauties of Little Pedlington. The Crescent, then, is

at the end of North Street, and is so called from the peculiarity of its form (we are again indebted to *Rummins*), it being somewhat in the shape of a half-moon. It consists of twenty-four houses, mansions we might say, uniformly built, of bright red bricks, which, when the sun is full upon them, are of dazzling brilliancy. There are bow-windows to all the edifices, and each having a light green door with a highly-polished brass knocker, three snow-white steps forming the ascent, an effect is produced which to be admired need only to be seen, and which, though some other places may perhaps equal, none certainly can surpass.

We cannot quit the Crescent without calling the attention of the literary pilgrim to the second house from the left-hand corner, No. 23. THERE LIVES JUBB!

"A something inward tells me that my name
May shine conspicuous in the rolls of Fame;
The traveller here his pensive brow may rub,
And softly sigh, 'Here dwelt the tuneful Jubb.'"

PEDLINGTONIA.

THE BOARDING-HOUSES, LIBRARIES, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

Proceed we now to matters which, albeit of less stirring interest, are yet not devoid of pleasure and utility. And first to the

BOARDING-HOUSES.

The principal Boarding-house is kept by Mrs. Stintum, and is delightfully situated No. 17, Crescent. This excellent establishment combines elegance with comfort, and nothing can exceed the care and attention of the proprietress to her guests, who will find under her fostering auspices all that their own homes would afford. This house is always thronged with the most elegant company.

Mrs. Starvum's Boarding-house, which yields to none for comfort, and which for elegance few can excel, is most beautifully situated No. 11, South Street. The attention and assiduity of Mrs. Starvum are proverbial. As none but the *haut ton* are received here, we need not add that visitors will not find a deficiency in any of those comforts and conveniences they have been accustomed to in their own houses.

LIBRARIES.

Yawkins' Library in Market Square has long been known to the frequenters of Little Pedlington; and, if an excellent collection of books, urbanity, all the new publications, attention, all sorts of choice perfumery, tooth-brushes, dispatch in the execution of orders, Tunbridge ware, &c. &c. all at the most moderate prices,

THE LITTLE PEDLINGTON GUIDE.

can claim the suffrages of the public, we have no hesitation in requesting their patronage of Mr. Yawkins.

Nor should we be just in failing to recommend Snargate's long-established Library in Market Street. Here will subscribers be furnished with both old and *new* publications with the utmost readiness, and with a politeness highly creditable to the proprietor. And, if moderate charges for Tunbridge-ware, perfumery of the best quality, &c. &c. &c. are a desideratum, Mr. Snargate will be certain of an ample share of support. Here also is the Post-office.

There is also (as we are told) a *minor* establishment in Market Street, kept by a person of the name of Sniggerston, the publisher of a *would-be* Pedlington Guide. It would ill become *us* to speak of the work itself, which abounds in errors of the grossest kind, and will be found altogether useless to the traveller; but of the establishment, we are bound, in fairness, to say that nothing can be urged against it, as we are informed that it is resorted to by *some* of the respectable TRADES-PEOPLE of the town, and the FARMERS and COUNTRY-FOLKS on *Market days*.

THE THEATRE.

From time immemorial the drama has been a chief source of amusement to the intellectual and the enlightened. Nay, the Greeks and Romans patronized this innocent refuge from the busy cares of life, and it is beyond dispute that theatres were to be found in both Rome and Athens. No wonder is it, therefore, that Little Pedlington should languish for a fitting temple for the reception of Thalia and Melpomene;* and that Yawkins' timber-yard should be contemplated as a convenient scite for its erection. Mr. Snargate, the architect, has already executed a plan for a theatre, which will in every respect be worthy of our town: *we need say no more*; and Messrs. Yawkins, Snargate, and Co., our obliging bankers, have liberally consented to receive subscriptions for that purpose. At present, Mr. Strut's inimitable company, from Dunstable, perform in a commodious outhouse belonging to Mr. Sniggerston, the brewer, which is tastefully fitted up for the occasion. Ere long, however, we hope to receive the facetious Tippleton, the heart-rending Snoxell, and the versatile and incomparable Mrs. Biggleswade, in an edifice more becoming their high deserts.

* The comic and tragic Muses.

YAWKINS' SKITTLE-GROUND.

Nor should the lover of skittles and the *fine* arts fail to visit this place. On entering, he is astonished at beholding, at the farther extremity, a Grenadier with firelock and fixed bayonet, standing, as it were, sentry. "What!" he exclaims, "the military in these peaceful retreats!" But, on nearer approach, he discovers it to be — what? — incredible as it may seem, nothing more than a painted canvass! Such is the illusion of art! For this unrivalled work we are indebted to the pencil of Mr. Daubson, portrait-painter, No. 6, West Street, where likenesses are taken in a superior style at five shillings to one guinea, and profiles, done in one minute, at only one shilling each.

Yet, will it be believed! A certain jealous body of artists, in London, refused to exhibit this production, now the pride of Little Pedlington! Such is the force of jaundiced envy! Well might our "tuneful Jubb" thunder out the satire, which, should it demolish them, it will be well for modest merit like our Daubson's, and they will have no one to thank for it but themselves.

"Where seek him," (cries th' astonish'd stranger here,)

"Who drew this all-but-breathing Grenadier?"—

Not where in academic pride we see
 Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Martin Shee,
 Ward, Westall, Phillips, Pickersgill, and, yea !
 Turner, and R. R. Reinagle, R. A.
His works they hide in darksome nook, while they
 Exhibit *their's* in all the blaze of day ;
 His hang they high upon their highest wall,
 Or, such their envy ! *hang them not at all.*
 Stand forth, my Daubson, matchless and alone !
 And to the world in general be it known
 That Pedlingtonia proud proclaims thee for her own ! " }
 PEDLINGTONIA.

INNS.

Of the inns, we have already mentioned the Green Dragon. No way inferior to it for accommodation, civility, and reasonable charges, is Stintum's Golden Lion in East Street ; and truth compels us to pass the same encomium on the Butterfly and Bullfinch in Market Street, kept by Snargate.

BATHS.

That immersion in water, or, as it is commonly called, bathing, was practised, both for health and cleanliness, by the ancients, is clearly proved by the existence of baths in Rome, still bearing the names of the Emperors for whose use they were constructed — Emperors long since crumbled into dust ! But *baths*, properly so called, were reserved for the use only of the great ; the middling and lower

classes plunging (such is the opinion of our learned townsman, *Rummins*,) into the Tiber.* Our town, however, can boast of *two* establishments, to which *all* classes may resort ; and if we hesitate to say that Mrs. Yawkins' hot and cold baths, No. 22, West Street, are unequalled for comfort and cleanliness, it is only because we must in justice admit that nothing can exceed the cleanliness and comfort to be found at the cold and hot baths kept by Widow Sniggerston, No. 14, Market Square.

THE MARKET.

The Market is in Market Street, which (as *Rummins* has ingeniously observed in his *Antiquities of Little Pedlington*, a work which no traveller should be without,) appropriately derives its name from that circumstance. *This* edifice is well worthy the inspection of *the* curious. It is an oblong building, *with a roof*, which effectually protects the various articles exposed for sale from the inclemencies of *the* weather. Formerly, the market was held in the open air, to the great inconvenience of both purchaser and vender, as well as to the injury of property ; when it struck the intelligent mind of our townsman, Mr. Snargate, the

* A river in Rome.

builder, (to whose patriotic exertions we are indebted for the present edifice,) that an *enclosed* building would at once obviate all those inconveniences — an example which, we doubt not, will be followed in other parts of the kingdom. A subscription was soon raised for the purpose, and the Market of Little Pedlington now stands an eternal monument to his fame. Here are stalls for the sale of the finny tribe, the feathered creation, the produce of the earth, &c. &c. *all separate from each other*; and in such abundance, and so reasonable, that, not only for occasional visitors, but for the continual residence of families, especially of limited incomes, we should recommend this place as preferable to any other in England.

CURIOSITIES, &c.

A few years ago, the Stocks, which had stood, time immemorial, at the church door, were removed, and the present Cage was substituted in their place. *Mr. Rummins*, however, with praiseworthy zeal, anxious to preserve a 'relic of the venerable machine which had confined the legs of so many generations of offenders, petitioned the competent authorities of the town for leave to place one of the sliding-boards in his collection of curiosi-

ties. This was granted ; and Mr. R. is always happy to exhibit this interesting fragment to respectable persons, between the hours of twelve and two, on any Friday during the season.

The **NEW PUMP**, which stands in the centre of Market Square, is an elegant and conspicuous object, as seen from the farther end of any of the four leading streets ; but it will amply repay the curious for a close and attentive inspection. It is composed *entirely of cast iron* ; its predecessor having been merely of wood : such is the progress of luxury and civilization ! It is in the form of an obelisk, or nearly so, on the top of which is a small figure of Neptune brandishing his trident, the attitude of which is much admired. The spout represents a lion's mouth ; and the effect, as the water flows from it, is as pleasing as it is appropriate. The handle is in the form of a dolphin's tail—fitting emblem ! On the front, towards South Street, is the following inscription, for which we are indebted to the classical pen of *Mr. Rummins* :—

“ THIS PUMP,
THE OLD ONE BEING WORN OUT,
ON THE 1ST OF APRIL, 1829,
WAS PLACED WHERE IT NOW STANDS,
AT THE EXPENSE OF THE PARISH OF LITTLE PEDLINGTON.
THOMAS YAWKINS, CHURCHWARDEN.
HENRY SNARGATE, OVERSEER.”

To the disgrace of human nature, we regret to add, that, shortly after its erection, the ladle which was suspended to it, that "the thirsty might drink," was stolen by some monster in human form!! This circumstance gave rise to dissensions which disturbed the town for many months, one party supporting the motion *for* a new ladle, the other as warmly opposing it. We rejoice to say, however, (for we make no secret of our opinions on *that* subject) that a new ladle, with a strong double chain, will be affixed, and that all rancorous party-feeling is fast subsiding, notwithstanding the efforts of a certain publisher of a certain Guide to prolong it. The robbery is finely and indignantly alluded to by Mr. Jubb, in his galling satire on a certain magistrate who opposed the restoration:—

"I'd rather be, than such a thing as Crump,
The wretch that stole the ladle from the pump."

THE ENVIRONS.

Having conducted the stranger through the town, we will now lead him to its environs, and point out those spots most worthy of a morning's drive or walk. And first to the Vale of Health.

There is, perhaps, no place in Europe which

can boast of so salubrious an air as Peddlington. Such, indeed, is the declared opinion of those eminent sons of Esculapius, Dr. Drench and Dr. Drainum, of this town. But the Vale of Health is paramount; and, for invalids suffering from asthma, fits, indigestion, corns, weakness of sight, gout, and other disorders of the same class, no other spot can be so safely recommended. It is most delightfully and conveniently situated near the new and extensive Burying-ground (the old churchyard having long been full), which was planned by Doctors D. and D. who had the honour of laying the first stone of the entrance-gate, and is at little more than a quarter of a mile distance from the town.

No lover of the picturesque should leave us without visiting Snapshank Hill. There is no carriage-road to it; and, the path being broken and uneven, full of holes and ruts, and not altogether safe for horses, we would recommend a pedestrian excursion, as by far the most agreeable. It is exactly nine miles distant from the Pump in Market Square, and the path is for the whole of the way a tolerably steep ascent. On arriving at the summit of the hill, a scene presents itself which the world cannot

equal. But, since prose is too tame to do justice to it, we must borrow the exquisite description by our poet :—

“Lo! Snapshank Hill! thy steep ascent I climb,
And fondly gaze upon the scene sublime.
Fields beyond fields, as far as eye can spy—
Above—that splendid canopy, the sky!
Around—fair Nature in her green attire;
There—Pedlingtonia and its antique spire;
I gaze and gaze till pleasure turns to pain!
O, Snapshank Hill! I’ll now go down again!”

We now take our leave.

Respecting the subscriptions to the Master of the Ceremonies’ book, which lies at Yawkins’ and at Snargate’s libraries, as also to his weekly balls, it is not for *us* to speak; we therefore refer the visiter to those exceedingly obliging and attentive persons, who will candidly acquaint the inquirer with what is *proper and customary* on the occasion. We cannot more appropriately conclude than by repeating the charming lines which we selected for our motto :

“Hail, PEDLINGTONIA! Hail, thou favour’d spot!
What’s good is found in thee; what’s not, is not.
Peace crowns thy dwellings, Health protects thy fields,
And Plenty *all* her cornucopia yields.”

MY AUNT'S POODLE.

My Aunt Margaret has a poodle. It is, unquestionably, the ugliest little beast that ever bore the form canine. Nature has done nothing for it; and this neglect has been aggravated by a variety of accidents.

Early in its puppy-days, one of its legs was broken by a fall, through the spiral staircase, from the top of the house to the bottom; so that it limps. Its eyes were villanous at the best of times; they were marked by a sly, suspicious, discontented leer, and never looked you honestly in the face. They gave the dog the air of a pickpocket; and I seldom ever met it without instinctively putting my hand to my watch or my purse. Had I any faith in transmigration, I should say that the soul of Bill Soames had passed into the ugly body of my old aunt's poodle.

But, as if the natural expression of its eyes had been insufficient to render the beast hateful, an accident must needs occur to remove all doubt upon the point. Some months ago, the contents of a phial of spirits of hartshorn were overturned into Mr. Lovely's right eye—for Lovely is the appropriate name of the exquisite creature)—which said right eye has not only been ever since relieved of the performance of all optic duties, but it has assumed an appearance by no means so agreeable as to warrant a description. Its skin, too!—The common saying that "Beauty is but skin-deep" would, in this instance, become a gross exaggeration, for Mr. Lovely's beauty is not even as deep as that. He is—to make a literal use of another common expression—in a very ugly skin. It is of no imaginable colour—a sort of yellowish-greenish-brownish grey—an unearthly, vampyre tinge. And here again accident has stepped in to make bad worse. By the upsetting of a cauldron of boiling water, the unlucky animal was wofully scalded; and to this hour he bears evidence of his sufferings, and of his miraculous escape from death, in two large ghastly pink spots—one on his left side, the other on the nape of his neck—as

free from hair as the palm of your hand. Now, though it would be impossible to *like* such a mass of ugliness and deformity, yet, had it been a well-disposed, kind-hearted, unassuming, gentleman-like dog : a dog of prepossessing manners, respectable habits, decent conduct, and unimpeachable morals : or were it remarkable for its talents and accomplishments ; one might, upon all or any of those accounts, and in consideration of its sufferings, have pitied and endured it. But, no : as it is the ugliest, so is it the worst, of created beasts : sulky, snarling, savage, and sneaking ; thankless and dissatisfied ; as arrant a thief as a magpie, as finished a blackguard as a butcher's cur ; and for accomplishments ! — it could not sit up upon its hinder legs, pick up a penny-piece, or fetch a handkerchief across the room, were either of those feats to be made its benefit of clergy.

It may be asked : Why be at the pains of describing so worthless a beast ?

Because the beast, worthless as it is, is the sole arbiter of the destinies of the only remaining representatives of three ancient houses — the Nolands, the Thwaiteses, and the Briggses. Besides, the beast has a clear income of twelve

hundred pounds a year ; or, which is the same thing, he has the disposal of it.

Yesterday was my Aunt Margaret's birthday, when, as usual, all the members of her family were invited to dine with her. Poor Jack Noland and myself are her only *immediate* relations : the Briggses (consisting of Mr. and Mrs. B. with their son and daughter, Pomponius and Julia,) and Miss Priscilla Thwaites (a maiden lady of fifty-seven,) being merely first cousins of her late husband. The assertion that *all* the members of my Aunt Margaret's family were invited to dine with her requires some modification : nothing more must be understood by it than all such as enjoy the honour of Mr. Lovely's patronage, and have been wise enough to keep terms with him ; for, besides the seven persons enumerated, there are fifteen others, who, owing to various offences committed by them against the peace and dignity of the rascally little poodle, are now no more considered by my Aunt Margaret as her relations than Prester John.

Now, since Aunt Margaret, as Jack Noland very sensibly observed to me the other day, cannot carry her money with her to the grave, it must be evident that the prospects of us

seven who still continue in favour are improved by the removal of the unfortunate fifteen ; but, in proportion as our places are more valuable, our duties, our cares, and our anxieties, are more oppressive. The brute seems to be perfectly aware of this ; he appears to have studied our dislikes and antipathies for the fiendish pleasure of exciting them ; and he takes a diabolical delight in tormenting us to within an inch of the forfeiture of our legacies. He is perhaps more circumspect in his conduct towards me than towards the other expectants ; for long ago I gave him a lesson which he has not yet quite forgotten. I am not of a very enduring temper ; and, finding Mr. Lovely, upon whose caprices my hopes depended, to be a dog whose good-will was not to be won by gentleness—reflecting, at the same time, that the continual annoyance he inflicted upon me might, one day or other, force me beyond the bounds of prudence, provoke me to retaliate, and thereby cost me dearly—I resolved upon a decisive but dangerous measure, with a view to secure myself against his future aggressions. It was simply this : one morning, during my Aunt Margaret's absence, I, in acknowledgment of an

inhospitable growl at my entrance, and a manifest intention to bite, flogged him in such a way as perfectly astonished him ! He has ever since behaved to me as well as such a dog can behave.

But yesterday was, as poor Jack Noland forcibly described it, “a *tremendous* day for us all, and be d——d to the dog !”

Jack, by the way, is the *poor cousin* of our family, whose duty it is to love and admire us all, to be of every body's way of thinking but 'his own, to execute all the disagreeable commissions of the family, and patiently bear the reproach when any thing goes wrong.—“Ah, there again ! 't is Jack's fault, no doubt.” Yet Jack possesses many good qualities, and is a pleasant fellow when he is allowed to expand. But a stern look of the Briggses, or a sneer of Miss Priscilla's, will freeze the jest that is glowing at the very tip of his tongue ; in which case Jack will watch an opportunity of taking me aside — for Jack and I are the best friends in the world — and, after a moment of most expressive silence, and with a smile which indicates his relish of his own wit, he will bestow upon me, after the following fashion, the entire benefit of some piece of pleasantry

which he had intended for the whole party :—
“I say, Tom ; I’ll tell *you* what I meant to say—[so and so]—and I don’t think it is so bad ; do you, Tom ? ” But to return—not one of us but, at some moment or other, saw our hopes of inheritance dangling by a single thread, or, in language more appropriate, at the mercy of a single bark !

But, in order that our sufferings and our dangers may be fairly appreciated, it must be stated, that Mr. and Mrs. Briggs dislike dogs in general, Lovely in particular ; Pomponius Briggs and Miss Julia Briggs inherit the family aversion to the canine species, with the super-addition of an extreme dislike of poodles beyond all other dogs, and of my Aunt Margaret’s Lovely beyond all other possible poodles ; Miss Priss, the fifty-seven-year-old maiden cousin, loathes the very sight of Lovely, and hates it most devoutly, simply upon the true old-maiden principle — because it happens to be a favourite with Aunt Margaret ; poor Jack and myself are the only two of the family who do not entertain a sweeping dislike of all dogs, yet we partake of the general aversion to Lovely, and hate him with heart and soul, for the reason that the dog is an unamiable dog.

In a word, not one of us but is a deadly foe to the animal, and would gladly hang or drown it — if we dared.

Within one hour of dinner-time we were all assembled in my Aunt Margaret's drawing-room. After she had received our felicitations, and listened to our wishes that she might enjoy *many* happy returns of the day (Jack slyly whispering in my ear, "Of course, Tom, we don't mean *too* many,") she burst into tears; lamented to see so few of her relations about her upon such a day; regretted that the misconduct of the absentees [towards Mr. Lovely, be it understood,] had compelled her to have done with them for ever; declared that she had altered her will in our favour, and hinted that she was mistress to alter it again *if she should see cause*. Of this edifying discourse, which lasted till dinner was announced, the text was "Love me, love my Dog;" the obvious moral, "Look to your legacies." It was not without its effect; and Lovely, who seemed to understand the intention of it, with a look of villanous exultation occasionally bent his evil eye upon each of us. Old Briggs whistled the dog towards him. Pomponius drew a collar for the "little rogue" from his pocket. Julia

and Mamma each patted the "pretty fellow," and then turned aside, with a look of ineffable-disgust, to dabble their fingers with *Eau de Cologne*. "Come hither, pretty poodle," said Miss Priscilla, holding out some sugar-plums which she had "bought on purpose for the dear dog." Poor Jack Noland volunteered to *give* the "little fellow"—a washing in the Serpentine next Sunday; whilst I vehemently swore that Lovely grew prettier and prettier every day. Here Jack Noland drew me aside, and, assuming a ludicrous swagger of independence, said: "I tell you what, Tom: this slavery is no longer to be borne!" adding, in his dry way, "only we *must* bear it, you know."

At dinner we had not a moment's peace. The reptile was either jumping upon us, and growling till he had extorted from us the choicest morsel on our plates, or worrying us into a fever by snapping at our legs under the table: evidently with an intention to provoke us to the commission of some outrage upon him, which might draw down upon our heads the displeasure of Aunt Margaret.

Presently, in pure spite, he ran yelping to his mistress, as if he had been hurt, although

I am persuaded that no one had touched him.

"How *can* you be so cruel to the poor dumb beast?" said Miss Priscilla, unjustly and ill-naturedly singling out the family scape-goat, poor Jack Noland, for the question.

Reproaches were showered upon poor Jack from all quarters, who bore them—together with a pretty smart lecture from Aunt Margaret, and a hint about every shilling of her money being at her own disposal—with silence and resignation.

Jack had, however, the good fortune to repair the error which he had *not* committed by the lucky application of an epigram he had lately read, which afforded him an opportunity of conveying a pretty compliment to Mr. Lovely, highly gratifying to my old aunt, and, at the same time, of revenging himself by a sly but desperate hit at Miss Priscilla. Perceiving her to be fondling the detested poodle, "*Apropos*," said Jack—the *apropos* was, certainly, somewhat too severe—"Apropos: in an old newspaper which I picked up the other day I met with this epigram on an old maid caressing a lap-dog."

There was an awful pause, and Priscilla let the dog gently down.

Jack resumed :

“RUFA, I’m not astonish’d in the least,
That thou shouldst lick so dainty, clean a beast;
But that so dainty, clean a beast licks thee — !
That surprises me !”

A dead silence succeeded, which was only interrupted by my Aunt Margaret desiring Jack to ring for coffee.

This was the first time in my life I had ever known Jack to do a savage thing ; and, as we were returning to the drawing-room, he endeavoured to justify himself in my opinion, by whispering to me, “It was rather hard, to be sure, Tom ; but I don’t think Cousin Priss will be in a hurry again to try and get *me* cut off with a shilling on account of that rascally poodle.”

The rain was pouring in torrents ; and the “rascally poodle,” who, to add to his natural attractions, had been scampering about the muddy grounds, came dripping into the drawing-room.

In this interesting condition he ran from one to another (carefully avoiding my Aunt Margaret), squeezing himself between our legs,

and jumping into our laps. The fortitude with which the attack was borne by us all, and the heroic control we maintained over our feelings, were astonishing. It is probable that Aunt Margaret's reprimand of Jack Noland, and her hint about every shilling of her money being at her own disposal, may have contributed to strengthen our nerves. My first impulse certainly was to toss the mongrel out of the window; but, considering that a good four hundred a-year (for which, I know, I am down in the will,) might be tossed out along with him, I contented myself by affecting a laugh at the "unceremonious little gentleman," as I called him, and, with my pocket-handkerchief, smearing the mud over my white silk stockings till it was dry. Noland and Pomponius Briggs followed my example — Pomponius, as he was making bad worse by scrubbing his white kerseymeres, muttering, "Two-pound-ten, by jingo!" Mr. Briggs senior swore he was the most fortunate man breathing, for it would not show *much* upon black. Mrs. Briggs, whose French pink sarsnet dress was ruined for ever, merely simpered, "Well, it cannot be helped." Miss Julia Briggs, like her papa, congratulated her-

self upon her good fortune ; for, being dressed in white muslin, which would wash, "it didn't much signify." And Miss Priscilla, whose saffron-coloured white satin dress, which never saw the light except on state occasions, such as the present, and which was now in a condition to set at defiance the utmost magic of the scowerer, asseverated, as she walked towards the window to conceal her tears, "that it did not signify the least in the world."

When Mr. Lovely had thoroughly cleaned himself by his visits to us, he ventured to approach his mistress.

"I am fearful," said my aunt, patting his back — for he was now perfectly dry — "I am fearful Lovely has been *rather troublesome*."

It was now who should be foremost to assure Aunt Margaret that, so far from being troublesome, nothing, in our opinion, could be more delightful than his good-natured playfulness, nothing more entertaining than his innocent frolics ; and that, in every possible respect, Lovely was, incontestably, and beyond all means of comparison, the sweetest dog in the universe.

My Aunt Margaret's property is all funded ;
and of her twelve hundred a-year, she regularly lays by two-thirds. This we happen to know.

SQUIRE FETLOCK—SQUIRE JEHU.

A PAIR OF SKETCHES.

SQUIRE FETLOCK.

At the end of a hard day's hunting, Mr S—— invited one of his sporting neighbours, Squire Fetlock, to dine with him. Excepting that they both were keen sportsmen; would ride you thirty miles to cover to *begin* the day's work; and take a ten-foot wall, if it stood in their way, as soon as a quickset hedge, there was not one point of congeniality between them. S—— was a man of elegant learning and refined taste; whilst his neighbour was as coarse as one of his own hop-sacks, and as illiterate as his horse. But fox-hunting, like misery, sometimes brings one acquainted with strange bed-fellows.

We were summoned to coffee in the library. Fetlock looked around him with an air of astonishment. At length he exclaimed — “ Well,

if ever I did see ——! Dash me! — Why, mister ——! May I never get across old Hannibal again if ever I did see such a lump of books in my life! Have you read any of them?”

“I can venture to say, sir, there is not a volume on my shelves which I have not read?”

“All!! Uph! Hold her head in, or she’ll be off with you. Come, come, not *all*.”

“I do n’t imagine you doubt the truth of what I say, the less so considering there is nothing very extraordinary in what I have asserted.”

“No, I do n’t mean to say there is any thing extraordinary in it — Uph! — but it’s ’nation curious though, notwithstanding; and dash me if I should n’t like to have the showing of you at a fair! Folks would give a trifle to have a peep at the man that has read all them books!” And again he surveyed the shelves with an air of wonder and incredulity.

“I presume then, sir, you yourself are no great reader?”

“I read! No, thank ’ee, I’m not such a fool. I never looked into but one book in my life, and that was so full of blunders and non-

sense that I chucked it into the fire. Besides, of what good would reading be to me, when I have it all by experience? Have n't I been at it since I was a child? I know a horse inside and out. I tell you what: I'll give the best mare in my stud, and that's Rosemary, to any farrier in this county, ay, and the next to boot, that can tell me what I do n't know; so why need I read their books about the matter? It may be all very well for your ignoramuses, and it is for such like they are made; but as to giving *me* 'Every man his own Farrier' to spell over—Lord bless you!"

"But there are other subjects than——"

"I know it: there is What-do-you-call-him 'On the Diseases of Horses,' and another chap with a book about brood mares, and—— But it is downright nonsense; and mark what I tell you, sir: we had some thorough good ones out with us to-day, and you were not one of the worst!—I say, how cleverly young Foster took that leap at the corner of Salter's paddock!—but that little mare of his will go at any thing. But, as I was going to say, sir, if you are as good a hand in the stable as you are in the field, you don't want much learning, that I can tell you; so do as I did: chuck all your

books into the fire : an hour in the stable is worth a month in the library. And yet, books are well enough in their way : the glitter on them makes a room look smart and handsome, does n't it, Miss ?”

This question he addressed to one of the young ladies, who, while she was pretending to read, was, in reality, exerting all her ingenuity to suppress a laugh at his extraordinary opinions of the value and utility of literature.

He continued : “ You remember the little nook, exactly opposite the window in our breakfast-parlour, where I keep my best plated gig-harness, do n't you, sir ? Now I think *that* as pretty an ornament to a room as need be, and would n't disgrace the King's palace ; but my good lady thinks otherwise, and says that a few books would be more becoming in an apartment occupied by human beings ; so, when I can meet with a few, cheap and clean, I'll humour her fancy. The fair sex must be humoured now and then, must n't they, Miss ?”

And, simultaneously with the utterance of this gallant remark, he threw himself into the attitude of a man on horseback preparing to take a five-bar gate — a movement which he intended for a bow.

"There will be a sale of books at C——y, on Tuesday next," said my friend, "and I dare say you will be able to suit yourself advantageously. I shall attend it, as there is one work in the collection which I have long been anxious to possess, and I intend to purchase it."

"Then, dash me! but I'll go there," exclaimed Fetlock.

It must be remembered that the work in question was a very fine copy of Stuart's 'Athens,' with early impressions of the plates, and splendidly bound.

The conversation next turned upon the theatre.

"Are you fond of the theatre, Mr. Fetlock?"

"Why, yes; I can't say but I like a good play, and when I go to Lunnun I make a point of going once and away — that's to say if it happens to be something of Shakspeare's. I went the last time I was up, and saw 'Guy Mannering.'"

"But 'Guy Mannering' is not a play of Shakspeare's." *

* The ignorance of Squire Fetlock, upon so obscure a point, will the more readily be pardoned, when I mention that a certain *ci-devant* banker, who was anxious to be considered as in the foremost rank amongst the admirers of the drama, and

"An't it? Come, what will you bet of that? I saw 'Macbeth' at the other house the very night before, and there are lots of Scotchies in both; that's all I can tell you." And he gave a knowing wink, which, literally translated, meant "Parry that if you can."

"Here is the novel of the same name, upon which the play you saw is founded," said Mr. S——, reaching down the first volume of 'Guy Mannering,' and putting it into Fetlock's hand; "it is written by Sir Walter Scott."

"Scott?—O—ay—Scott, the chap the King made a knight of the other day. Well, if that was n't turning the world topsy-turvy, dash me! Be-titling a man for fooling away his time at such work as this! just what any of us might do if we had n't something better to think of, and chose to set our wits at it! Now, my notion is —"

Here, while, with a look of profound contempt, he was thumbing over the leaves, his attention was suddenly attracted by something at about the middle of the volume. He brought it

actually passed a good half of his evening hours at the theatre, once said to a friend—"You'll think me a very stupid fellow for asking, but one can't remember every thing: is "Venice Preserved" one of Shakspeare's?—or whose?"

nearer to his eyes, then held it at a greater distance, next took it to the light, then again looked closely at it, as if doubtful whether the passage that struck him could be there or not.

“Why, now, dash me!—Well, that *is* true, and as it should be!—Now where could *he* have picked that up? Dash me if I do n’t think there *is* something in *this* chap after all!”

“What is it, sir?”

He read the following passage:

“The stranger begged his horse might be attended to. She [Mrs. McCandlish] went out herself to school the hostler.

“‘There was never a prettier bit of horse-flesh in the stable of the Gordon Arms,’ said the man; which information increased the landlady’s respect for the rider.”

“Come, now,” exclaimed Fetlock, “that *is* true and to the purpose; dash me if it is n’t! A pretty bit of horse-flesh, you see, increased the landlady’s respect for the gentleman, just as it naturally ought to do. Now, there’s a saying for you, sound wind and limb, and without a blemish. If all the book was like that—”

“If you like to read it you may take it home with you; and, when you have finished that volume, the next shall be at your service.”

“Read it ? Why—read it !—and yet I’ve a great mind to it, too : I see at once he is no common chap : that is a clever saying, but as to reading—why—and yet—Come, I’ve given her her head, and won’t baulk her ; she shall take it now, rough or smooth, let what may be on the other side. I *will* read it, dash me if I do n’t !”

So saying, he thrust, or rather dug the book into his pocket, with the desperate recklessness of consequences of one who felt that another moment’s reflection would deter him altogether from so rash an undertaking.

Upon several occasions subsequent to this, he was asked how he liked “Guy Mannering,” and whether he had yet done with the first volume ; and, indeed, some astonishment had been expressed by the family, at Squire Fetlock’s detaining it so long — for several weeks, I believe.

“And how do you like ‘Guy Mannering,’ sir ?”

“O, a charming book, sir ; a charming book, indeed ! ‘You may always tell a gentleman by his horse,’ as the landlady meant to say. It is a charming book. I never fail to take a light canter over it every evening after tea.”

"Then, by this time, you must want the second volume."

"No, thank 'ee; you are very kind; but the one I have will do very well for me."

"How! I do n't clearly understand you."

"Why, Mr. S——, I do n't know whether it may be the same thing with you, but I'll tell you how it is with me. You see, I sit down and read five or six leaves at night, and the next morning it is all clean out of my head; so that when I go to it again the reading is all fresh, and just the same as new to me. Therefore, unless you want the book, it will do as well for me as any other."

On the day of the sale, I accompanied my friend to C——y, whither he went with the intention of purchasing Stuart's "Athens." We took our stand immediately opposite to the auctioneer. The books were selling, as this eloquent functionary truly said, "dog cheap;" and, judging by the appearance of the persons present, who did not seem of a quality either to appreciate or desire so *récherché* a work, we expected to get it for a very moderate sum. At length it was put up; and, after a preparatory flourish from the auctioneer, he, as is usual in such cases, declared himself confident that he

was very much within the mark in valuing it at —what certainly was an outrageous price ; and, as is also usual in such cases, a dead silence ensued.

“ Well, then, shall I say forty guineas for this splendid work ?—Twenty ?—Ten ?—Consider, gentlemen, this most magnificent —— ” And, after having exhausted all the flowers of auction-room oratory in its praise, he added, with a sigh which seemed to come from the very bottom of his—pulpit, “ Well, then, shall I say six ? ”

Here was a pause which, to us, was highly gratifying.

“ Five,” said Mr. S——.

“ Five guineas only are bid.—Six ! Thank you, sir.”

“ Seven,” continued my friend.

“ Seven,” responded the auctioneer. “ Eight ! Thank you, sir.”

Mr. S—— went on in this way, guinea by guinea, till, having bid thirteen, and the auctioneer still thanking some viewless antagonist —(for we heard no one make the biddings, nor did we see any body nod) — for an additional guinea, he inquired whether there was any order to buy the lot in at a certain price, as, if so,

it would save time to declare it at once. Being assured that it was a sale without reserve, he was led on in the same manner to twenty-three guineas (at which point he determined to stop), where he was met as before.

"Twenty-three guineas are bid. — Twenty-four. Thank you, sir. Twenty-four; going for twenty-four. Gone! Stuart's 'Athens,' " (turning to his clerk) "for twenty-four guineas, to Squire Fetlock."

We turned round, and, to our astonishment, close behind us there stood the identical and unquestionable Squire!

"My dear sir, is it possible you have purchased '*Stuart's Athens*?' Besides, did n't you perceive that I was bidding for that lot?"

"To be sure I did, and that's why I never lost the scent for a moment. I know nothing about goods of this kind, and as you are a clever hand at them, I was certain I could n't be very wide of the field by keeping a guinea a-head of you."

"But you have purchased, at an extravagant price, a work which will be utterly useless to you, whilst to me ——"

"Useless to me? Not such a fool, neither. I do n't often buy a pig in a poke. My good

lady came to look at them yesterday, and they are the very thing for the nook in the breakfast-parlour."

"But I assure you they are upon a subject about which you are indifferent. Let me have them, and I'll fill your nook with books which shall be equally valuable, and much more entertaining to you."

"Entertaining! Why, Lord love you, you do n't suppose I should ever think of reading those big devils—why, they are as big again as the church Bible; besides——"

"For that very reason: and by making the exchange you will oblige me, and in no way be a loser yourself."

"Why now, lookee; this is the first time in my life I ever bought books: if they are worth your money, they must be worth mine; so, at any rate, I have n't made a gaby of myself, as I might have done if you had n't been here. As to changing them for a pack of your little hop-o'-my-thumbs, no bigger than the one you lent me t' other night!—Suppose I should ask you to let me have the mare you rode to cover o' Thursday—and a clever mare she is, and worth a hundred and thirty if she's worth a pound!—I say, suppose I should say to you,

‘Let me have that mare, Mr. S——, and I’ll give you half a score mice-ponies for her.’ Why, setting the value out of the question, the thing would n’t be reasonable, you know. No, no! pray excuse me; besides, I promised my madam to humour her fancy; and, do the thing handsomely or let it alone, is my motto.”

As the concluding part of this speech was delivered in somewhat an angry tone, the attempt at negociation was abandoned; and, for any thing I know to the contrary, to this day the splendid gilt backs of “Stuart’s Athens” constitute the chief ornament of Squire Fetlock’s breakfast-parlour.

It is no uncommon thing for a painter, when he has executed a subject, to paint another of a corresponding character as a companion to it. Following such example, I will place as a *pendant* to SQUIRE FETLOCK a sketch of

SQUIRE JEHU.

At the close of the year 182-, I crossed in the steamer from Dover to Calais. The day was any thing but pleasant, for it was cold, it was blowing hard, and to this was added a small, sharp, drizzling rain. However, of these

three disagreeable companions the wind exhibited the most friendly intentions, for it was evident he was going to Calais as well as ourselves. Upon such occasions he is—as it was once said of an ugly but well-formed woman—an angel to follow, (or, more strictly speaking of him, to be followed by,) but the very devil to meet; and as we received an assurance, with every appearance of its fulfilment, that under his kind auspices we should be anchored in the opposite port within two hours and a half, I, for one, was happy to pay the penalty of some personal inconvenience, in consideration of a speedy voyage.

The ocean is unquestionably a magnificent animal, but his temper is unequal and uncertain: it is either very smooth, very sulky, or very savage. He is as capricious as a spoiled child, and as thorough a coquette as a French opera-dancer. There may be some who think he merits all the fine things that have been said and sung of him; but they, perhaps, are acquainted with him only at Hastings or Margate: had they ever encountered him in the Bay of Biscay, or in a north-wester off the Cape, I am persuaded they would ever after find it more agreeable to praise him than to associate with him.

The laudatory effusions of the great court-poet of Neptune, Lord Byron, may be quoted in his favour; but I protest against them *in toto*; first, because no faith is to be placed in the laudatory effusions of any court-poet whatever; and, secondly, because I consider his Lordship an incompetent judge of the case, inasmuch as he knew but little of his marine majesty, except when sailing on one of the finest seas in the world, from one beautiful island to another, and scarcely ever out of sight of land. For my own part, however, I dislike the beast; and I never would ride even for three hours on his unruly back, if, by any sacrifice, I could get clear of him in two.

Well; we quitted the harbour at about twelve o'clock at noon, under the most favourable auspices. There were many passengers on board; several horses in the hold; and, on the deck, a carriage built mail-coach fashion, a tilbury, and a cabriolet; and, as these vehicles all bore the same arms, it required no conjuror to perceive that they were all the property of one and the same owner. A rapid and easy passage being anticipated, the carriage-bodies were not dismounted from the wheels—a precaution which would have been taken had the wind been ever

so slightly adverse. Of this neglect we soon experienced the unlucky consequences.

We were hardly two leagues from shore when the wind, which had hitherto been with us, turned completely about. The vessel pitched and rolled considerably, and the carriages before-mentioned standing high above the deck and holding the wind, which was now directly against us, not only aggravated the unpleasant irregularities of the vessel's motion but greatly impeded its progress. I have invariably found that by keeping my seat, neither turning to the right hand nor to the left, maintaining an inviolable silence, engaging the mind, (by reading, if possible,) and keeping the eye steadily fixed on some given object, (in that case it would be the book,) the chances against sea-sickness have been greatly in my favour : of course it would be impossible to persevere in this system on a voyage of long duration.

Sea-sickness !—Oh ! if you would teach a proud man a bitter lesson of humility, put him on board a badly-trimmed steam-boat — in the short, choppy sea of the Channel — on a raw, rough, gusty day—with the wind blowing smack in his teeth — (every one of these conditions must be fulfilled in order to produce the de-

sired effect)—and I'll answer for it, unless his stomach be made of wrought iron, he will come out of it an humbler and a better man than after one of Parson Irving's most appalling discourses. By no other process, in nature or in art, is the moral and physical man so utterly abased. Your dearest friend, your child, the very wife of your affections, might call upon you for aid, yet would you lack both strength and courage to afford it !

The last person who had come on board (and it was clear he had purposely made us wait for him) was a tall, thin, yellow-faced East Indian. He took his station at the stern; and, having, with a supercilious air, eyed every one around him, he inquired, in a tone at once haughty and careless, "Where is the master of this *boat*?"

"I am the Captain of the Vessel, sir."

"Oh, ho ! *Captain* ? — of the *Vessel* ? — Ha ! Well ; here — take my passage-money at once, and let me have no farther trouble. I am," (and he continued, with a particular emphasis on each word,) "I am—Major—General—Sir—Somebody—Something."

Within a quarter of an hour after the slippery trick played us by our quondam friend, the

wind, this Major-General Sir Somebody Something lay rolling about the deck. He groaned; he yelled; he cried for help—for pity. But there was neither help nor pity for, nor even care or thought of, this specimen of insolent East Indianism.—The supreme leveller of distinctions is Death: Love is said to be the next; but I doubt whether sea-sickness might not fairly dispute the claim with him.

My system had already stood the test of two hours' buffeting: I had not once changed my position; and had maintained my vow of silence with the devotion of a Trappist, in spite of the frequent attempts of a person at my side to force me into a conversation. Under any other circumstances, this proceeding of mine would have savoured somewhat of brutality; but the present posture of affairs was its sufficient apology. To say the truth, the temptations which my neighbour held out were so slight — his questions and remarks being trivial, if not nonsensical, and his language and manner gross and vulgar in the extreme — that, even had we met in a situation the most favourable to the "sweet interchange of thought," I should have felt but little more disposed to the intercourse. I at once set him down

for a groom — not to a gentleman, but a horse-dealer. At length, finding his most strenuous endeavours abortive, he desisted. For about an hour, he left me to the enjoyment of my own reflections, and I had begun to hope I should get through the voyage without farther disturbance. The poor fellow was suffering dreadfully ; when, taking a hasty advantage of one of his brief intervals of repose, he suddenly turned round, twitched my elbow, and, in a tone of voice compounded of a sob and a sigh, he said — “ Was you ever at Leighton-Buzzard, sir ? ”

The oddity of the question, and at such a moment too, coupled with the oddity of the name of the place he mentioned, extorted from me a loud laugh : I just turned my head to inform him that I had not yet enjoyed that happiness, and from that instant —— !

Well ; it was now four o'clock ; and, instead of being seated before a good fire at Calais, as we ought to have been, we were only about mid-channel. The Captain, attributing much of this delay to the carriages, gave an order that they should be dismounted. As it was blowing a gale, this was a work of much difficulty and some danger ; and, indeed, the vessel giving a

urch in the course of the process, the Tritons were within an ace of enjoying an opportunity of deciding which was the more agreeable — riding on a dolphin or in an English mail-coach.

Whilst this was going on, my neighbour gave signs of the most intense anxiety. His inquiries as to the probable danger were frequent and urgent. He rose from his seat, and made a desperate effort to join the men who were employed about the carriages, but in vain — he could not keep his footing for a second step. He called upon Robert, Jones, and Tyler (his fellow-servants, as I imagined) but they were all ill, and no one responded to his summons. Hitherto, his cry had been, “Nobody knows what I suffer!” but now, to my astonishment, after each convulsive throe, he exclaimed, “O, my poor panels!” at the same time looking dolefully towards the vehicles.

The men having accomplished their object of dismounting the carriages, we made more way; and, at half past six, being at last within musket-shot of Calais harbour, and calling about us for portmanteaus and night-bags, we enjoyed the unspeakable gratification of — seeing the fort-light lowered, the signal for us to stand out till next tide. However, the greater number

on board preferred the alternative of being put ashore in boats.

Whilst waiting for these, and being in smooth water, I had an opportunity of taking a better view of my neighbour. He was soon joined by Robert, Jones, and Tyler; and, from his shaking hands, and the general familiarity of his greetings, I should have concluded that I was right in my first conjecture about him, but for a dash of coarse respect on the part of the others, and their occasionally styling him "Sir!" I now thought myself warranted in referring him to a higher rank; and from that of a horse-dealer's groom I elevated him to that of the horse-dealer himself.

As I have already said, his language and manner were coarse and vulgar in the extreme; and he did not utter a sentence without committing more than one offence against grammar and good-breeding. As a specimen, I will give his latest instructions to the man who appeared to be the first in command under him—merely suppressing the oaths with which they were interlarded.

"Vell, I say, Tyler, it's the best of a bad job, bean't it? It mought 'a bin a —— sight vorser. Them scratches on the cab is the vorst

of it, though. Now, I say, Tyler, lad, look sharp, as soon as it's light, about getting on 'em out of this 'ere —— consarn. And, I say, Tyler, mind how they gets the 'orses out of the 'old. But I'll be down on 'em myself, as soon as I gets my blinkers off in the morning." And he took his seat in the boat, with a "Ya—hip! all right! push along!"

The next morning, I was walking across the court-yard of Meurice's Hotel at Calais, and there I saw this same person, with his assistants, busied about the carriages. He hailed me.

"I say, Master; we're better off 'ere than we was last night. Now, come 'ere, and bless your eyes with a sight of my mail-coach. That's prime, bean't it? I'll defy the King—no, Lord forgive me! I won't defy the King, God bless him!—but I'll defy any man in England, from the Duke of York downwards, to turn out such a thing as that. Built by the best mail-coach builder going. There an't a *pint* wanting. It's exact in every *pint*, like the reg'lar mail-coaches as runs from the Post-office: it only wants painting on it, sitch-an-sitch a mail, to take in Freeling himself. But even that bean't the right sort o' thing, after all. I say, Master; what stage do you drive?"

“What *stage* I drive ! I scarcely understand you.”

“Vy, this 'ere is nothing, a'ter all. It's vell enough to make the folks stare, but it bea'n't the *rale* prime thing, though it's prime enough in its vay. Besides, you know, in France one can't do better ; they von't let us handle the ribbons for 'em ; and, if they vou'd, there's no sport in it :—five miles in five hours—Ye—hip ! No ; the only knowin' thing is drivin' the reg'lar stage-coach. I'd rather drive the stage nor my own 'orses at any time ; because for vy, as I say, it's more knowin'er. I 'av druv' the — stage-coach thirty mile out and thirty mile in, every day this 'ere last season.”

Now, had I nothing more to tell of this person, I would freely admit that I had exhibited a common-place character, such as is to be found on any day of the year in any stable in England, and not unfrequently in apartments of higher pretensions. But I have not yet done with him.

In the evening, I went into the room where the *table d'hôte* was served, at which, as I had previously left word, I intended to take my dinner.

Near the fire-place were two gentlemen in earnest conversation : one was apparently about

fifty years of age ; the other, attired in an evening dress, of not more than three or four and twenty. They were speaking French, and the subject of their conversation was the relative merits of Corneille and Racine. As I took some interest in the subject of their discussion, and it not being required, in any public room on the Continent, that a person, with the appearance and manners of a gentleman, should present his pedigree or his rent-roll before he dared address a stranger—being also somewhat conversant with the question in debate—I had little hesitation in making one of the party, and joining in the conversation. As the younger gentleman gave the preference to Corneille for all the higher dramatic qualities, reserving to Racine the pre-eminence in purity and elegance of diction, (qualities which, perhaps, none but a Frenchman can fully appreciate,) I took his side in the argument. I could not help thinking I had seen him before, but where I could not, for the soul of me, remember. The *contour* of his face was decidedly English ; but his accent, his dress, and his *address*, were French, and French, too, of the highest *ton*.

Dinner was served, and we were proceeding to our places, when the panegyrist of Corneille,

giving me a slap on the back, said, "I say, master, this 'ere is better than the steamer yesterday. Rot me if ever I mounted behind such a team in my life!"

Had the sable gentleman himself appeared before me, I could not have been more amazed. It was, beyond all question, the low-life groom — at the very best, the horse-dealer of yesterday.

As to eating, I might as well have attempted to swallow the table as any of the comfortable things upon it. I took a glass of wine, another, and another. I saw him speaking to the elderly Frenchman; he addressed him in all the forms of French politeness. If any one spoke to him in English, nothing was perceptible but the low, slang Englishman. I had certain qualms about the company I was in, and bethought me of my sins. However, I took a mouthful, tossed off another glass of pleasant Burgundy, and acquired courage. I addressed my steam-boat companion in French; and nothing could be more sensible than the matter, nothing more refined than the manner, of his replies. I addressed him in English — he felt and smelt of the stable. I repeated this experiment several times, and invariably the result was the same.

was a puzzle, and it kept me waking the
r part of the following night. The next
t was explained to me by one of his most
te friends, whom I accidentally met, and
whom I was slightly acquainted.

a very early age, even before he had ac-
l a knowledge of his mother-tongue, he
ent to the College of —, one of the
laces for education in France. He made
use of his time, and became an accom-
d French scholar. There he remained till
eteenth year, when, on the death of his
, he was sent for to England. Upon his
l, he found himself the inheritor of an
of twenty thousand a-year. He soon
ed a passionate fondness for the breeding
anagement of horses, the consequence of
was that all his *English* education was
ed in the stable and from its inmates.
xplanation sufficiently accounted for the
e compound of the refined French gen-
i and the vulgar, slang Englishman, as
ted by no less a personage than him
we shall designate as — SQUIRE JEHU.

THE INCONVENIENCES
OF
A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.*

"HUMBOLDT," said a certain Captain in the West-Middlesex militia, "Humboldt is an over-rated man; there is very little in him; and he knows *nothing* of geography!"

"How! that celebrated traveller knows nothing of geography?"

"No more than my black terrier there, sir. I met him once at a party at the Russian Ambassador's at Paris, and put him to the proof. As long as he was talking about the Andes, and the Cordilleras, and places which

* Shortly after the first appearance of this Sketch, it was dramatized at Covent-Garden Theatre. Perhaps others in the present collection may have been honoured in a similar way. This circumstance is noted only for the purpose of asserting the priority of the Essayist to the Dramatist—a point which, but for such precaution, might become a matter of serious controversy with generations yet unborn.

nobody but himself had ever heard of, he carried it all his own way ; but the moment I put a straightforward question to him, which any schoolboy might have answered, he was floored. ‘Now, Baron,’ said I—taking him by surprise—‘Now, Baron, can you tell me where Turnham Green is ?’ *Upon—my—honour*, he knew no more about it than I know about Jericho ! ”

Now, for the information of Baron Humboldt, and of such other persons whose education in that important branch of knowledge called geography may have been neglected, it will be useful to state that Turnham Green is a village, situated on the Western Road, distant about five miles from London, and two from the well-paved and agreeable town of Brentford. Its chief produce is *Genteel Education for young Ladies*, which is supplied by numerous manufactories, bearing the various designations of seminaries, establishments, institutions, &c., or, as—ere the march of intellect began—with vulgar propriety they were termed boarding-schools ; and its population consists of about ——

But away with the hundreds and the thousands ! for since the Wadds have abandoned

the place, the remaining *souls* are mere *nobodies* in our estimation.

Who that has ever journeyed from the giant metropolis towards the town beloved of surgeons, wheelwrights, farriers, and blacksmiths, the one and unparalleled Brentford, but must have observed, on the left hand side of the road, at the farthest corner of the rural Alma Mater I have described, a house remarkable for an air of snugness and comfort, and an appearance altogether bespeaking respectability and solid wealth in its owner. It stood alone: that circumstance told of independence; it was no more than two stories high, and was as square as a chess-board: to these would the intelligent observer at once attribute snugness and comfort; and, for an indication of wealth, there it stood, as plain as a pike-staff, in the plate-glass which filled the sashes of all the principal front-windows. But, from the adoption of this one of the necessities of life—for it is idle to rank plate-glass windows amongst the superfluities—it was evident, also, that the owner was a man of sound common sense: he was resolved to see things *as they are*; and he well knew that so to behold them, through the

common material used for excluding wind and weather, was scarcely possible.

Who would endure to sit during fifteen consecutive minutes in a room where the tables and chairs were standing in and out, like so many inexpert dancers in a quadrille; where the lustre was suspended right away from the centre, and left lackadaisically drooping six inches lower on one side than on the other; the carpet ill-joined, so as to present the pattern in bold confusion; the ornaments on the mantel-piece thrust lovingly together in one corner; the paper-hangings presenting, here and there, a crooked straight line; and where the pictures — oh, ye gods! — were hung with so intrepid a disregard of both the horizontal and the perpendicular, as would induce you to suppose they were intended to illustrate some geometrical problem concerning angles varying from fifteen degrees to five-and-forty. Who *could* endure all this, and not die of vertigo? He alone who would venture to dance a hornpipe on one of the arms of the cross of St. Paul's! Yet are there many persons, whose characters in other respects are unimpeachable, who are daily guilty of a look-out through

a material which distorts every object seen through it—zig-zagging the opposite buildings; thrusting the heads of the trees a foot to the right, or to the left, of their parent stems; cutting in twain every unfortunate being that happens to pass; and (if at the sea-side) twisting the grand, even line of the horizon into all manner of fantastic shapes.

But to return.

Perfect in its kind as was this edifice, a taste severely critical might have objected to two of its accessories, namely, a common little plaster cast of the Duke of Wellington stuck in the fan-light over the door; and the leaden figure of a Cupid standing in a bed of tulips, in front of the house, squirting up a thin thread of water to the height of some six or seven feet. And yet were these not altogether devoid of utility, for they saved a world of questions, and plainly told you that the inhabitant was, or had been, a gentleman of the City. Besides, since few fortunes would suffice to rival Versailles, a private individual who is fond of cascades, fountains, and *jets-d'eau*, must be content with what he can reasonably accomplish in that way; and, in spite of Pennant, who somewhere says, "I hate your drip-drip-a-drips,

miscalled cascades," a good-natured observer would consider these tiny hints at fine art and ornament as indications of the gigantic scale on which their perpetrators *would* execute, were they provided with "the appliances and means to boot." For my own part, notwithstanding these trifling drawbacks, I never passed this happy-looking mansion without a feeling of admiration of the genius which had directed its construction, and something, perhaps, like envy of its cosey occupant. "Mr. Rufus Wadd," have I often thought, "must be the happiest man in the King's dominions."

Alas ! alas ! for human happiness !

The last time I saw this abode of bliss — it has since been demolished, its fair garden has been up-rooted, and the little squirting Cupid is inhumanly exposed for sale at a plumber's at Hammersmith ; and nought remains to mark that such things were, but a heap of rubbish, and a notice, stuck upon a pole, that the ground is to be let on building leases. Such is the instability of worldly brick and mortar !

The last time I passed the house I was astonished and alarmed at finding the window-shutters closed, the plaster Duke removed from

his niche over the door, and poor dusty Cupid, with his chubby mouth (which had heretofore ejected the bounteous stream,) full of withered leaves, as if in mockery of his apparent thirst. The desolation was awful! "Can Wadd be dead?" I exclaimed. But I was presently relieved from this apprehension by a notice, painted on a board, which I had not at first perceived. It was in these precise words:

This house to be let or sold, with or without the furniture, on very moderate terms—with immediate possession—THE OWNER GOING ABROAD. For farther particulars, &c.

The inscription was conceived in the spirit of profound melancholy. It conveyed an idea, affecting in the extreme, of resolved and total abandonment. It left no resting-place for Hope. The resolution it announced was immutable. It was so framed as to meet and to overcome all objections and difficulties. The house might either be purchased or hired: it was indifferent to Wadd. The furniture might be taken, or not: Wadd cared not; the option, in both cases, was left with the other contracting party. To Wadd even the terms were of trifling importance: it was his object to rid himself of this property and quit his country,

and it was clear that nothing was to stand in the way of its fulfilment. What was the cause of this? I knew nothing of Mr. Wadd; we were total strangers to each other; yet the desire I felt to learn what could have happened to induce mortal man to quit this terrestrial paradise was irresistible. It was a moral phenomenon which called for explanation; so I went to Mr. Stiles.

Mr. Stiles was the auctioneer to whom all inquirers were referred.

"I perceive, sir, that Mr. Wadd's house is to be disposed of."

"It is, sir. It is a most desirable and commodious residence, comprising ——" Here followed an auctioneer's flourish of considerable length.

"But, surely, there must be something wrong about it; else why is its present owner so anxious to part with it?"

Mr. Stiles hesitated for a time; at length he replied:

"Why — ye — yes, sir: it is situated at so *very* convenient a distance from town."

"But if that be all ——"

"Why — a — no, sir; to be candid with you, the dining-room is capital, and will ac-

commodate eighteen with all the comfort in life."

"I do not see *that* in the light of an objection, Mr. Stiles; and, if there be no other ——"

"Why then, sir, to speak out like an honest man—those Omnibuses, sir! It was the Omnibuses that forced Mr. Wadd to sell his house and fly his native land — for, between ourselves, he is already gone — he could stand it no longer."

The connexion between self-expatriation and a Turnham-Green Omnibus not being quite evident, I requested of Mr. Stiles to explain it; whereupon he very obligingly favoured me with the melancholy story, to the effect following, of the Sorrows of Wadd.

Mr. Rufus Wadd had been, for many years, head of the respectable firm of Wadd, Brothers, Wadd, Wadd, and Co. (the Co. comprising a couple of the junior Wadds), carrying on a profitable business in Lawrence Pountney Lane, near Thames Street. In this same house the Wadds had been established time immemorial; it was here that Rufus drew his first breath; and here, following the good old city custom, in the house of business did he resolve to dwell

until he should have acquired sufficient wealth to warrant his relinquishing the cares of commerce altogether.

By "solid wealth" (a phrase already used), nothing more was meant than a real, *bond-fide* property, producing a certain income of some hundreds, in contradistinction to "immense wealth" in mining speculations, foreign bonds, &c., which cannot, strictly speaking, be termed "solid;" and Mr. Wadd's notion of "sufficient" extended not beyond a clear and unencumbered seven hundred and fifty pounds *per annum*. Till he had attained the uttermost shilling of this sum, not all the intreaties of his wife and his daughter, nor his own secret longings after rural retirement, could induce him to quit *the House*, as he emphatically termed it; and the merit of maintaining his resolution will appear the greater when it is stated that, from his earliest youth, his most earnest wish had been to lead the life of a country gentleman.

Many of our most profound desires may be traced to some trivial circumstance operating constantly, though imperceptibly, upon the mind.

In a large enclosure (somewhat in appearance

like a burying-ground) in Lawrence Pountney Lane, stands a huge tree, in form resembling the elm ; though, as its leaves are usually black (excepting after a heavy rain, when they assume a dingy brownish-green colour), a cautious observer would hesitate before he referred it decidedly to that class. However, it certainly is a tree ; and the windows of the bed-room formerly occupied by Mr. Rufus command an agreeable view of it. There would he sit for hours, after the cares of business were ended, reading Thomson's Seasons — his only book, and a work of which he possessed every known edition—and listening to the wind, as it elbowed its way through the numerous stacks of chimneys, and just ruffled the topmost leaves of *the* tree. To this habit, no doubt, is to be traced his settled wish for rural life ; and that this wish was early engendered may be inferred from a pastoral song of his own composition, written on a blank leaf of one of his Thomsons : for, since his morality was inflexible, and his fidelity to Mrs. Wadd unquestioned, the third and fourth lines of the second verse may be taken as proof that the poem was composed *prior to his marriage*. The song has been justly characterized as a *sweet* song,

and as such it will be acceptable to all lovers of *sweet* poetry.

'T is sweet to be a shepherd-boy—

How sweet the shepherd's labour !

Sweet lambkins all his cares employ—

How sweet his pipe and tabor !

How sweet his frugal meat to eat

By sweetly-shaded mountain !

Sweet fruits his fare, with water sweet,

From sweetly-flowing fountain.

'T is sweet when Evening spreads her shades,

Through some sweet grove to wander ;

And sweet, amidst its gentle glades,

On maiden sweet to ponder.

At night, the sweet green grass his bed,

His lull-song sweet the billow,

A moonbeam sweet to wrap his head,

A daisy sweet his pillow.

Pity that a being like Wadd, formed by Nature for the enjoyment of the sylvan solitudes of Turnham Green, should have been hunted from their precincts ere he had scarcely tasted of their pleasures !

There are persons who, when they contemplate an abandonment of the Capital, send their imaginations full gallop across the Pyrenees ; others, of less ardent temperament, dream of nothing beyond Geneva or Lausanne ; some, again, of colder constitutions, stop short in Wales—some, even at Walthamstowe. Of this, the most moderate class, was Mr. Wadd. He

did not intend, upon his quitting Lawrence Pountney Lane, to become either a bear or a hermit. He knew that old habits are not to be put off like an old garment: consequently, that he might, now and then, feel a longing to visit his old haunts, and see how things were going on at Garraway's, on 'Change, or at "the House;" and to this end, a convenient distance from town was desirable. In evil hour, he found precisely the thing he wanted: some demon thrust under his very nose an advertisement of—"A house to be sold, most delightfully situated at a convenient distance from London, enjoying the supereminent advantage of commanding coaches, up and down, four times a-day;"—and he fell plump into the snare. The seven hundred and fifty pounds *per annum* were completed, and away to Turnham Green went Mr. Wadd.

Wadd had never been fond of company, thereby meaning visitors, occasional droppers-in; they interfered with his habits. In London his mornings were, of course, secured against such intruders by the imperious duties of business; besides which, in his neighbourhood, every man has his own to attend to. But his evenings were by no means so safe; and it had fre

quently happened that his intercourse with his favourite Thomson, and his sly dallings with the Muses, were interrupted by the unwelcome call of some acquaintance, who had kindly resolved to come and spend a couple of hours with him. Yet was he fond of society—that is to say, whenever it exactly suited his own good pleasure and convenience ; and, once a month or so, he would invite a few friends to a family dinner, which, in due time (and as it was but fair it should be), was regularly accounted for by an invitation from each of the guests. Here, at his rural residence, no such unexpected invasions as those alluded to could be accomplished : he was protected — like the New Hollanders from an incursion of the Cherokees —by distance.

But, it may be inquired, how did Mr. Rufus Wadd intend to spend his comfortable income, with no one but a wife and daughter to provide for ?—and how pass his mornings, which, to a man formerly used to occupation, must press wearily on his hands ? — Why, with respect to his income, he did *not intend* to spend it : on the contrary, he had resolved, by severe economy, and by sundry dabbings in sundry matters, whenever he paid a visit to the City,

“to make this mickle more ;” and, with respect to his time, he had devised a variety of methods of passing it entirely to his own satisfaction. His mornings would partly be occupied in his garden, in carefully counting the gooseberries on his bushes, and picking the sufficient number for the day’s pudding—for gardeners are great rogues, and are not to be trusted ; and partly in inspecting the washerwomen’s bills, and visiting the various chandlers’ shops in the village, in order to purchase hearth-stones, sand, and matches for the housemaids, at as little above prime-cost as possible—for washerwomen are not all of them honest, and chandlers are scoundrels, who would cheat you of a halfpenny as soon as look at you. His evenings he would devote to amusement—chiefly his own : he would perfect himself in Thomson, undertake the study of the other rural poets, and make up the daily account of his outgoings and his savings. Then, once a year, on his daughter’s birthday, which fortunately occurred in July, he would give a splendid entertainment—a breakfast on the back lawn—to all his friends and acquaintance. This would be a *handsomer-looking* thing than a dinner, less troublesome, less expensive ; and

at that particular season he should have such an abundance of fruit — of which, as he kindly considered, Londoners are so passionately fond — that, if his friends did not eat it, his pigs must. But there was beneath this scheme of the “splendid annual” a politic intention altogether worthy of Wadd, and one which his head alone perhaps could have conceived: it would serve as a set-off against the dinner-scores he might run with his City friends, whenever his affairs might call him eastward; and his friendly reminder on any such occasion, “Remember, we shall expect you at the Green on the 27th of next July,” would also serve as a hint, at which no one could reasonably take offence, that they would not be expected *till then*.

These, however, were but projects, few of which were destined to be fulfilled.

It was on Thursday the fifth of August that the Wadds took possession of the new mansion.

On the sixth (Friday), as the clock struck five, and just as they were sitting down to dinner, the stage-coach stopped at the door. The servant announced the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wadd and Master Tom. Rufus

stood like one transfixed—like his royal namesake, if you please.

“By Jingo, Rufus,” exclaimed his cousin Bob, “you are at the most convenient distance! delightful! Fine afternoon, nothing to do, at half-past three Betsy and I took it into our heads to come down, no sooner said than done—capital loin of veal that, upon *my* word—took little Tom with us——Tom, my dear, don’t be picking the edges of that tart; they’ll give you some presently——jumped into a Turnham-Green coach at the Goose and Grid-iron, and here we are, just in pudding-time.”

There was no parrying this blow, but Rufus resolved to avail himself of the sweetest vengeance that occurred to him: knowing that his visitors were fond of a little of the kidney, he kept the whole of that to his own share.

“Capital sherry this, Rufus!” said Bob, emptying and instantly replenishing his glass.

“But, it is all I have of the kind,” replied Rufus; hastily taking the decanter from Bob, and placing it close at his own elbow. “Had I but received five minutes’ notice of this incursion,” thought he, “I would have performed my usual manœuvre:—put the Cape Madeira on table, and kept my *own* pint of East India

berry, for my *own* drinking, at my *own* side on the floor."

"This is a fine warm afternoon for *claret*, isn't it, Rufus?" observed the excruciating Bob.

"The afternoon *is* rather warm," replied Rufus, but, evading the latter part of the observation, he continued: "I have a fine cold spring here—delicious water! *I* think a little cold brandy-and-water the best thing in the world in such *very* warm weather."

"*Do* you, Mr. Rufus!!" exclaimed Mrs. Robert; "then how *extremely ceremonious* on your part that you never ask for it at our table. When you dine with us you are content to drink moselle, or hock, or claret, or any other wine we may chance to give you. Now, pray, Robert, love, (addressing her husband), the next time cousin Rufus dines with us, pray be more attentive to his comfort—and *remember this*."

An approving glance passed from Bob to his wife. Accustomed to receive Rufus (as they did their other friends) with liberal hospitality, they experienced something like disgust at the sordid parsimony which characterized his reception of them upon the present occasion. The gun, it must be owned, was charged to

the muzzle ; and certainly it lost nothing of its effect from Mrs. Robert's manner of letting it off.

Rufus Wadd made no reply, but went to the cellar and returned with a bottle of *port*.

The gentlemen having finished their wine, and Bob putting a negative upon Rufus's, "If you *wish* for any more wine, I sha n't mind the trouble of going again to the cellar,"—coffee was introduced.

"Now, see, Betsy, my love," said Bob; "'t is as I told you ; a most convenient distance : plenty of time to take one's wine comfortably, get a cup of—— Ha ! where's Tom ! O, he's quite safe ; I see him amongst the strawberries."

Rufus's heart sank within him.

"Can 't leave the little fellow with you to-night," continued cousin Bob ; "but he shall come and spend a month with you before we lose the fine weather : nice distance for the boy. As I was saying, time to take our wine and coffee ; at half-past eight the stage calls for us ; and at ten there we are at home. Charming distance, is n't it, Betsy, my dear ?"

Half-past eight came, and the guests went.

"This wo n't do," thought Rufus. But he

not only thought it, he said it and swore it too. That night he slept not.

The next day (Saturday) he gave strict charge to the servants that, if any one should come to dinner, they were to say the family were all out.

The order happened to be needless, for no one did come, and Rufus began to resume his usual good-humour—a species of good-humour which, at the best, was of a very questionable quality.

As the clock was striking eight, a stage-coach drove up to the gate, and down jumped a little, round, red, fat man, with a small portmanteau in his hand.

“*Who—the-devil—is—that*, and what can he want?” exclaimed Rufus.

It was Mr. Wobble, the underwriter ; one of the pleasantest fellows in the—City, and one whom Mr. Wadd was always delighted to see—at other people’s houses.

“Ha ! Wadd, my boy ! Mrs. W., I’m yours. —Ha ! Miss Jemima ! Delightful house, I declare ; comes up to all I have heard of it ! *And the distance ! Stage sets you down at the very door, the—very—door.* Nice house, indeed, and”—[*Bow-wow-wow*].—“A dog !—That ’ll

never do. You must chain up that dog to-night, Wadd; I can't sleep in a house where there is a dog barking."

"Sleep!" echoed Wadd; "why surely you are not come to *sleep* here?"

"I'm not come to lie awake all night, I can tell you that. Ha! ha! ha! you know my way: I always take the bull by the horns. Ha! ha! ha! first come, first served. Ha! ha! ha! you may have the house full to-morrow—Sunday, you know—and then Sam Wobble might come off second best. But don't put yourselves out of the way; any thing will do for me; a garret, any thing, only let me have a good bed and plenty of pillows. I leave that to you, my dear Mrs. W.—I have a short neck and must sleep with my head high, else I might go off suddenly in the night; and a funeral in a newly-furnished house would make such a mess, would n't it, Wadd?—I suppose you have dined? So have I. I know you are supping people, so I dined early. Well, I'll just go and make myself comfortable and then come down to you. Charming house, delightful distance, I declare!"

"Where can we put him?" inquired Mrs.

"we can't turn him out now he is here."

"There is the blue bed," replied the considerate Wadd; "it has never been slept in, and may require airing in case *I* should want to use it *myself*: the very thought of a damp bed makes me tremble, so put him into that."

The next day was, as Mr. Wobble had sagely foretold it would be, Sunday, a day of all others dearest to Rufus Wadd, who liked to have his time, as, indeed, he liked to have every thing else—to himself.

But to him this "sabbath was no day of rest." The twelve o'clock coach brought Mr. and Mrs. William Wadd, who *apologized* for not getting down in time to breakfast (the distance being so short it was *shameful*, as they freely admitted, to lose the fine of the morning;) but then the one o'clock coach made ample amends to the amiable host, for it brought Mr. Parkins (the currier) and his son, just in time for luncheon.

"The distance is so convenient," observed the latter, "that one can calculate one's time to a moment: and then the luxury of being set down at the very door!"

"I'll set fire to the house," muttered Rufus.

The next conveyance introduced Peter Wadd.

"I'm sorry your wife is not with you,"

said Rufus, putting the best face he could on the matter, yet heartily glad at seeing him *solus*.

“ You know how it is, Rufus ; women are never ready ; but, as the distance is positively not worth mentioning, I left them to come by themselves by the next stage.”

“ *Them ! !*”

“ O—ay—the two Miss Praters are staying with us, so we could n’t do less than invite them to come with us. As I said to Jane, where two can dine three can dine, and——besides, at this charming place you can make an addition to your provision with so little difficulty—you are at such a convenient distance !”

These two or three days are types of most of those that followed. Mr. Wadd saw his projects frustrated, his hopes of leisure and retirement destroyed. He was seldom left alone, except when he would have given one of his ears for society—that was when it rained a deluge, and he was constrained to remain in-doors, and seek amusement in beating the devil’s tattoo with his fingers on the plate-glass windows of his front parlour, or watching the little circles, made by the little

rain-drops, in the little cistern wherein Cupid stood.

His temper, his patience, his health, and perhaps his income, would not much longer have held out against the daily importations of visitors consigned to him through the medium of those moving lazar-houses, the Turnham-Green stages, carrying only six inside ; and he began to think of stealing a mile or two lower down the road.

One morning at breakfast, while Rufus was reading the Morning Post, Mrs. Wadd and Jemima were alarmed at hearing a sort of rattling sound in the good man's throat. The paper had fallen from his hand, and a piece of toast was sticking in his mouth. He was within an ace of choking, but their attentions presently relieved him. He spoke not, but pointed to the paragraph which had so fearfully affected him. It ran as follows :

“We are happy to learn that four Omnibuses, each carrying sixteen inside, will run daily between the City and Turnham Green.”

It is supposed that Mr. Rufus Wadd is gone with his family to reside at one of the most distant settlements on the Swan River.

CHEAP CELEBRITY.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF THE LATE ACKERSTONE
BOWERS COURT FIP.

THERE is not a remote village in the empire but has possessed, time immemorial, an eighth wonder of the world, either in its curate or its apothecary. This fact is amply attested by any one of what may now be termed the old-fashioned Magazines. Together with the charade, the tale interminably “continued,” the song “*set* by an eminent hand,” the never-failing view of a country church, so scratchy and wiry that it sets one’s teeth on edge to look at it; its arithmetical puzzles, queries from ignorant correspondents, and new patterns for ruffles; each succeeding month inflicted a contribution, by some Constant Reader, or Sincere Admirer, of “a Biographical Sketch of the late Rev.—,” or “A life of the late *ingenious* Mr.—” (a favourite epithet in those days;) persons whose very existence was till then a profound secret

to all that unfortunate portion of the world not immediately within hearing of those celebrated persons' parish bells. For a long series of years, so regular was the appearance of a monthly record of the extinction of some village prodigy, that at length it amounted to an absolute certainty; and, together with a solo on the oboe by Mr. Park in every new overture, and an event of too solemn a nature to be more than alluded to in these pages, formed a triad of the only circumstances of which it could be positively predicated—"That *must* occur."

Then was celebrity acquired upon very moderate terms; and a month's immortality in the columns of any one of the periodicals might be had for asking. Great geniuses were so abundant that they regularly died at the rate of twelve *per* year for each of the magazines; and it is not a little to the glory of that time, that each of these geniuses respectively was the greatest genius in Europe. The curate was the biographer of the apothecary, or the apothecary of the curate; and it is not to be wondered at that the most eminent man of his village should be considered, by the little world around him, as the most eminent man in the universe; nor that they, in the simplicity of

their hearts, should deem the history of his life and achievements worthy of being handed down to posterity. Let us substitute a city or a kingdom for the village, and transform our curate into a poet, a painter, or a general, and we shall find that the same error, upon a larger scale, is committed every day.

But, when we consider the present improved state of our periodical literature, and the exorbitant demands made by the public upon their purveyors of intellectual recreation, it cannot but be a matter of astonishment to us to remember that, for nearly the whole of the eighteenth century, that most enlightened of all possible centuries, there existed in the metropolis itself a numerous class of readers, who were content with such materials as those provided for them, and desired nothing better or more interesting than a memoir of some supereminently unknown—even for their “leading article !”

But however beneficial, in all essential respects, may be the vast improvement which has been so rapidly accomplished in both the matter and manner of the periodicals, it has, nevertheless, like most improvements, inflicted a serious injury upon a considerable number of considerable men : the “ingenious writers,”

“intelligent correspondents,” and “amusing querists,” who figured with great *éclat* in the magazines of twenty or thirty years ago. These it has degraded from their “high estate.” It has dimmed the brightness of those stars, which were wont to enlighten the hemisphere of the “Polite Miscellany,” and the “Town and Country.” The mental appetite of readers has been so strongly excited by high relishes, that it has lost its taste for such plain, homely food as “Description of the Parish Church of Little Winklebury in Somersetshire.” Even so piquant a treat as

“My first is a fruit-tree, my second a bird;
Pray put these together, and tell me my third;”

even that might fail to stimulate the sense of a fastidious epicure of the present period; and, indeed, it may admit of doubt whether he would be interested in the information that “The answer to the charade in our last is *Frying-pan*; or would take the slightest pains to inform that able correspondent “Inquirer” whether Shooter’s Hill ought to be written with a double *o* or with *u*—he having ascertained that about forty years ago a robber of the name of *Shuter* was taken on the very spot!

Ah ! those were the days for the easy acquirement of literary fame ! Every one must remember Dick Dunderpate, who used to swagger about town (ay, and was pointed at, too,) as the *celebrated* note of interrogation, the ? of the "Town and Country." Dick, by dint of sheer ignorance, was a fortune to that interesting work ; for he half filled its pages with his supplications for information. As he knew nothing, and was anxious to learn, his queries one month, and the showers of answers to them the next, were of themselves nearly sufficient to fill a number. But Dick's "*cheval de bataille*"—the query by which his reputation was fully established, and upon which it ever after rested—was the following :

" To the Editor, &c.

" Sir,—As the natives of Holland are called *Dutchmen*, I shall be obliged to any of your numerous and ingenious readers to inform me whether, through the medium of your *highly-interesting, deeply-instructive, widely-circulated, and long-established Magazine*, it would be proper to call the natives of New Holland *New Dutchmen*, and remain, Sir,

Your admiring correspondent,

" ? "

No sooner was this erudite question proposed, than the *savans* of the "Town and Country" went to work ; and the result of their cogitations was a string of fifty-seven answers in the succeeding number : one of the bunch (of which, as of the above, the *style* is preserved) will serve as a specimen :

" To the Editor.

" Sir,—In answer to the ingenious question of your valuable correspondent, I beg to inform him I cannot say : but by parity of reasoning, in New South *Wales*, would it be most correct to term the natives New South *Welshmen*, or New South *Whalers* ? If the latter, I should think they ought to be called New *Hollanders*, under correction, and I remain,

" A CONSTANT READER."

Another of the worthies of that time was Tom Pippin, who modestly intrenched himself behind the signature of Philo-Botanico-Horticulturalis. *His* path to fame led through all the market and flower-gardens within ten miles of London, and his literary effusions were confined to descriptions of the monstrosities of the vegetable world. Peaches as large as pumpkins ; a cabbage overshadowing a circumference of twenty-two feet three inches

and a quarter; a green gooseberry, alike re—
gardless of the laws of subordination and the—
rules of decorum, emulating a cat's-head—
apple in bulk, and (like a common-councilman
at a turtle-feast) mercilessly experimenting on
the elastic power of its own skin; and apple-
trees detected in the fact of prematurely pop-
ping on their white wigs of blossom, were sure
of an immortal record from his eloquent pen.
But, compared with the contributions offered
to him as tribute to the celebrity of his name,
and acknowledgment of his exalted superiority
in his peculiar walk, the result of his own
actual researches was trifling. For every gi-
gantic plum or pigmy pumpkin really seen by
himself, he was "favoured" with accurate de-
scriptions of fifty other wonders and curiosities
in the same way, discovered by his "sincere
admirers" in different parts of the kingdom;
so that his monthly additions to this valuable
department of literature were, for many years,
uninterrupted and unfailing. Yet, although
upon the strength of this, his literary fame,
Tom Pippin was considered "a very pretty
fellow in his day," it may be doubted whether
he would be equally admired now; the more so
since the subjects upon which his talent and

genius were especially occupied are relinquished by the higher periodicals in favour of the Morning Papers, which derive considerable benefit from them during the recess of Parliament, when they serve to fill up their chinks and corners.

A third, Jack Jumble, was a truly original genius. He opened a new road to literary renown, and his noble daring was rewarded by the enrolment of his name in the same list with those of his great contemporaries. He was a perfect lion for the time. He it was who first discovered the existence of a modern Methuselah in the persons of eighteen men, all residing in the same town, whose united ages, incredible as it might appear, amounted to 1072 years! Old Parr, who lived a good hundred and sixty years to his own individual share, and who, till the period of this important discovery, had drawn large drafts upon men's wonder, was now thrown completely into shade. His hundred and sixty years were considered as the mere infancy of life, and nothing was talked of but the eighteen men of one thousand and seventy-two years of age! This sublime discovery produced amongst the magazine-readers a positive *sensation*. Jumble's popularity increased to such an extent,

that not only was his presence at all the literary conversaziones indispensable, but he was engaged by two of the leading periodicals to prosecute his researches after similar extraordinary facts. Jack was indefatigable in his laborious task ; but “ the labour we delight in physics pain,” and he has been known to furnish, in a single month, well-authenticated accounts of as many as seven of these Joint-stock Longevity Companies. But what in the world is permanent ! This department of literature also is now confided to the fostering care of the Daily Papers. Yet, let it not be forgotten by those who, disdaining the restriction of six-score and ten, are determined to tell their ages by centuries instead of years, that it is to the genius of Jack Jumble they are indebted for the means of attaining so desirable an end. Common as is now the practice, he it was who first promulgated the secret, that, by the simple exercise of the social faculty—by making common stock of their years—a friendly party might set time at defiance, and boast an age which should sink the giants of old into insignificance.

But the most remarkable person of that time was the subject of the following memoir. It

was originally intended for publication in that popular miscellany, "The Muses' Bower;" but its appearance therein was prevented by a calamitous event : nothing less than the sudden discontinuance of the popular miscellany itself. The fortunate circumstance of "the original MS. having recently been discovered" would of itself be a sufficient reason for committing it to the press. But it may claim such honour on more legitimate grounds. It affords a fair specimen at once of the sort of persons then destined to immortality : of the right and title to obtain it then considered to be good and sufficient : and of the biographical aid by which the important object was to be accomplished. Just premising that the most prominent merit of the biographer is an extraordinary clearness of style, resulting from, what Mrs. Malaprop would call, a "nice derangement" of members, we proceed to

A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF
ACKERSTONE BOWERS COURT FIP;
COMMONLY CALLED
PHENOMENON FIP.

We this month present our readers with a beautiful copper-plate portrait of the late lamented A. B. Fip, Esq., carefully engraved by

that justly-famous artist, Mr. Scrape, who did the so-much-admired head, without any hair, of the Marquis of Granby, on the same leaf with an accurate representation of the yew-tree, ingeniously clipped into the shape of a judge's wig, as seen in Nettlesworth churchyard, which ornamented our last number, together with an account thereof, after an original drawing in the possession of his family, done by an eminent limner.

The subject of the present memoir, which is written by one who lived on terms of the strictest friendship with him, and can bear testimony to his extraordinary worth and genius, for upwards of forty years, in the same village, whose departure to a better place he deplores, was the second son of the late Rev. Coram Fip, and one of seventeen children, many years curate of the parish of Little Pedlington, in the county of Northampton, and Judith, daughter of Robert Pugden, his wife, formerly an eminent attorney of that place. Roger, the eldest son — [Here we have five pages of information concerning the other sixteen children, their wives, and offspring; circumstantially detailing where the dead of the number are buried, and how and where the survivors are settled.]

Shortly after the death of his mother, [an affecting narration of the manner of her death by a scarlet-fever, with the customary tribute to her exemplary patience, and the usual "universally regretted," &c., form a portion of the suppressed matter;] he was sent to the free grammar-school at ———, under the superintendence of the learned Morgan Sandyforth, D.D., when he was only nine years old; and there it was the present writer formed the imperishable friendship which only terminated with his life: little imagining — such is the course of sublunary things! — his hand was destined to trace these lines whilst he was peacefully sleeping in the grave.

When little more than sixteen, he was recalled to the paternal roof by his father; and, shortly after, being thrown from his horse, which was blind, a circumstance deeply deplored by his parishioners, who shed torrents of unfeigned tears, his death was the consequence. This event made a deep impression upon the mind of young Ackerstone; and no sooner were his mortal remains deposited in the earth, than he determined to travel; and an opportunity occurred every way to his wishes, from the fortunate residence of Lord S——,

whose eldest son was preparing to make the grand tour, within half a mile of the village. An application was made to his lordship to serve as private tutor; and his slender wardrobe, being then only seventeen years of age, and swelling high with hope, carefully packed in a portmanteau, was ready for departure at a moment's notice. But, a more fortunate rival being selected, with that practical philosophy which distinguished him through life, he gazed on the departing vehicle with four horses, and the young lordling and his companion inside, while the animals were smarting under the impelling lashes of the postillions, without shedding a tear, or uttering one word of complaint.

Disappointed in this hope, the youthful Fip being left to the guidance of his own will, by the death of his father, in his sixty-ninth year, at that tender age when the passions run riot unless controlled by a parent's authority, and exposed to all the temptations of a place like Little Pedlington, where a company of first-rate comedians were at that time performing, it being the annual fair, he burned with desire to witness the performance of Shakspeare's immortal play of Othello for the first time. In

this he was gratified ; and the never-to-be-forgotten Mac Fergus acted the part of Othello, surnamed the Flying Highlander, being born in the highlands of Scotland in consequence of his astonishing feats on the slack-rope. The writer of this was his companion on that occasion ; and never shall he forget that impression made on his mind, when the cruel Moor, seizing a bolster, filled with jealousy and rage, put his wife to a cruel death, which time could never eradicate. He heard him speak of this first performance he ever witnessed, forty years afterwards, with rapture, in the course of which was introduced a troop of horse. His taste for the drama thus formed, he became its constant patron, and regularly attended the annual exhibitions of the great Saunders, the successor of Mac Fergus, whose neck, falling from the slack-rope, was dislocated, in the midst of the deafening acclamations of an admiring multitude, of which he died ! Yet, such is the force of early recollections, he was always the god of his idolatry as a tragic actor ; although the celebrated Richardson, the proprietor of the learned pig, whose excellence in the part of Othello was unquestionable, often had the honour of acting in his presence. But to

return. His all-powerful mind was not to be diverted by frivolous pursuits from more important duties.

[Here follows an account of his becoming usher, and, subsequently, master of the village school of Little Pedlington.]

It is a remarkable coincidence and worthy of record, that, *in the very same year*, at the age of thirty-three, the great William Pitt, being really no more than twenty-one at his elevation to the post of prime-minister, he was also appointed to the dignified situation of head-master of the school of Little Pedlington, the sole object of his ambition. Here, although party politics ran high at that time, in a gentle stream of lettered ease, he forbore to express his opinions; leaving it to fanatics and demagogues to disturb society with their interested and dangerous disputes, for the benefit of mankind in a nobler sense.

His first remarkable work, being now resolved to devote the hours of relaxation, after the arduous care of the daily seminary, to literature, antiquities, the fine arts, &c., was an essay called, by way of dialogue, "*Virtue versus Vice*," most ingeniously, in the shape of two sisters, making them argue *pro* and *con*, the

one as lovely as the other was deformed, till Vice retires in confusion, having no more to say, with that originality of conception which has seldom been equalled, never surpassed.

Shortly after, the parish stocks being out of repair, for the punishment of offenders, and the cage also, and many petty offences being hourly committed by them, and the parish refusing funds to aid them ; with his accustomed zeal, he determined to call the attention of the world at large to the subject, as a protection of the inhabitants of Little Pedlington against such notorious offenders as they were. He therefore drew up an able petition to both Houses of Parliament, clearly demonstrating that they were both greatly in need of repair, and praying that they would order the cage and the stocks to be kept in proper order, for their correction in the outset of their career of crime, which might save many of them from an untimely end. The parish-officers, alarmed at this bold measure, instantly *did* repair both the cage and the stocks, and put them in proper order, to prevent exposure, and those edifices will stand as immortal evidences of his public spirit to the latest posterity.

Next followed, in rapid succession, his Ac-

count of our parish-church, which he sent to London, which will be found in the thirty-ninth volume of this invaluable miscellany, and a drawing of the same, taken from the late Mr. Edwards's tombstone, which he made with his own hand. An account of the tremendous hail-storm in the same work, on the 19th January, 1799, which broke nineteen panes of glass in his school-room. Description of the curiously carved pump-handle, and other antiquities of Little Pedlington, with an inquiry into the origin of its name, &c., &c., &c., &c., works of equal value and importance, showing the variety and extent of his learning and genius. But an event was soon to occur—[Three pages in the usual strain about "acute suffering," "exemplary patience," &c.]—At exactly *seven* minutes past *seven*, on the *seventh* of December, he expired without a groan, a coincidence which cannot be too deeply impressed on the mind of the reader, as exemplifying the inscrutable ways, &c.

Like the daring eagle which soars beyond the reach of common men, *thus* did Fip expand his wings in every walk of literature and science; and, *as* was his excellence, *so* was his modesty, "a flambeau to his merit." To sum

up all : Like the admirable Crichton, whether we consider the variety or the extent of his acquirements, he was not only the admiration and the ornament of Little Pedlington, his native place, which witnessed the whole of his glorious career, where he also fondly died in the arms of him who now traces these lines, and whose honoured remains are deposited near the great cypress at the north-east corner of the churchyard ; but, like him, too, he must ever be the glory of his country, the wonder of posterity, and an unceasing theme of admiration to the readers of this miscellany to which he was so valuable a contributor, and which continues to be published monthly, at the Newton's Head, No. 77, Fetter Lane, price, as usual, one and six-pence !

SIMON TETCHY.

A CHARACTER.

THERE are many thin-skinned people in the world, but Simon Tetchy seemed to have no skin at all.

Every person alive is vulnerable at some one point or another : a cuticle of the texture of parchment has a tender place *somewhere*, which will quiver at a breath ; but Tetchy was sensitive all over ; and as for a cuticle, it was as if Nature had left him unprovided with any such garment, and sent him to walk about the world in his *cutis*. He would wince at an accidental word or look, (which might mean nothing), as though you had tickled him with the tip of a red-hot poker. You were never safe with him. He seldom parted from you without leaving an impression on your mind that you had given him pain or offence, though wondering what about ; and, be as cautious in your conduct

towards him as you could, fifty to one you had done so. Address him as "Tetchy," he would complain that it was to mark his inferiority, *as a tradesman*, that you addressed him so familiarly. Call him "Sir," he could at once "see through this sort of mock-respect." Say to him, in passing, "How d'ye do, Mr. Tetchy?" and within an hour he would write you a long letter, complaining of your very marked coldness, and requesting you would inform him what he had done to deserve it. Indeed, the very effort to please him, or to avoid the opposite consequence, would not unfrequently provoke his displeasure. He was not *quite* so dull (he would tell you) as to be insensible to the rebuke; yet he really did not know why *he* was to be treated with such PUNCTILIOUS CONSIDERATION. However, he was not offended — not in the least; on the contrary, he *thanked* you for the LESSON; and when he had DULY PROFITED by it he trusted he should be allowed to *renew* his intercourse with you — but upon *easier terms*. *Till then*, he thought it best for both parties that he should decline, &c. &c.—And all this he would utter (as a printer would say) in italics and small capitals.

Not only was the whole human race — men, women, and children — continually and purposely, as he fancied, treading upon the toes of his dignity, or, (to use his own favourite phrase) “the proper respect which he entertained for himself ;” — the brute creation, nay, the very elements, seemed to him in league to treat him discourteously. No dog barked, not a cat mewed, at his approach, but had some offensive motive for the act : a sudden shower of rain was a premeditated insult ; a north-east wind a gross personal affront. He has even been known to sulk with his fire ; and to sit for a whole evening in the cold, because it resisted his first two or three insinuating attempts to rouse it into a blaze with the poker. “To any one but me,” he would mutter, “this would not have happened.”

Simon Tetchy had been —— (“I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy though he be dead,”) however, since he is no longer of this world, I will venture to utter the word, although I do so at the risk of causing him to turn in his coffin.

Simon Tetchy had been — a tradesman ; but his trade being that of a printseller in an extensive way, it led him into an intimacy with

most of the eminent artists and *virtuosi* of his time, and generally introduced him to a higher grade of society than shopkeepers of many other descriptions can aspire to.

For a man tempered as he was, and one whose mind was not sufficiently ballasted with good sense, (as may be inferred from his character,) this was perhaps an unlucky circumstance: it placed him in a false position. Being a shopkeeper, he was not, in one particular acceptance of the term, a gentleman; and as the occasional associate of gentlemen, he was *above* being looked upon as a tradesman. He reminded one, in *his* way, of Molière's Monsieur Jourdain: he was not a print-seller; he was only so generous as to make presents of fine engravings to his friends and the public, whilst the public and his friends were so liberal as to make him presents of money in return for them. He never alluded to his business except through some such mollifying circumlocution as "the particular occupation in which I happen to be engaged;" he called his shop an office, his customers clients, his clerk a secretary, his shopmen his deputies, and his errand-boy a messenger.

By degrees he grew rich, and more than in

proportion with his wealth his self-importance increased.

At his outset in the business, in which he succeeded his uncle, his spacious window exhibited a large number of choice engravings, and you walked from the street directly into his shop. Gradually the window was diminished in size, and fewer prints were paraded ; till, at length, a passage with an inner door was constructed, which door, always closed, was ornamented with a large brass plate, bearing the word *Office* ; and the once well-stocked window now gave "the world assurance of a" print-shop, by only one print of George the Third on horseback, (for it was in the days of that good king that Mr. Tetchy flourished,) and this was surrounded with gauze blinds. Even this very faint "smell of the shop" was too exciting for poor Simon's nerves, and, after a time, he consulted a friend upon the possibility of inventing some mode of suppressing it. He talked long, and in a roundabout style (as a man does who, having mystified his own understanding, tries to do the same by his auditor's) about his being "not exactly what you would call a shopkeeper," and his shop being "not altogether what is called a shop ;" and con-

cluded with—"And, now, what would you recommend me to do with that window of mine to prevent the public supposing that I keep a mere print-shop?"

"Nothing in the world easier," laughingly replied his friend; "remove George the Third, and exhibit some soap and candles in his place, and, instead of a print-shop, the devil himself would never guess it to be any thing but a tallow-chandler's."

"O, that's *your* opinion, sir, is it?" said Simon; and away he went.

The next morning his friend, who was also one of his most valuable *clients*, received his bill, or, as Tetchy termed it, "a memorandum of the mutual transactions between us," inclosed in a letter consisting of seven closely written pages—for your thin-skinned people are prone to indulge in the writing of what they consider to be *fine* letters on any the slightest presumed cause of offence. In four different places in his dignified epistle, and in as many various forms of phrase, did Tetchy complain that, "Did you not, sir, owing to the occupation in which I am for the present (and *for the present ONLY*) engaged, consider me, sir, as your *inferior* in society, you never, sir, would

have ventured," &c.;—five times did he assure his friend that his "dignity as a man, and that respect which every man (*whatever*, sir, may be his STATION in life) is bound to entertain for himself," rendered it imperatively necessary that all intercourse between them must then, and there, and for ever, cease; and in these emphatic words did he conclude:

"And now, sir, I am willing to throw myself upon the opinion of the universe, and to stand or fall by its decision, whether, sir, the annals of the intercourse between man and man, from time immemorial, can furnish another instance, sir, of so unpardonable an affront being put by one *gentleman* upon *another*—(and, allow me to say, sir, that, notwithstanding the occupation in which I happen to be engaged, I consider myself *as such*)—as your advising soap and candles to be exhibited in the windows of, sir,

"Your very obedient, humble servant,
"SIMON TETCHY."

But Mr. Tetchy, as it will presently appear, took nothing by his motion.

A few hours after this magnificent explosion of offended dignity, I chanced to be in his *office*. His countenance, which was always more or less tinged with a bilious hue, was, upon

this occasion (doubtless from the excessive irritation of the [ill] humours) as yellow as a guinea.

"You appear to be indisposed," said I.

"Indisposed, sir!" exclaimed he, at the same time twitching his shirt collar, and twisting his cravat; "indisposed! that's very odd—very! Pray—allow me—*pray* allow me to ask, do you mean any thing by that question?"

"I mean exactly what I say. I may be mistaken; but you appear to be a little indisposed; to be suffering a little from a bilious attack."

"Bilious! Now, really, if I didn't well know that you would n't wilfully affront me, I should fancy that — No, sir, I know how to resent any attack upon my dignity as a man; but, *that once done*, I never suffer it to worry me—to prey upon my temper; in short, to *excite my bile*, as you would insinuate."

"Indeed I did not mean to insinuate any such thing."

"Come, come, my dear sir, you know what I allude to. You have heard—you *must* have heard—it must be the town-talk by this time—all London must be ringing with it. *Me* bilious! It was a letter to make *somebody*

look bilious, I admit ; though not exactly me. However, he brought it upon himself, and has nobody *but* himself to thank for whatever its effects upon him may be."

"You are speaking to me in riddles. I do n't understand a word of all you have been saying."

"No! Indeed! O, then, I'll tell you the whole story, and *read* you MY LETTER. You may then give me *your* opinion."

Hereupon he told his story about nothing with such extraordinary gravity, and at so unconscionable a length, that I nearly fell asleep under the operation ; and, that ended, he read his letter with an air of such ludicrous importance—looking at me whenever he came to any point which he considered to be overwhelmingly powerful, or as if each sentence had been a thunderbolt hurled at his offender's head—that it was with great difficulty I could refrain from laughing outright.

"And now that the thing is done," said he, as he folded up the *brouillon* of his terrible epistle—(accompanying his words with a sigh and a shake of the head expressive of his regret at having thus remorselessly annihilated a fellow-creature) — "and now that the thing

is done, I wish I had not been *quite* so severe, for he used, *generally*, to treat me with *respect*. However,"—and here came another sigh,—“however, his best friends will admit that, as I said before, he brought it upon himself. Yet I wonder he has not sent me an answer! *Some* sort of an excuse he *must* make; don't *you* think so?”

Before I had time to reply, Colonel S——, the party in question, entered the place—much to the astonishment, and no little to the disappointment, of Simon Tetchy, who, by this visit, was deprived of a written reply, which would infallibly have provoked a rejoinder, and, perhaps, led to a protracted paper war:—a mode of hostility in which he, like most thin-skinned people, took especial delight.

The Colonel shook me by the hand, nodded good-humouredly to Tetchy, deliberately drew a huge letter from his pocket, and laughed. Tetchy, who had drawn himself up at the rate of fifteen inches to the foot, and put on an awfully-pompous look, (which, by-the-by, it was hardly possible to behold and yet maintain one's gravity,) was utterly disconcerted by this unexpected movement of the Colonel's: it entirely deranged his plan of battle.

“ Really, sir,” stammered Simon, “ really—aw—this’ unexpected—aw—I—aw—under the—aw—circumstances—aw—”

During this time, Colonel S—— had quietly torn the letter into quarters, and (not *thrown* it, but) let it *drop* into the fire.

“ My dear Mr. Tetchy,” said he, addressing, with imperturbable good-humour, his would-have-been adversary, “ *that* is the only notice I shall take of your very—*very* ill-considered letter. Any one less your friend than I am might have used it greatly to your disadvantage. But be under no alarm about it : I give you my word I have not shown it to a living soul ; for you *must* know how much the laugh would have been against you had I taken so unfriendly a course. Besides—”

Tetchy now made an ineffectual attempt to rally his forces, but the Colonel pressed his advantage.

“ Besides, my dear Mr. Tetchy, *the injury it might have done you in your business !*”

The effect of this “ besides” upon Tetchy was like that of the last charge of the Guards at Waterloo upon Napoleon : Tetchy was defeated beyond all hope of recovery. There was no need of any more ; yet the Colonel added :—

“As to your bill, which you have sent me, you may, if you please, have a cheque for the amount now ; but, as I don’t intend to withdraw my custom from you, it may as well remain till Christmas.”

These words fell unheeded on the ear of Tetchy, as fall the shouts of the multitude on that of the dying criminal. For a week after this encounter, the crest-fallen Simon, upon whose dignity the tables had been so unexpectedly and unmercifully turned, did not “show.” Some reports went that he had gone into the country ; but it was most generally believed that he had taken to his bed with a bilious attack. At about the period of his re-appearance, George the Third was deposed from his station in the *office*-window, and for his gracious presence was substituted a transparent blind bearing the respectable and dignified words—

MR. TETCHY’S GALLERY.

Men who are “above their business,” or, to use a more vulgar phrase,—(and it unfortunately happens that vulgar phrases are sometimes superlatively expressive,)—men who “quarrel with their bread-and-butter,” are seldom successful in their vocation. To most

of these the bread-and-butter is doled out in very thin slices—many of them get none at all.

The case of Simon was no exception to this rule. In proportion as the irritation increased, to which Mr. Tetchy's "dignity," and the "respect which he owed to himself," rendered him liable, the number of his clients diminished. This defalcation, which his Christmas accounts insisted *most disrespectfully* upon his acknowledging, he attributed to unfair competition in the trade, to private malice, to public enmity, to everything, in short, but its true cause; till at length "the particular occupation in which he happened to be engaged" ceasing, from want of "clients," to *be* an occupation, he sold his "gallery," and retired into private life, upon three hundred a-year, which, luckily for him, he possessed, independently of his *sho*—that is to say, his *office*.

He was now, to all intents and purposes, a gentleman; for he lived upon his means and had nothing to do. Whether or not, no human being ever manifested the slightest intention to dispute his claim to the title. His dignity and self-respect were not likely to be invaded. Yet was Simon still less at his ease than before. His friends were either too warm or too cold

with him, too distant or too familiar. Did you give him a friendly nod in passing—he was *now* as good as yourself, and could not understand why you should not have stopped to talk with him. Did you stop and shake him familiarly by the hand—he did not like that sort of patronage from any who was *now* no more than his equal. If, when he made a morning call, he was invited to stay and dine—it was an offensive hint that they thought him not as well able, *now*, as formerly, to provide himself with a dinner. Was he allowed to depart uninvited—there *was* a time when he should not have been treated with such insulting neglect. He unceremoniously refused to dine with Lord R——, one of his former “clients,” because the invitation was for *Sunday* : — He saw through that : why did his lordship select that particular day ? all days were at his disposal *now* : it was evidently in allusion to his “late occupation,” and he would not submit to such disrespectful treatment from the best lord in the land. Any allusion, indeed, intentional or not, to his “late occupation,” was, of all offences, the gravest that could be offered to his dignity and self-respect. In his presence it was dangerous to talk about

prints: and, if a few engravings happened to be scattered upon a table in a room which he entered, he had no doubt on his mind they had been placed there purposely to remind him that he had been a printseller.

No one can sit long at ease on a barrel of gunpowder. As, formerly, his ill-conditioned spirit had driven his "clients" from him, so, now, did it gradually detach from him his friends. One by one they fell from him: for the task of quarrel and reconciliation, of apology and explanation for slights and offences which existed nowhere but in his own hypersensitive mind, became at length too irksome for their endurance.

At last he quarrelled with me! me, the most inoffensive of Heaven's creatures!

I met him one day in Regent Street.—

"Mr. Tetchy," said I, "you, I dare say, can help to decide a wager for me: it is concerning the age of Raphael Morghen: pray how old——?"

"Sir," exclaimed he, with the fierceness of a bantam, "I understand why *I* am singled out for this offensive question. Good morning, sir."

For the soul of me I could not perceive where lay the offence; but, meeting him the next

morning, I resolved to request of him a solution of the mystery.

“My dear Mr. Tetchy,” said I, “I give you my word that when I asked you the age of Raphael Morghen I had no idea of offending you: but, he being a celebrated engraver, I thought you were the most likely person to—”

“Sir,” he replied, (and as he spoke his yellow face reddened, and his head seemed to be growing out and away from his shoulders with indignation,)—“sir, this is adding insult to injury.”

From that instant I never saw him more.

But soon an affront was to be put upon him for which no apology would be offered. He had eaten voraciously of a sour gooseberry pudding. At two o'clock on the following morning he was taken violently ill, and, before ten, Simon Tetchy was no more! His last faint words were—“We must all die—I am resigned to my fate—but it is very humiliating—to one's dignity and self-respect—to be taken off—without reasonable notice—and—by so undignified a thing, too, as a gooseberry dumpling!”

A SUICIDE'S LAST CAROUSE.

"If sadly thinking,
And spirits sinking,
Could, more than drinking,
Our griefs compose —

* * *

But since in wailing
There's nought availing,
And Death, unfailing,
Will strike the blow;
Then, for this reason,
And for a season,
We will be merry before we go."

CURRAN.

Who was better known about town, or who knew the town better, than Sir Harry High-flyer? He was, as the phrase is, *in* every thing, and the best man *at* every thing — supreme in each pursuit that had fashion for its sanction. He was a member of the Four-in-hand Club; and it was universally admitted that no gentleman could drive his own coach-

man to Salt Hill in better style. He was the best dresser in London ; and ruined three tailors by the disinterested readiness with which he exhibited their choicest productions on his own well-formed person. His dinners were the most *recherchés*, his wines the most exquisite, that money could purchase—and certainly they had cost dearly to the tavern-keepers whom he promised to pay for them. He was celebrated in the Fives Court : and, if he was unable to *lick* young Belcher, who, from constant practice, had the advantage of him ; or the boxing coal-heaver, who was his superior in weight ; he had done all that could be required of a gentleman — he had tried.

He was the best shot in England. Twice did he brush the morning dew from the grass of Mary-le-bone Fields in his way to Chalk Farm ; and on both occasions had he the good fortune to kill his man. The first was Major O'Blaze, a scoundrel, as Sir Harry justly termed him, who had seduced the Baronet's mistress ; the other, a Mr. Hardacre, a plain country squire, who had had the temerity to call Sir Harry a scoundrel for eloping with his (Mr. Hardacre's) wife. Here again had Sir Harry

done all that could be required of a gentleman.

But these were not his only claims to that title. In a single night he won seventeen thousand pounds of young Lackbrain, a tyro in those matters, at hazard. Finding that, by selling his commission in the ——— dragoons, drawing upon his agent to the uttermost farthing in his hands, and pledging his pictures, his books, and the lease of his chambers in Albany, young Lackbrain could raise no more than nine thousand pounds towards the amount of his loss; he generously, with respect to the remaining sum, declared that, as he should hold it unbecoming a friend and a gentleman to press for its immediate payment, Mr. Lackbrain might set his mind perfectly at ease about it, upon signing a bond, for principal and interest, to be payable in twelve — nay, even fifteen months.

Sir Harry began life with a fortune of eighteen thousand a year. Having somewhat of a turn for arithmetic, he at once perceived that it would be imprudent to spend more than twenty thousand, and wisely resolved to limit his expenditure to that sum, or twenty-five at the utmost. But circumstances, which might have

baffled the wisest calculations, so ordered it, that thirty was usually much nearer the mark ; and however extraordinary it may appear to persons unaccustomed to investigate such matters, the consequence of these continued discrepancies between the income and the outgoing was that, one fine sunshiny morning, his debts were found to amount to £102,357 18s. 9½d. — a very complicated and ugly-looking row of figures—whilst his assets were gracefully pictured forth by that simple and elegantly formed symbol (0) representing NOUGHT. To use his own emphatic phrase, Sir Harry Highflyer found himself “most magnanimously dished.”

It was towards the close of the London season of 1817 that he made this wonderful discovery. What was to be done ? He could not at the moment determine. Free air and solitude were necessary to put his mind into a fit state for reflection : so, calling for his hat and gloves, he sallied forth, and, avoiding dear Bond Street, and all the more frequented avenues, he crossed St. Alban's Street, sidled through St. James's Market, felt his way along a dirty, dingy defile, called Swallow Street, and, after passing through sundry dark passages on the north of Oxford Street, he at length found him

self in the Mary-le-bone Fields.* There he sauntered about for some time, but to no purpose: one hundred-and-two thousand and odd pounds, shillings, and pence, were not to be picked up in the Mary-le-bone Fields; and what else under heaven could set him afloat again! The more he thought, the more desperate did his situation appear to him.

But there is an old French proverb that tells us that *à force de chercher l'on trouve*; and so

* Sir Harry Highflyer, in 1817, knew all those parts of London which it was decent and proper for a man of fashion to know. Could you bring him now (1835) into the neighbourhood of his old haunts—set him down at Waterloo Place, with his face turned towards where formerly stood the stupid, useless, unmeaning screen, in front of Carlton House—show him the United-Service Club on one side, the Athenæum on the other, the fine opening between them, the splendid buildings around—then ask him in what city of Europe he stands. Assuredly he would not say London. Next, take him to any part of Regent Street, where specimens of elegant architecture abound. Ask him what is become of *dirty, dingy Swallow Street*. Proceed with him to that magic wonder of the time, the Regent's Park. Point out to him the Coliseum, and place him on the uppermost step under its fine portico. Show him the magnificent buildings around—the lakes, the gardens, the tasteful enclosures, the promenades, the admirable imitations of rural scenery—show him, in short, a more exquisite assemblage of the various beauties that belong separately to town and to country than is to be met with in any other city of the universe, and then inquire of him whereabouts are the Mary-le-bone Fields? Poor Sir Harry would be amazingly puzzled for a reply. And all these metamorphoses effected almost with the rapidity of a change in a Harlequinade!

happened to Sir Harry: for, by dint of thinking and walking, and walking and thinking, he all at once found himself on the identical spot where he had killed his friends, Hardacre and Major O'Blaze. Here, by that fine operation of the mind called the association of ideas, an easy and certain mode of arranging his affairs occurred to him.

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, "that I can be such an idiot as, for nearly two hours, to have overlooked so obvious an expedient! Is it possible that I, a man of unquestionable courage, as this very spot can attest, should have been, for an instant, in doubt about the means of escaping from an exposure of my *cut-up*—an event I never could find nerve to encounter! Is it possible that I, a rational being, should have failed to think of the *very thing* that would have occurred to any ass in London, at the first blush of the affair!—What! shall I put down my four-in-hand?—Shall I send my racers to Tattersall's?—Shall I break up my snug little establishment at Kilburn, and confess to my pretty Julia that it is all up with me? Shall I tell my friends that I can squander no more thousands, for the reason that I have no more thousands to

squander? No, no; thank my stars! I have too much courage to submit to that."

It were needless to state in explicit terms what was the nature of the remedy intended to be employed by this "rational being," for the many ills which this "man of unquestionable courage" was too courageous to encounter; but, having settled the question entirely to his own satisfaction, he, upon his way home, suddenly put his handkerchief to his cheek, went into an apothecary's shop, complained of a racking tooth-ache, and purchased a phial of laudanum.

Courage and Rationality!

How differently may the qualities implied by these terms be understood! Had Sir Harry, for a wager, presumed to rush uninvited into the presence of the Prince Regent, his courage would have been stigmatized as impudence, daring and reckless—his rationality as sheer insanity. But Sir Harry would not have done *that*: he was too *well-bred* a man; his consciousness of the respect due from a subject to his prince; his deference to the forms of civilized society; nay, the very consideration of what was due from man *even unto* MAN, would have warned him of the *impropriety* of committing so gross

an outrage as *that!* But this, however, is a mere passing remark, which, as it is not necessarily connected with the subject, the reader may consider, or not, at his discretion.

Upon reaching home, Sir Harry gave strict charge to Laurent, his valet, not to come to him till he should hear his bell, nor to allow any one to interrupt him. He then went into his dressing-room, where he passed nearly two hours in writing letters.

He drew the phial from his pocket.

"The ruling passion strong in death," he held it up to the light; and, with a bitter smile, muttering "Bright as ruby!" he twisted out the cork, put the poison to his lips, and — there was a tap at the dressing-room door!

"Who the devil's that? Did n't I give positive orders that no one should disturb me?"

"Beg you pardon, sare, but it grow late; you remember Milord Dashmore dine wiz you, and you not tell me how many I will order dinner for."

This reminded him that he had invited Lord Dashmore and a party of friends to dinner for that very day.

"They'll look upon it as a sneaking piece

of business," thought he, "if I leave them in the lurch in this way: a few hours later will make no difference, and I shan't be in worse condition for my journey for a dozen bumpers of claret." Then added, aloud, to Laurent, "Order for twelve, and afterwards come and help me to dress."

"Mr. Maxwell is here, sare; shall you see him?"

"Maxwell!" thought Sir Harry; "what whimsey has brought him here! I thought I had given him a surfeit of me, at his last visit, a twelvemonth ago.—Beg Mr. Maxwell to walk up."

Mr. Maxwell was the son of a clergyman who died of a very odd complaint—a broken heart for the loss of his wife—leaving this son an orphan at the age of two years. As this is an age at which a young gentleman is not very well qualified to take care of himself, the late Baronet, Sir Harry's father, thought that he might do it much better for him; and, acting upon this suggestion, took him into his own house.

Little Master Maxwell and the Baronet's son being of nearly the same age, they were instructed by the same masters, sent at the

same time to Eton, and afterwards entered at the same college at Cambridge. Upon their return from the University, Sir Robert High-flyer gave young Maxwell the choice of a profession; but, as the young gentleman entertained an unbounded dislike of law, physic, and divinity, the army, and the navy, it seemed a matter of some difficulty how to provide for him.

“’Tis a lucky thing for you, Tom,” said Sir Robert, “that I have the command of four votes, and can, *therefore*, obtain from ministers any thing, in reason, I choose to ask.”

Now, although I am certain these were the very words used by Sir Robert, I never, for the soul of me, could understand what he meant by having the command of four votes; still less, by the most industrious application of my reasoning faculties, could I ever perceive the remotest connexion between such a possession and a certain degree of influence with ministers, which he considered as its obvious and natural consequence. However, such was his expression.

Young Maxwell’s inclinations tending towards politics, a valuable appointment in the

office of the ——— for the ——— department was procured for him, with an understanding that, at the first convenient opportunity, he should have a seat in Parliament. Shortly after this, Sir Robert died; and his son succeeded to the title and estates.

'Between the latter and Maxwell as close a friendship had always existed as could exist between two persons whose habits and occupations were diametrically opposed; and Maxwell, presuming, perhaps, too far upon this (and entertaining, as he did, a stupid notion that he could not better evince his gratitude to the patron to whom he owed every thing, than by endeavouring, to the utmost of his power, to save his son from ruin), would sometimes take the liberty to make it *too* evident to Sir Harry that the system of extravagance he pursued must inevitably lead to the utter destruction of his fortune. The result of one of these remonstrances was an intimation from Sir Harry that, unless Mr. Maxwell could find more amusing topics for conversation, his absence from ——— Street would be particularly desirable; and Mr. Maxwell, not being able to comply with the first condition, very coolly availed himself of the other. The Baronet's asto-

nishment at the present visit is thus accounted for.

"Ha! Tom, how do? devilish glad to see you," said Sir Harry, holding out one hand, and with the other depositing the little phial of laudanum, together with the letters he had written, in a drawer of his dressing-table—"devilish glad, 'pon my soul I am; but no preaching, Tom."

"No, no; my preaching days are over."

"So much the better; and I'm glad to find that, in that respect at least, I have succeeded in reforming you, whatever may have been your success in ——"

He suddenly stopped—walked towards the window, returned, and continued:—

"No matter—Stay and dine with me; you will meet Dashmore, and Leslie, and Colonel D——, and—in short, all friends of your's."

"To tell you the truth, Highflyer, I came for the purpose of billeting myself upon you. I met Leslie this morning, who told me of your party. And——" (here he made an unaccountable pause) — "But, since I am here, will you allow me to send a message to my servant to bring my things here to dress? 'Twill save me the trouble of going home."

"Ay, to be sure ; Laurent will be here presently, and he shall send somebody to him."

Had Sir Harry been in a state of mind to think to any purpose, he would have thought that, considering the terms on which they had stood for some time past, all this was very strange.

By the time Laurent had finished dressing his master, Maxwell's servant arrived ; and Sir Harry descended to the drawing-room to receive his guests — leaving his friend to perform the duties of the toilette.

"Another pin, Ward," said Maxwell to his servant. "Plague on the inventor of this tie ! it requires as many pins as the frock of a boarding-school romp."

But, Ward having exhausted all the pins in Sir Harry's cushion, his master opened first one drawer and then another, till, coming to that in which the Baronet had deposited the letters, he was astonished at perceiving that the letter on the top of the pile was addressed to himself (Maxwell), and the next beneath it to Lord Dashmore, *who was to be of the party that very afternoon !* In addition to these, were letters addressed to his agent, to his solicitor, and to his aunt, Lady Mary —,

whom he had offended beyond all hope of pardon.

"This is very strange!" thought Maxwell.

He continued his search.

"Good God!—Ward—I have no farther occasion for you: you may go.—Unless I am at home by one, you need n't—yes—you had better be in waiting for me—that's all.—Stay—call a hackney-coach immediately—do n't bring it to the door, but wait with it at the corner of the street."

The guests were all assembled, and Laurent announced that dinner was served.

"Let Mr. Maxwell know," said Sir Harry.

"Mr. Maxwell, sare, beg you shall not wait for him. He go home for something he forget, but shall return before the soup be remove."

A knock at once announced the return of Mr. Maxwell, so that no delay occurred.

Sir Harry Highflyer, as is well known, was one of the most agreeable table-companions of his day. He was a man of ready and pleasant wit; and, whatever may have been his faults at other times and in other places (and numerous and grave indeed they were), he was fault-

less at the head of his own table. Never the retailer of other men's stories, and seldom the hero of his own, he entertained a mortal aversion for your mere story-teller. "The original sin," he used to say, "has entailed a curse on all the pleasures of life, and story-telling is the curse of conviviality. The nonsense of the moment is a thousand times preferable to the most exquisite piece of wit, ready cut and dried for the occasion, that ever was uttered, or the best ready-made story that ever was told." He held noise to be subversive of mirth — (of cheerfulness it certainly is) — instead of an assistant to, or an evidence of, it : and, strange as it may appear, he could not endure a coarse joke or an obscene story. "Let us," he once said, "let us show some consideration for the necessities of our inferiors : let us abandon to tinkers such incentives to mirth — the poor devils require something as a relish to their beer : we shall lose nothing by the surrender ; for, for my part, I can't fancy that they go well with the elegant, delicate flavour of fine wine." To do Sir Harry justice, he was not a *beast*.

The dinner went off pretty much in the same way as dinners of the kind generally do. But

some circumstances occurred of too remarkable a character to pass without mention. It is true that, with the exception of Mr. Maxwell, they made no very deep impression on any one present; yet, at one or two of those circumstances, not one of the party but felt, more or less acutely, what might not inaptly be termed a momentary shock of astonishment.

No one could be a fairer talker than Sir Harry. He allowed opportunity to every one for taking his share in the conversation: he never, as it were, elbowed himself in; but availed himself adroitly, and apparently without effort, of the first opening. Upon this occasion, however, he *talked through* every one that attempted to speak; he talked almost incessantly; and, indeed, seemed to be uneasy when he was constrained even to a short interval of silence. He spoke, too, in a loud, overpowering tone of voice, altogether contrary to his usual habit; and his gaiety, ordinarily so distinguished by its suavity and its subordination to the dictates of good taste, was boisterous in the extreme, and sought to maintain itself by a recourse to expedients the most common-place. Again, it was observed that, oftener than once, he filled a bumper, drank

it off, and filled again before he passed the wine.

There was some question about arranging a Vauxhall-party for the following evening, and Maurice B——, not perceiving that their host was whispering Laurent, who had just entered the room with a message to him, turned round and abruptly inquired, "Highflyer, where shall you be to-morrow night?" Sir Harry, turning suddenly at the question, fixed his eyes (which seemed to distend to twice their natural size) on the speaker, set his teeth firmly together, and uttered a short, convulsive, fiend-like laugh, as his only reply; at the same time grasping Laurent by the fleshy part of the arm. A death-like silence ensued: not a soul present but felt a thrill of horror! Lord Dashmore, indeed, who was raising his glass to his lips, involuntarily threw it upwards with such force, that it struck the ceiling and fell in fragments to the ground. Poor Laurent, sinking almost on his knees, while tears of agony were forced from his eyes, naturally and pathetically cried out in his own language, "*Mais, mon Dieu! Monsieur, vous me faites mal — vous me faites mal, vous dis-je.*" Sir Harry relinquished his hold, drew his hand across his forehead, filled a bumper, carelessly

reproached Colonel D——, who was assisting him in the duties of the table, with exposing the bottles to an attack of the cramp for want of motion ; and, quite contrary to his custom, volunteered to sing a song. All this occurred in less time than it has occupied to describe it ; and notwithstanding the sensation was powerful, yet so rapidly had the scene which occasioned it passed, that it was extinct before the next bumper had gone round.

Sir Harry became—gayer ? no—more boisterous than before.

Sir Charles F—— remarked that there were thirteen at table !

“ Then one amongst us is booked for within the year,” said Colonel D——, laughingly.

“ A hundred guineas to five, I am the man,” said Sir Harry.

“ Done !” exclaimed Lord Dashmore, at the same time drawing out his pocket-book for the purpose of entering the bet : “ and in a twelve-month and a day, I shall wait upon you for a cool hundred—for you’ll lose.”

“ ’Tis no bet, Dashmore,” said Sir Harry, with a bitter smile, which no one but Maxwell noticed ; “ ’tis no bet, so don’t book it : no

man is justified in making a bet *when he knows himself sure of winning.*"

It was growing late. Some one looked at his watch, and observed that it was almost time to break up.

"Don't think of leaving me yet," said Sir Harry—"for God's sake, don't!" as he rang for more wine, together with anchovy toasts, broiled bones, and other provocatives to drinking.

To most present, the form of his appeal seemed *odd*; to Maxwell it appeared awful!

But the last and most striking occurrence of the night is now to be related.

Sir Harry, it has already been said, exhibited manifest signs of impatience at even the short intervals of silence to which the give-and-take of conversation occasionally subjected him. They threw him back upon his own reflections. A question being put to Colonel D— respecting the storming of Badajoz, he described just so much of it as had come immediately under his own observation (for he had been engaged in it); and with so much force, vivacity, and picturesque effect was his short narrative imbued, that it engrossed the attention of all present. It could not have occupied longer

than three minutes ; yet, when the Colonel had ceased speaking, it was observed that Sir Harry was leaning with his elbow on the table and his forehead in his hand.

“ The Baronet ’s off,” said some one, and laughed.

Sir Harry started at the sound, mechanically filled his glass, and sent the wine on.

“ What the deuce is the matter with you, Highflyer ?” exclaimed another ; “ your cravat is covered with blood !”

“ Nothing”—replied he, putting his handkerchief to his mouth—“ Nothing—a scratch—nothing—nothing—fill—fill, and send the wine about.”

His appearance was ghastly : his features were distorted, his face was deadly pale, and the blood was streaming from his nether lip, which in the intensity of mental agony he had unconsciously bitten nearly through !

“ I have not seen the Baronet so much cut,” whispered Colonel D—— to Lord Dashmore, who was sitting next to him, “ since the hard bout we had at Melton last year. Let’s be off.”

As the party retired, the successive “ Good night” of each fell upon Sir Harry’s ear like a death-knell ! It struck like an ice-bolt to his

heart ! He was a man of "unquestionable courage," as we have seen, but he could not stand it ; and as the three or four last were preparing to leave the room, he cut short their valedictions by hastily saying, "That'll do, that'll do."

Maxwell was the last to retire. Sir Harry grasped his hand, and held it firmly till he heard the street door close upon the rest.

"*Now* you may go, Tom ; those are mere friends for the hour, but *you* and *I* have been friends from children. You knew my poor father, and he loved you. There"—and he shook his hand warmly—"there—now go—Good night ; Heaven bless you, Tom, Heaven bless you ! Go—go."

Maxwell, as he went out, said to Laurent, "It is probable your master will not ring for you very early to-morrow ; be sure you suffer no one to approach him till I come."

"*Ma parole*, sare, I sall not be ver' glad to go to him ver' soon—endeed he make de blood come out to my arm. I take him for wild cat."

They were mistaken who thought that Sir Harry was *cut*—in plain English, drunk : excepting Maxwell—whose situation throughout the evening, by-the-by, had not been the most

enviable—he was the only sober man of the party. The prodigious quantity of wine he had swallowed produced no more effect upon him, in the way of intoxication, than if it had been water: he carried an antidote to it in his mind.

Left to himself, he filled a large goblet with claret, which he took off at a draught. He then desired Laurent to give him a taper, told him he had no occasion for his attendance that night, shook him by the hand, (which condescension the poor fellow conceived to be intended as a set-off against the gripe he had received,) walked steadily into his dressing-room, and locked and bolted the door. He then approached the dressing-table; took the letters he had written in the morning, and the phial of laudanum, from the drawer wherein he had deposited them; and, having spread out the former in such a manner that they could not fail to be seen by any one who should come into the room the next day—he paused for a few seconds. He then uncorked the phial—swallowed its contents—stood motionless, as if transfixed, for nearly a minute—staggered towards a sofa—and fell senseless on it.

Now if any one should say that Mr. Maxwell,

with the suspicions he entertained, or, rather, the knowledge he possessed of Sir Harry's intention, acted unwarrantably — heartlessly—wickedly—in leaving him to carry it into execution, the only defence we can offer for him is that—perhaps he had very good reasons for acting as he did. But, to relieve him as speedily as possible from the odious charge of conniving at so horrible a deed, it will be as well at once to explain what those reasons were.

Although the friendly intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between these gentlemen had ceased for nearly a twelvemonth prior to the period in question, Maxwell, nevertheless, with considerable anxiety watched the proceedings of the son of his benefactor. He was aware of the ruinous modes of raising money resorted to by Sir Harry, whilst any thing remained in his possession which he could either mortgage or sell; and he was now also aware of the distressing facts that not only even those means were exhausted, but that Sir Harry was inextricably in debt.

It happened one morning that, being with his solicitor upon business of his own, that gentleman put into his hands certain papers left for inspection with him by one of his

clients. They were documents connected with a transfer of some part of Sir Harry's property to a person from whom he had long been in the habit of raising the supplies. Maxwell presently perceived, what his solicitor intended he should be informed of, that in that transaction an obvious fraud had been practised upon his inconsiderate friend. This discovery led him to examine into other transactions of a similar kind; and the result of his various investigations was a conviction that a vast portion of the property might fairly be recovered, since it had been obtained from Sir Harry by mal-practices of a much graver complexion than the mere infraction of the Usury Laws.

Having, after several consultations with his solicitor, decided as to the course to be adopted, he resolved, in spite of their late estrangement, to pay a visit to his quondam friend, and communicate the pleasing intelligence to him. On his way thither he met Leslie, who told him of the dinner-party at Highflyer's on that day.

"I am glad of it," said Maxwell, "for I have something to tell him which will give a zest to his wine."

But, scarcely had he entered the Baronet's dressing-room—(Sir Harry's astonishment at his visit, and his manner of receiving him, have already been described)—when he was attacked by one of those vague—undefinable—unaccountable apprehensions of approaching evil which every one, perhaps, has, at some time or other, experienced. *Why*, he scarcely knew ; but he at once determined to delay the communication he had to make till the following day : and still less could he tell why, at the same instant, he resolved upon not quitting Sir Harry for the rest of that afternoon. It was upon taking this latter resolution that he requested permission to send for his things to dress there.

The rest is soon told.

We know very well that in cases of emergency, where we suddenly find ourselves thrown unassisted upon our own resources, and feel that something *must* be *done*, our thoughts succeed each other with such amazing rapidity that we seem to jump at conclusions without pursuing any intermediate train of reasoning. This is something of what is usually understood by that rare quality called presence of mind :—a commodity which a certain worthy gentleman once declared never failed him, pro-

d he were not taken by surprise, but had
to turn the matter over in his head.

faxwell did not throw the poison out at
dow; nor did he rush into the drawing-
n, with his face pale and his hair standing
nd; nor did he call upon the company to
l Sir Harry hand and foot; nor did he re-
strate with him upon the folly as well as
wickedness of terminating his own exist-
; nor did he even betray the slightest hint
he was aware of his entertaining such an
ntion. *He knew his man*; and he was
scious, therefore, that his interference in
manner, though it might delay, would not
ent, the deed. He perceived, too, that Sir
ry was not then, nor likely to be, for the
of that day, in a state of mind to listen to
edifying expostulations; and he felt con-
ed that, by taking one means of self-de-
ction out of the hands of a man desperate
resolved like him, he should only be forcing
to the adoption of some other. But he
a much wiser course than any of those.
drove to the chemist's, whose address he
d on the label of the phial, and procured a
posing draught, which was put into a
l bottle of precisely the same appearance

as the more mischievous one he had re-
He then returned to — Street, walk-
surely up stairs into the dressing-room,
the mixture where he knew it would be
for, descended, and took his seat at the
table as quietly as if nothing in the wor-
happened.

By eight o'clock the next morning, M
was in Sir Harry's room, which he ente-
a side-door the Baronet had neglected to
He found his friend in a profound sleep
which he did not awake till three o'clo-
same afternoon.

It were needless to relate all that
upon this occasion. Suffice it, that
explained to Sir Harry the hopes he enter-
of recovering for him a large portion
property, Maxwell found no difficulty w-
in persuading him to withdraw imme-
from London, and to retire to a small p-
his near the town of — in Wales, till,
exercise of a rigid economy, he might l-
to relieve himself from his embarrass-
That he, a gay man of the town, sho-
readily have adopted a suggestion which s-
to imply the entire abandonment of the
of his whole former life, will appear tl

ordinary when it is mentioned that he has heard to declare that he would endure any, starvation, misery in any shape, rather again encounter *the horrors of that last use.**

To prevent any objection to the term *suicide* which we applied to Sir Harry, let it be remembered that he was *not* *intention*, and was saved by accident only from the commission of the crime he had contemplated.

MY FIRST TRAGEDY.

THERE exists a mysterious sympathy between body and mind. So delicate and subtle is this sympathy as to render abortive all attempts to discover its cause; its existence, however, is proved by the evidence of unimpeachable facts. Inquire of the mere schoolboy, and he will tell you that when the mind is refractory, and rejects the lesson addressed *directly* to itself, it will readily receive it on applying (with a certain degree of velocity and force) a few slender twigs to that part of the human frame, which philosophers do not consider to be the mind's own peculiar seat. This is a fact notorious to all the world.

I will instance one other, which, although less generally known, is more strictly applicable to my present purpose; inasmuch as it corroborates the theory I have always held as explanatory of my early and still-enduring de-

sire to distinguish myself as a Tragic Dramatist — else were this introduction altogether useless.

When he was a mere child, a friend of mine was frequently taken by his father, into the pit of Drury-Lane Theatre, to see Garrick. Although bonnets as large as the hood of a cabriolet were not, at that time, in fashion, or, if they were, ladies (as at present) were too well-bred, and too considerate of the comfort and convenience of those who might be placed behind them, to wear those *para-scenas* during the time of performance ; it was, nevertheless, impossible for a little boy to see over the head of a much taller person before him. In order, therefore, to place his son on an equality with the “children of a larger growth,” the old gentleman always took with him a thick quarto volume, which served there, as it did at the dinner-table, to give little master his fair and just degree of elevation. Now, from these frequent visits to the theatre, it might be inferred that the bias of my friend was to the stage : no such thing : it was strong towards the church, and he is, at this very time, on the high road to a bishopric ; for the book on which he used to sit—was a volume of sermons.

To this same principle of juxta-position, then, do I mainly attribute that fondness for tragic composition, which manifested itself so early as the fifth year of my age, and which, with undiminished ardour, I still cherish :—the medium to which I was indebted for a somewhat more elevated station than, as a child, I could naturally command being a folio Shakspeare.

It is not to be supposed that, at so tender an age, I ventured upon giving to my compositions the complete dramatic form. I did, indeed, occasionally essay a dialogue between two persons—assassins, midnight robbers, churchyard goblins, banditti of the Black Forest, and such like ; but the far greater number of my productions, at that time, were monodies, elegies, and epitaphs, with sometimes a song, in a serious strain, commemorative of some recent accident or calamity. Of my poetical precocity I will afford the reader an opportunity of judging, by presenting him with a few stanzas, which were inspired by a paragraph in the “Morning Herald” of the 7th of August, 1812 ;* I being

* “A few days ago, while an ostler at the Bull Inn, Thomas Street, Bristol, was dressing a gentleman’s horse, the animal took a fancy to his nose, bit it off, and actually eat it up ! The man is now at the Infirmary, where the wound will, of course, be cured.”—*Morning Herald*, 7th August, 1812.

t that time but seven years of age!! I select his particular poem, first, because it is no unfair specimen of the melancholy, or elegiac, turn of my mind: secondly, because many inaccurate copies of it have been handed about: thirdly, because the authorship has been claimed by many other popular poets: lastly, and chiefly, because to it I am indebted for my first introduction to the eminent man (his name I will presently mention), whose powerful recommendation secured the acceptance and performance of my First Tragedy.

SONG.

AH! HIDE YOUR NOSE.*

Mark me, SCRUB! when horses dressing,

Ah! hide your nose!

If you count your nose a blessing,

Ah! hide your nose!

Take, oh! take a timely warning

From the fate of poor Jack Thorning,

He who lost his nose one morning—

Ah! hide your nose!

* This song has received the honour of translation into the Welsh language, and with a fidelity truly wonderful: take, as a specimen, the very title, *A hyd y nos*. It has been distinguished, also, by a compliment of scarcely less value: it has been sung by that exquisite vocalist, Mr. Liston. They who have listened to that gentleman's pathetic warbling of the touching *Romanza*, "Pity Billy Lackaday," will readily conceive the heart-rending effect of *his* musical delivery of the sentiment which pervades this effusion. The air to it, now become popular in England, was composed by the celebrated harpist, Llewellyn Lloyd ap Dhwdllh.

Rubbing down a frisky filly—

Ah! hide your nose!

In his mouth Jack peep'd — how silly!

Ah! hide your nose!

“Zounds!” thinks Fill, “I’ll soon dispose of
Jack’s tit-bit — I’ll bite his nose off!”—

Quick as thought, she snipp’d it close off!

Ah! hide your nose!

When you look a horse i’ th’ face, sir,

Ah! hide your nose!

Coach-horse, dray-horse, hack, or racer—

Ah! hide your nose!

For, since horses care for no man,

Where’s the nose that may not go, man—

Grecian, bottle, snub, or Roman?

Ah! hide your nose!

Hence a moral! let me teach it.—

Ah! hide your nose!

No divine need blush to preach it:

Ah! hide your nose!

He that pokes his busy snout

In things he’s not concern’d about,

Like Jack, too late may wish it out!

Ah! hide your nose!

Numerous and various were my compositions at about this period; and let my vanity be pardoned if I boast that they were all sanctioned by the unqualified approbation of two critics, both equally competent and impartial—my mother and my nurse. With what pride and delight would the latter exclaim, on my producing a new poem, “Well, I declare, if Master Peregrine has n’t *hatched* another bit

of poetry!" There was something in the phrase which, though not agreeable to my sensitive organs, might have been taken as illustrative of my theory; but it was, in fact, nothing more than a sort of professional jargon of the old woman, who had the charge of the poultry as well as of me.

But I will pass on from this time to that memorable epoch in my life (A.D. 1825, I then being about to enter my twentieth year), when, having completed "*Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer*," a tragedy, in five acts, I sent it up to Drury Lane Theatre. [It is proper I should state that I was then residing, as I still am, and ever have been, in my native town, Weepingford.*] Together with my play, I forwarded a note to the manager, requesting "his most immediate attention and very earliest reply." In less than six weeks I received a parcel *per coach*. With palpitating heart, I broke the seal, the impress on which was a flourishing T. R. D. L. "My tragedy is accepted," thought I; "and this parcel contains

* WEEPINGFORD-LE-GRAVE, *Somersetshire*. A pretty town, 94 miles W. from London, situate on the southern bank of the river Dribble. Population, 7000; produce, Cheshire cheese, Windsor soap, Yarmouth herrings, Westphalia hams, &c. Market days, Tuesday and Saturday.—*British Gazetteer*.

the huge roll of parchment by which, doubtless, authors are invested with the freedom of the theatre." Lo! it was my tragedy itself! A note, of which the following is a copy, accompanied it:—

"T. R. D. L.

"SIR,

"I am desired by the Managers to thank you for the honour of the preference; but they are of opinion that the performance of your Tragedy, called *Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer*, would not serve the interests of this theatre.

"I am, Sir," &c. &c.

I was neither mortified nor much astonished at this, knowing, as I did, through newspaper report, that the dramatic patronage of that theatre was engrossed by three or four writers of little ability, by whose intrigues superior genius was excluded from even a chance of appearing before the public. I looked carefully through the pages of my manuscript, naturally expecting to find an abundance of marginal notes, pointing out where my play was defective, and by what means it might be improved. Will it be believed? not a pencil-scratch was to be found from one end to the

ther! "Well," again thought I, "they should not have my play now, were they to offer me a thousand pounds for it; and to put it beyond my power to abate one jot from this resolution—for, doubtless, to-morrow's post will bring me a repenting letter from them—I will send it, by this night's coach, to Covent Garden." I did so; and, along with it, the following letter to the Manager:—

"*Weepingford-le-Grave*,—1825.

"SIR,

"I have to request your immediate perusal of the accompanying play; and since a five-act drama is, in these times, a *rara avis*, and, also, as it must be your desire to convince the world that the dramatic genius of England is not *quite* extinct (although modesty forbids my saying much about my own production), I make no doubt my request will be complied with.

"I see but one difficulty in the way of its performance: the *minor* parts, I admit, might be sufficiently well acted by Fawcett, Cooper, Warde, Bartley, Farren, Miss Chester, Mrs. Chatterley, Miss Ellen Tree, &c. &c.; but, with the exception of Charles Kemble for Suavilius (the

lover), the principal characters can find no adequate representatives in your Theatre. Would it not be prudent, therefore, to engage Young and Macready for Tyrantius and Vampyrino ? As to my *leading* character, Sanguino, which I wrote expressly for Kean, I am perfectly at my ease ; for you will, of course, endeavour to induce him, by a liberal offer, to quit the rival establishment.* The trifling part of Listenia, (the confidante) might, perhaps, be entrusted to Mrs. Glover ;—but Tendirrissima ? ‘ Ay, there’s the rub ! ’ That part was composed with a view to Miss O’Neill ; and I have strong hopes that a perusal of it might induce her to resume, for a time, her professional labours. Waiting your earliest reply, and holding myself in readiness to proceed to London at a moment’s notice,

“ I have the honour to be,” &c. &c.

“ P.S. The character of Hecatoria is so obviously fitted for the display of the sublime powers of Mrs. Siddons, that I do not despair of that unrivalled actress’s consent to quit her retirement for the first forty or fifty nights, or so.

* I will not disguise the fact of this suggestion having been prompted by the Demon of Revenge.

“2nd P.S. I re-open this, to inquire whether Braham, Miss Stephens, and Miss Paton, are at Covent-Garden Theatre. If not, would they engage with you for the solo parts of the funeral dirge in the 3rd act? Pray consider how essential it is that those parts should be well executed.”

Fully satisfied that this display of theatrical knowledge would secure to me the most prompt attention of the manager, with extraordinary complacency I awaited his reply.

A few weeks elapsed, and a packet was delivered to me. The seal bore the welcome letters, T. R. C. G. “Here is my play,” I exclaimed, “sent down for revision, previously to its being put into rehearsal.” I opened a small note, which was tucked between the first and second leaves, and read—

“T. R. C. G..

“SIR,

“I am desired by the Managers to thank you for the honour of the preference; but they are of opinion that the performance of your Tragedy, called *Sanguino, or the Blood-stained Murderer*, would not serve the interests of this Theatre.

“I am, Sir,” &c. &c.

At first I could hardly credit what I had

read. My play formally rejected, and not a word added, by way of postscript, to the inhumanly civil letter, to thank me for my suggestions respecting the cast, or even in acknowledgment of the theatrical tact which, in that respect, at least, I had displayed ! This latter circumstance was easily accounted for : the managers would wait a favourable opportunity for adopting my hints, and then disingenuously appropriate to themselves all the honour and profit accruing from them.*

But the wonderful resemblance between this, and the letter of rejection from the “ rival establishment—” alike to a comma ! The momentary hope arising out of this, that I had, by mistake, sent my play a second time to Drury Lane, was dissipated by the difference between the places of date and the writers’ names. It was clear to me that, notwithstanding it was obviously to the interest of a theatre to act any play, no matter whence it came, which presented a chance of profitable success : —notwithstanding that by extending the field

* I beg the reader would observe that, since this period, Mr. Kean has actually been engaged at Covent-Garden Theatre!! I shall draw no severe inference from this circumstance, but content myself with noticing it only as an *extraordinary coincidence*.

of competition the managers would, in some degree, be relieved from the extortions of the present monopolists of dramatic literature:—notwithstanding the consequence of such relief would be that themselves would share in the profits which, under the present system, are swept into the purses of a knot of pampered and rapacious authors:—notwithstanding all this, I say, it was clear to me that a compact, mutually binding, had been entered into by the Theatres Royal, to reject all dramatic works which did not issue from the brains (*the brains*, save the mark!) of your Mortons, your Kenneys, your Pooles, and your Peakes. With disgust I retired from the struggle, resolved never again to write for the stage.

Fortunately for myself—(may I add, for the public also?)—it happened about this time that our town was honoured by the visit of the eminent man I have alluded to: this was no other than the celebrated Clearmount,* who, for many years, had been the principal tragedian at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. My first meeting with him was in our public reading-room, the proprietor of which was, also, printer

* Theatrical readers will, perhaps, recognize the original sitter for this sketch.

of the Weepingford Herald. A paragraph had that morning appeared, announcing that Mr. Clearmount, the celebrated tragedian, was "rusticating at this place;" and Clearmount's visit to the publisher was for the purpose of expressing his displeasure at its appearance.

"Who *could* have told you this?" inquired the tragedian.

"I found the paragraph in my letter-box last night, sir; and, as I had no reason to doubt its ——"

"'Tis very strange! who *could* have written it?"

"That is more than I can tell, sir; but, if you know the report to be untrue, I will contradict it to-morrow."

"Why—aw—no—; the—aw—the fact is, *I—I* am Mr. Clearmount."

Here I started with astonishment, delight, and admiration. It was the first time I had ever seen so celebrated an actor off the stage."

"But," he continued, "'tis very odd; I arrived but yesterday afternoon, and as I came here merely to recruit, after my professional labours, I intended to be strictly *incog*. Who *could* have ——! 'Tis very annoying: I hate to be followed about the streets by crowds of

curious people. However, 'tis one of the penalties we public characters must pay to——. Aw—have you any theatre in this town of your's ?”

“ Yes, sir ; and as we are now in the height of our season, I hope——” An intelligible smirk, accompanied by a bow, completed the sense of the unfinished sentence.

“ Why, aw—no—no ; I dare say I shall be tormented to death to play for a night or two ; but, as the poor people you have here are, no doubt, thought well enough of by the town's-folks, it might seem invidious were *I* to act.”

Here I ventured a word. “ Have you acted *Macbeth* lately, sir, in *London* ?”

“ In *London*—aw—no ; the fact is, *Macbeth* is an up-hill part : *Rosse* is the part I have usually selected.”

“ Or *Hamlet* ?”

“ *Hamlet* ? no—not exactly *Hamlet*. Other tragedians, I know, think much of it : *John Kemble* did. For my part—no—in *London*, I have always preferred *Rosencrantz*, as you might have seen by the play-bills.”

Here, to my great surprise and delight, he hummed a line or two of a song, which was no other than my “ Ah ! hide your nose !” The

publisher introduced me as the author, and the tragedian (after bestowing upon me compliments of a nature too flattering for me to repeat), invited the "young poet," (as he condescendingly designated me)—*to walk with him!* This was the proudest day of my life. In the evening I had the honour of accompanying him to the theatre, where we had the manager's private box, (so called, I presume, because it is the most conspicuous of any in the house); and it was delightful to observe how cautiously he endeavoured to conceal himself, by holding a white handkerchief to his face, lest their knowledge of his presence might discompose the actors:—only occasionally leaning quite forward to applaud, which he did with good-humoured condescension.

I could greatly extend my reminiscences of this eminent tragedian. Sufficient for my present purpose, however, is it to state, that, during the week he remained at Weepingford, I had the honour of seeing him daily; and that upon one of those occasions, after listening to nearly half of the first act of my Tragedy—he candidly acknowledged that he was so deeply affected by it as to be unable to endure the rest—he took the manuscript out of my hand,

promising, at the same time, to read it at his leisure, and (if he approved of it) to recommend it to the notice of the manager—that is to say, of the Theatre Royal, Weepingford. How highly *he* estimated my work the result will show.

I shall just notice one circumstance connected with his departure, as it is illustrative of the diffidence which is ever the concomitant of superior genius.

Apprehensive (as he himself told me) that a crowd might collect about the door of his inn, should the coach stop there to receive him, he had desired the driver to take him up a quarter of a mile on the London Road. Thither I accompanied him. The better to avoid observation as he passed through the town (for he had to call at the Post-office, the Public Reading-room, the Theatre, the Grammar-school, &c. on his way), he took the precaution of throwing his travelling-cloak across his shoulders, *à l' Espagnol*, and of holding a handkerchief to his face. On stepping into the coach he waved his hand to me with that air of unaffected yet dignified patronage so peculiar to him.

“ A pleasant journey, Mr. —,” said I.

"Hush!" interrupted he, as I was about to utter his name; "remember, I travel *incog.*"

This was the last I ever saw of the celebrated Clearmount.

A few days after his departure I was agreeably surprised by receiving the following letter from the manager of our Theatre.

"T. R. *Weepingford.*

"SIR,

"In consequence of the powerful recommendation of Mr. Clearmount, I have read your Tragedy. I like it; and if you will guarantee me the sale of five pounds' worth of box-tickets, I will act it for my own benefit. Suppose we take a chop together, to-morrow, at the Pigeons, and talk the matter over?

"Your obedient servant,

"ROGER STRIDE.

"P.S. Better bespeak a private room; and if you tell Scores that *I* dine with you, he will let you have some of his best port."

But my reminiscences of Clearmount have led me so much out of my subject that I must hasten to a conclusion.

We dined. After the second glass of wine,

"Now, sir," said Mr. Stride, "to business; and, in the first place, we must *cut.*"

“Cut!” exclaimed I; “what is *cut*?”

“Why, sir, your play is rather too long: it is more than three times the length of *Othello*; so that, were we to act it as it stands, it would not be over till three o’clock in the morning: and then, what would become of “Sweethearts and Wives,” “Frieschutz,” and the “Cure for the Heart-ache,” which I intend to give as afterpieces—to say nothing of songs, dances, &c.?”

I instanced the present *late* example of the London theatres, but in vain. “Besides, sir, not a line can be spared.”

“Leave it to me, sir. Your first, second, and fourth acts are utterly useless; nothing is *done* in them, nor are any of the principal characters introduced. They are all *talk*.”

“But, sir, it is *poetry* they are talking.”

He made no reply; but simply plunging a very long pen down to the bottom of a very deep ink-bottle, he set heartlessly to the task of drawing black lines across page after page of my manuscript; exclaiming at each excision, “*That’s* of no use—and *that’s* of no use—never mind, sir, it will dove-tail beautifully.”

I was growing faint, and rang for a small glass of brandy.

“Another bottle of port,” said the manager; “and—waiter—have you any more ink in the house?”

“Now, sir,” said Mr. Stride, after about two hours’ lopping—“now, sir, we are something like; and, with a *leetle* trimming at rehearsals, we shall do very well.”

My play, which had reckoned four hundred and forty-eight closely-written pages, and cost the world-and-all for carriage to London and back, might now have been transmitted under a Member’s cover!

“Be assured, sir, your play will go beautifully. To-morrow I will send it to the Bellman (who examines all these things,) and as soon as we have his licence to act it, we will put it into rehearsal. Good night, my dear sir. Waiter, Mr. ——’s bill. Good night, my dear sir.”

Well; the day arrived when I was to read my play to the actors. I performed my task with a certain degree of trepidation, but (as I fancied) not altogether without effect: for some of the performers applauded, others looked grave—moved, no doubt, by the pathetic of my piece.

The reading over, Mr. Straddle called me aside.

“Sir,” said he, “do you expect *me* to play Tyrantius?”

"If you please, sir."

"Sir, I'd rather forfeit my engagement. Sanguino, which Mr. Stride has taken—the manager always takes care of himself—ought to have been the part for me. Good morning, sir."

"I like your play amazingly, sir," said Mr. Rantley; "but you have made a great mistake in the cast."

"Don't you think Vampyrino a good part?"

"Very good; but Mr. Stride's is a better; and I can't play any but first business. Between ourselves, Straddle is wrong to refuse *his* part—but *he* is a discontented man—'tis a very fine part, and if he had'nt refused it, I should have been glad of it myself. But, under the circumstances—I wish you a very good morning, sir."

Notwithstanding these little differences, a few trifling concessions on both sides, made in the spirit of good humour, brought us all to a right understanding, and the play, as originally cast, was put in rehearsal.

On the morning of the last rehearsal Mr. Stride put a paper into my hand. It was a note from the Bellman; and, as it is rather a curiosity in its way, I give a copy of it *verbatim*.

“ *To the Manager of the Theatre Royal,
Weepingford-le-grave.*

“ Please to omit the following underlined words and syllables in the representation of the Tragedy, in five acts, called

“ *Sanguino* ; or the Blood-stained Murderer.

“ Act 1. Scene 4. ‘ Burst my *Adamantine* chains.’ [Adam is a Scripture name, and must not be used on the stage.]

“ Act 2. Scene 1. ‘ And hoarse as is the lusty fish-wife’s voice,

“ When through the streets ‘ *Buy my live soul*’ she cries.’ [Evidently meant for *By my living soul*! which is profane swearing.]

“ Act 4. Scene 3. ‘ To *Amsterdam* in sullen mood he went.’ [for the same reason.]

“ Ditto. ‘ And now I hear the *beetle*’s drowsy hum.’ [*might* be mistaken for an allusion to our worthy parish *beadle*—seditious.]

“ Act 5. Scene 2. ‘ Oh *Heavens*!’ how like an *angel* does she seem!’ [Query. Olympus for *Heavens*—Goddess for *angel*. Against bringing Heathen Heavens and Divinities upon the stage, there is no moral or legal objection.]

“ SIMON DRIVEL.”

The reading of this letter was productive of considerable amusement; when, after deliberate consultation as to whether the morals or the peace of Weepingford were likely to be compromised by the utterance of my profanities, it was resolved that, at all risks, they should be spoken. It is fair, however, to state that, within five weeks afterwards, an apprentice ran away with his master's daughter, and a new chemise was stolen from the lines of Mrs. Scrubs, the laundress.

My tragedy was acted. How it was received I know not, for I had not nerve to attend the performance.

The next morning I looked into the play-bills, and was astonished at the absence of the announcement I expected to find there, that it would be repeated every evening till farther notice.

"What is the reason of this, Mr. Stride? Of course my play was——"

"Sir, your play is much too good for the people of this town, and I am resolved never to treat the senseless blockheads with it again. Shakspeare himself would not have succeeded here."

"Not if he had been *cut* as I have been,"

replied I, sarcastically; "so good morning to you, Mr. Stride."

N.B. Till I can get this, or some other of my numerous dramatic works accepted and successfully acted—for the sake of showing the world what the legitimate drama really is—I amuse myself by *doing* the theatrical criticisms in the Weepingford Herald.

A COMPLAINT
OF
STREET MINSTRELSIE.

"Most *musical*? Most MELANCHOLY!"

NEW READING OF MILTON.

"The screams, the howls, and the infernal din."

ANON.

GRANT me patience, Heaven! Let me not do a deed which the cold, the dull, the senseless — the heavy, drowsy, spiritless, apathetic sons and daughters of earth might stigmatize with the foul name of murder! There! there! — I am calm — I will endure it! Look upon me! — do I wince? — There, you hear it! — "*Cherry Ripe!*" — Let him play on till the very barrels of his organ are worn to powder by their unceasing convolutions — not a groan shall escape my lips!

Well, again! "*The Huntsmen's Chorus,*" from "*Der Freyschütz,*" by two cracked

fiddles and a drum. Exquisite! Ha! ha! ha!
Do I complain?

And now — (“something more exquisite still”)—a hag, in the attire of woman—a fiend, in the semblance of a man, and two ruffianly little brats, howling, bawling, screaming — Hold! Shame on me!—do I quail? Let me moderate my expressions, and, by a delicate choice of terms, give proof manifest of my heroic endurance. I would say, ’t is a gentle pair, with their interesting offspring, who, in sweet accord, are warbling “*Home! Sweet Home!*” Heavenly strains! Go on, go on!—do I not bear it bravely? Not a nerve in my frame but is quivering as at the touch of a searing-iron, yet I cry not mercy!

And now, ’t is the dancing dogs exhibiting their antics, accompanied by the monotonous thumpings of a tambourine, made musical by the yelpings and barkings of a dozen canine visitors, who thus testify their admiration of their talented fellow-creatures.

Better and better! They have ceased, and given place to Punch-and-Judy and another organ, with drum, trumpet, fiddle, fife — each striving, in noble rivalry, to out-noise the other. I endure it! I live! and hence-

forth shall I exist invulnerable to all mortal suffering.

Ha! my pistols!—quick! my pistols!—two blind Scotchmen, with their drowsy bagpipes and drawling clarionet! It is not in human nature to bear *this*. Under my very window! The fellow with the clarionet is a certain mark—pronounce him dead. Or shall I rid the tormented world of both? Ay, the deed were the more meritorious. 'T will cost me my life, but I shall die a glorious martyr.—No; were a Jefferies on the bench, the provocation would plead in my behalf, and move even his stern heart to mercy. They die! Pop!—a miss—pop!—again—I have missed the man; but the inflated reservoir which gave their droning, drawling life and being to those villanous sounds is rent into ribbons, and “*Roy's Wife*” cut off in mid career. See! they go, and smile in mockery of my awkwardness. They turn towards each other, and then towards me, and grin a threat of horrible revenge; whilst he of the bagpipes, in keen derision, waves aloft the shattered remnants of his instrument. I understand him—this is not the last of the bagpipes: there are more pipes—ay, and pipers, too!—beyond the

Tweed ; and, as long as England lies south of it, so long shall she endure their irruptions—and pay for their piping into the bargain. Yet I am not sorry they have escaped. Had the whole fraternity of street minstrels but one neck, indeed, I could twist—twist—twist it, without the slightest feeling of compunction : This could I do, even on a fine May morning, whilst the little birds were carolling above me, the trees putting forth their young blossoms around, and the soft breeze was pregnant with the tender perfume of the early flowers : even whilst all Nature conspired to attune the heart to gentleness and love, *this* would I do ! and afterwards proceed, with undiminished appetite, to my breakfast. But to fritter away one's time in destroying a couple, or a dozen, or a score of them, would be an ignoble employment—it would be chopping off, not a head, but, a mere hair of the hydra.

How, sir ! Is it my wish, you ask, that a great capital like London should be as silent as a country churchyard ? Or, do I expect that all manner of sounds should be prohibited, because, forsooth ! my nerves are as sensitive as Mandeville's ? (in the novel of that name) which were affected by the noise of the un-

loading of a timber-ship, at some ten miles' distance !

No, sir, I desire nothing so unreasonable. I do not, like Lear in his ravings, desire to "shoe a troop of horse," (or Meux's dray-horses) "with felt;" nor do I wish to see Piccadilly or Oxford Street paved with eider-down cushions. I do not expect that a cart-load of iron bars, consigned from Thames Street to Tottenham Court Road, should be made to take a somewhat circuitous route by Hackney and Highgate, in order that I might walk westward from the City unaccompanied by their jingling for any part of my way; nor that the "Sweet Evening Bells" of the postman, and the morning larum of his dingy precursor, should be silenced. These are amongst the many annoyances which a resident in your great capital must endure; although, with respect to the two personages I have last mentioned, I could wish that some more agreeable mode of notifying their arrival might be invented. These annoyances, however, at the expense of some time and trouble, and the exercise of a certain degree of ingenuity, one may avoid: it is but darting off at the sound of each approaching bell, in an opposite direction

to the point whither you were bound, regardless of all inconveniences—the loss of your appointment, or, haply, of your dinner—regardless of every thing, in short, save the preservation of your *tympanum*. But, by what contrivance can you evade the heartless villain, who, with deliberate malice, takes his station under your window; unfeelingly assumes an attitude which he may maintain for the longest period with the least possible fatigue to himself; swings his instrument (of torture) round from his shoulder down upon his knee; looks with no eye of pity upon you, but, on the contrary, gives indulgence to a smile of demoniac exultation at the thought of the misery he is preparing for you; then seizes the handle of his “infernal machine,” and grinds, and grinds, till he has inflicted upon you the agony of the last expiring wheeze of the last tune he has it in his power to perpetrate? And, as if this were not enough, with what refinement of cruelty does he grin—Oh! that devilish grin! I see it now!—and show his ghastly white teeth; at the same time holding up his hat, in bitter mockery of you, for reward, for payment. Payment! Let me rush to the rooftop, and hurl down myriads of chimney-pots

upon him, beneath a mountain of whose shattered fragments he may be for ever hidden from mortal view !

I am *not* mad, though the tormentors have oft-times driven me, like the persecuted innocence in a melo-drama, to the very verge of madness. No, Madam, I am not mad ! though, by that pitying smile, and that half-audible whisper to your equally compassionate neighbour, I must understand you think me so.

You ask me why — if the atmosphere of the metropolis, because of its “teeming with sweet sounds,” be unpleasant to me — *Unpleasant !* the word is of the gentlest—you ask me why I do not seek another place of dwelling ?

Whither should I fly ?—where go, to escape the tormentors ? “Build me a hovel in the desert plains of Salisbury ?”—I have met them *there !* — “Abide in a Newcastle coal-pit ?”—O, Madam, you know little of the ubiquitarian powers of the fiends. I have explored the tin-mines of Cornwall ; I was lowered down to the lowest depth of the deepest—and there, at many a fathom beneath the bed of the sea, which was rumbling above our heads, even *there* I encountered a Scotch bagpiper—the identical offender whose life I spared ! — there

he was, squeezing out, “ *In these shady, blest retreats,*” to the miners ! Had there been a refuge beneath — could I have dived down to the very centre—certain I am, I should have found the Gnomes dancing jigs to the scraping of some Loudon itinerant fiddler !

“ Or take refuge ” (you say,) “ amidst the wilds of Savoy ? ”

I am poisoned by the smoke of London, and you advise me to try Birmingham. Alas ! you forget that Savoy is the land fertile in Savoyards, and that Savoyards are the most numerous of the *sects* I am complaining of. I should fly from thousands, to encounter millions. Savoy is the great emporium, the fabric that supplies the world. ’T was there the *calamity* was invented. There, like the teeth of Cadmus, the nuisances spring up in countless numbers, perfect, and ready-armed for annoyance — each olive-coloured urchin leaping into life with a grin on his cheeks, a serinette at his back, and a marmot on his shoulders ; and thence, like the Egyptian locusts, are they scattered abroad to plague this beautiful earth of our’s. Escape them ! the universe is impregnate with them : as well might we attempt to escape the air that surrounds us.

Street-minstrels are the only nuisance you *cannot* avoid, for they follow you. If you happen to dislike the clattering of a copper-smith's, as some people do, you may retire to some part of the town, or of the world, where coppersmiths do not abound. A "compound of vile smells" assails you from some neighbouring manufactory—you have nothing to do but withdraw yourself from its vicinity. A crying child is (without intending a pun) a crying evil, yet it is one which may be subdued: if the brat be your own, you may flog it into silence; if it be the property of some more favoured individual, a monitory look, illustrated by a sly pinch or two, will be found an effectual remedy. But there is neither cure for, nor escape from, a barrel-organ. This I pronounce as the settled conviction of my mind, derived from long and trying experience. I could adduce numerous facts in support of my assertion. I shall content myself with stating (in addition to the indisputable case of the tin-mines, already noticed,) only one.

Having been detained in town throughout the greater part of the summer of 1826, and undergone, in consequence of imprudently taking up my abode in a promising, quiet-looking street,

which held out, besides, the strong temptation of having no thoroughfare — (never reflecting, dolt that I was ! that it is exactly in such places the destroyers of our peace congregate, as the precious creatures are, there, out of the way of the coaches) — and having undergone, I say, in consequence of that mistake, a more than usually severe course of organs ; I was peremptorily ordered by my physician to quit London for a few weeks, and pass the time in a state of the utmost tranquillity and repose, as the only means of restoring to their proper tone my nerves, which he declared were sadly *dis-organized* — the technical term, no doubt, for what non-professional people would express by an awkward periphrasis—over-acted upon, or over-excited by, organs.

The advice was easy to give, but whither should I go ? To some secluded village ? There is scarcely a pretty, retired village in England which I have not visited, and those are the very worst places you could select for your purpose ; for, the place being small, and its inhabitants few, it is clear that, if there be only one fiddler in it (and there cannot well be fewer), each individual suffers an exorbitant share of that one fiddler's screeching crotchets

and quavers. This assertion may be mathematically proved.

To Ramsgate ?

Ramsgate and retirement are so sweetly alliterative, that the sounds are inseparable. But I have tried it, and well know the quality of its "retirement." Its population consists principally of seven thousand nursery-maids, and twenty-eight thousand children ; and any schoolboy who has just got through his Rule-of-Three will tell you what proportion of Punch-and-Judys, dancing-dogs, organs, bag-pipes, &c., &c., there must of necessity be to satisfy the "elegant desires" of so large a number of the blessed rising generation, and those who are entrusted with the interesting charge of them. You attempt to walk to the end of the magnificent, melancholy pier, and back again ; you climb up East Cliff, and endeavour to make your way along South Crescent ; then you clamber up North Cliff, and, if you can, get to the end of West Crescent ; and so on of another cliff and another crescent, and cliffs and crescents again above those ; and if, by dint of great care and caution, you reach your own home without having elbowed a nursery-maid or two over

into the sea, or trodden out a child, you are grateful for a narrow escape, and pray that you may be equally fortunate on the day to come. And this is retirement!

Cheltenham? Harrowgate? Tunbridge? Hastings?

I have tried them all—Organs! organs! organs!

Or Brighton?

A delightful place for those who love the enjoyment of London and sea-bathing at the same time; *but* ——! besides which, *there* they have two established parties of Pandæans—a compound infliction of jingle, rumble, and squeak, from which the metropolis, for some time, has been humanely respited.

Ha! Try Worthing.

It was a matter of absolute necessity that I should try somewhere. I had done all that lay within human power to rid me of my persecutors, and—without proceeding quite so far as to have recourse to the black art—had even attempted a little beyond the limits of human power. For, finding that persuasion, entreaty, threat, nay, bribery, were alike unavailing, I used every known form and mode of exorcism in the hope of driving them away; and regu-

larly, morning and night, bestowed upon them, with unfeigned devotion, the entire of Doctor Slop's catalogue of curses — not omitting that particular one, for the suppression of which Uncle Toby pleaded with so much feeling. Even Rossini, Bishop, Weber, Mozart, (the unconscious contributors to my sufferings,) received a share of my maledictions; and often have I wished them where (had my wishes taken effect,) they might have found hints for improving certain portions of Don Juan and Der Freyschütz.

Well; being assured that Worthing was, beyond all comparison, the quietest place in the empire, Worthing was the retreat, or, more properly speaking, the refuge determined on.

The most imperturbable of my tormentors was a little imp of a Savoyard, whose weapon was a small, shrill organ, capable of but one tune—"Partant pour la Syrie." I cannot but admit he was an industrious youth. He invariably and punctually commenced his day's business in my unfortunate street, at seven in the morning; and there did he remain till about nine, when he was driven from the spot — for there was one particular stone "which he did much affect" — by his more powerful

rivals. No sooner, however, had they abandoned the field than there he was again; and ten times in the day was "*Partant pour la Syrie*" ten hundred times repeated. He was the first to come, the last to leave me. The Sea-Captain who murdered Bill Jones saw, whichever way he turned, the spectre of his victim: the punishment was as awful as it was well-merited: but Heaven knows that I had never "disposed of" a Savoyard!

On the morning of my departure I rose earlier than usual. There it was again! My toilette — my breakfast — the writing of half a dozen notes — all went to the accompaniment of "*Partant pour la Syrie.*"

As I advanced to step into the chaise, there it stood! It stood in my very path — and grinned and asked for charity — *of me* — even while it was in the very act of perpetrating "*Partant pour la Syrie!*" This was too much. Its throat was bare. By a fearful impulse my open hand was directed towards it. 'Twas but to clench my fingers firmly and but for a minute, and the world would be rid of the thing for ever. I hesitated. In that brief interval the Spirit of Mercy took possession of my heart. Forbearance super-

human! I harmed it not — passed by it — leaped into the chaise, and bade the driver forward.

There was a stoppage in the streets, and we proceeded at a slow, walking pace for the distance of nearly half a mile. The reptile followed me, still pouring into my ears the hateful sounds. Who shall wonder that I did repent me of my clemency? At length we dashed forward and escaped it. But it had infected the very sources of imagination, and, till we reached Horsham, the tune was ringing in my ears.

At Horsham I dined and slept.

It was late when I awoke the next morning. Methought I heard — no — it could not be. And yet those sounds, those living sounds, becoming fainter and fainter, and seeming gradually to recede! — They ceased — Psha! — They had not in reality existed: they were but the feverish offspring of an unremembered dream.

I proceeded on my journey.

To beguile the time, I took with me the last new pamphlet on the Currency-Question, and fell sound asleep. I had a terrific dream. I stood in the midst of the Pyramids. Instead

of bricks, they were built up of barrel-organs, drums, trumpets, fiddles, marrowbones-and-cleavers, and other musical instruments, all together sounding in dire confusion. On the topmost point of the highest pyramid there sat my own Savoyard, and his "*Partant pour la Syrie*" was distinctly audible through the astounding chaos of sounds. He fixed his large, laughing, black eyes upon me; his teeth shone white through his dingy lips; and, as he slowly descended towards me, I was drawn forward, by some irresistible power, in the direction in which he was approaching, and ——! A jolt of the chaise aroused me; but such was the effect of this dream on my imagination, that, as I took a hasty glance out at the window, as we passed rapidly onward, I would have sworn I saw the identical little urchin slowly pacing along the roadside.

As we drove through Worthing, I observed a notice in every window of "This house to let," or, "Apartments to let;" and could not help thinking how much trouble would have been saved, had they posted one notice at the entrance to the town of—"Worthing to let."

“Mr. P-rs-ns,” said I, as I entered the S**⁻H**** Hotel, “is Worthing full?”

“The fullest season we have had for years, sir.”

This information was perfectly true; for, upon after-inquiry, I found there were nine families who had actually taken houses for a month — to say nothing of two others who were there for the night (on their way to other places), and eleven, or, according to another report, fourteen, single gentlemen.

“Can I have a *quiet* room here?”

“Quiet as a mouse, sir.”

“Is Worthing much infested by ——” But I had not courage to utter the word.

“Not in the least, sir,” was mine host’s reply; fancying, no doubt, that I intended to add “robbers.” However, I chose to avail myself of the benefit of the consequence of my own hesitation, and was happy.*.

* Shortly after the first appearance of this paper, the worthy hotel-keeper, whom we have *now* so mysteriously alluded to, took the trouble of journeying all the way from Worthing to Brighton for the purpose of assuring the Editor of the Brighton Gazette — one of the best-written, cleverest, and most intelligent, of the newspapers published out of London—that, to the best of his recollection, this and the following circumstances here narrated *had never occurred!* If our Savoyard boy be still in existence, we call upon him to come boldly forward and vouch for our veracity. So, haply, shall he obtain our forgiveness!

It is notorious that Worthing is the stupidest place that ever had the assurance to call itself a town. Its lady patronesses are Dulness and Ennui ; and I was satisfied, by my first evening's inspection, that no organ-grinder, who exercised his art with a view to patronage and profit, would ever set foot in it. Its public promenades are of no earthly use, except as places where you might practise archery or pistol-firing, without fear of hurting any one : and, for its places of *amusement* —— ! I entered one of the libraries, where four elderly ladies had been for two hours waiting in hopes of a fifth, to complete a five-shilling loo for a ninepenny needle-case ; and, at the other, there were three old gentlemen who had for two hours and a half been eagerly watching for an opportunity to seize hold of the Morning Post, which a fourth had all that time been poring over. The "greatest house" of the season was expected at the Theatre, for an eminent London actor was to perform. His terms were (as usual), that he should take as much as he pleased of the whole receipts, and, afterwards, share equally with the manager whatever might remain *over and above that*. Expectation was not disappointed, and the manager could not

but have been satisfied: it *was* the fullest house of the season, and the gross receipt was £2. 9s. 6d.

If you possess one spark of feeling, or fancy, or imagination, or intellect, and desire that it should be extinguished, pass a week at Worthing. Such, altogether, is the place, that certain I am that if ever, by some wonderful revolution, Botany Bay should become the capital of the British Empire, Worthing is the spot to which its convicts will be transported.

My bed-room was a paradise — it was as quiet as the cell of a Trappist. Save the low murmuring of the sea, not a sound was to be heard. Beneath my window was a spacious lawn, enclosed within an iron fence, which seemed to promise protection from all manner of noise. Not even the rattling of a wheelbarrow could assail me. In the proud consciousness of security I composed myself to sleep. No dread of the morrow embittered my midnight hour, for, at length, a morning was to dawn for me, in whose ineffable soundlessness I might lose all memory of the agonies of the time past.

'Twas eleven o'clock when I awoke. The

sun was pouring his glorious rays full into my room. I arose. I approached the window. There was a palpable—I would say a *living* quiet in the air—it was exquisite. Not a human being was within sight. I looked again—yes—there was ONE! O Jupiter! 'Twas he!—the thing!—the fiend! There he was, with organ at his back, and marmot on his shoulder, clambering over the fence. He observed me and approached—and grinned—and took his station immediately beneath my window—and slowly, slowly drew his organ round to his side—and placed his hand on the winder—and paused—yes, for a moment the demon *paused*, and grinned again—O, that moment!—the power of respiration forsook me—the blood stood still in my veins—his hand began to move—it was inevitable—it came—the same, indubitable, incontrovertible, undeniable, "*Partant pour la Syrie.*" The window was small, and would not allow the passage of a chest of drawers which I would have hurled down upon his head:—tables—chairs—all were too large. I fled the house—the town. I went to Lancing—to Little Hampton—to the most sequestered places in the neighbourhood, but in vain. Wherever I

went, thither did he follow me, never allowing me four-and-twenty hours the start of him. Five years have passed away since then, and — Ha! here he is!

Is it to be endured? You, sir, are a painter; you are engaged on a study for your picture of Orpheus and Eurydice. A blind fiddler takes possession of your ears, and scatters your ideas to the winds. An hour must elapse before you can re-collect them.

You, sir, are a poet. Your Ode to St. Cecilia must be thrown aside till it shall please a Scotch bagpiper to allow you the exercise of your imagination.

You are a musician. The tinkling of that ill-tuned harp has put to flight a series of newly-imagined harmonies which you will never recover.

You are a Chancery-lawyer. You are considering a complicated question of tenure. Throw aside your parchments: you will make nothing of it while that sweet minstrel is croaking forth "*The Devil loves a Lawyer.*"

Is it not abominable that so much of your valuable time should absolutely be at the mercy of —.

"How!" says some drivelling philanthropist; "They must live!"

Away with misplaced humanity ! "I must live," was the apology offered to Cardinal Mazarin by a miscreant who lived by writing libels. I answer (in this case), with the Cardinal, "*Je n'en vois pas la necessité.*"

PREPARATIONS FOR PLEASURE;

OR,

A PIC-NIC.

WHEN, in matters of a thousand and a thousand times' recurrence, the result is invariably the same, it may fairly be taken for granted that chance has nothing to do in directing it: it must be considered as belonging to the very nature of the matter or thing itself; and to expect a different issue would be to expect a manifest impossibility.

With this truth for their guide, or rather, for their warning, how is it that speculators and projectors, who have witnessed the failure of their schemes and experiments five hundred times repeated, should still persist in renewing them in the very teeth of experience, reason, and common sense? How is it that Colonel Martingale, who has lost three fine fortunes at

play, and ought to be in possession of, at least, a plentiful stock of experience in exchange for his money, can so far delude himself with a new scheme for breaking all the tables in Europe, as even now to be offering for sale his only remaining property—the gold repeater worn by his late father, and his mother’s portrait by Sir Joshua, for two hundred pounds, wherewith to carry his infallible scheme into execution ? How is it that our friend Ranter, whose thirty-four tragedies have been rejected by all the theatres in London, should, at this moment, be engaged in the composition of the thirty-fifth ? Or, most marvellous and astonishing of all ! how could Mr. Claudius Bagshaw have conceived or imagined that his Pic-nic party, last year, to Twickenham Meadows, should turn out a pleasant thing ?

To give a Pic-nic party a fair chance of success, it must be almost impromptu : projected at twelve o’clock at night at the earliest, executed at twelve o’clock of the following day at the latest ; and even then the odds are fearfully against it.

The climate of England is not remarkable for knowing its own mind ; nor is the weather “ so fixed in its resolve ” but that a bright

August moon, suspended in a clear sky, may be lady-usher to a morn of fog, sleet, and drizzle. Then, again—but, this being tender ground, we will only hint at the possibility of such a change—a lady of the intended party might quit the drawing-room at night in the sweetest humour imaginable, and make her appearance at breakfast in a less amiable mood, or, perhaps, “prefer taking breakfast in her own room,”—from which notice husbands sometimes infer that such a change has taken place. Then, my gentleman may receive a post-letter bringing bad accounts of his partridges; or he may read in the newspaper of the failure of his banker; or—in short, twelve hours are a long time, and great and wondrous events may occur, all of them to the disadvantage of the party of pleasure.

But such an affair long prepared and carefully arranged!—why, it is of all the modes of human enjoyment the least satisfactory; and the greater the care, and the longer the preparation, the more disagreeable is the result. The experiment has been tried by hundreds and by thousands on each of the fifteen or twenty days of an English summer, and, invariably, with the same ill-success. The

quantum of pleasure derived has always been in an inverse ratio to the pains employed to procure it. Besides, Mr. Claudius Bagshaw knew, or he ought to have known, that (to use a phrase with which he was formerly familiar) it is unwise to draw at a long date upon a rickety firm ; and Madam Pleasure being in that predicament, the shorter you make your drafts the more likely is she to honour them : *à fortiori*, drafts at sight, without advice, are the best and surest.

But the fact is, Mr. Claudius Bagshaw could have thought nothing at all about the matter, or it must have occurred to him that, as an English Pic-nic never has succeeded, one never could succeed ; at all events, he would not, in defiance of “ the wisdom and experience of ages,” have commenced preparations on the third of July for a day’s pleasure on the twenty-fourth of August !

Mr. Claudius Bagshaw was, formerly, a silk-mercer in one of “ those pleasant, still, sequestered lanes” branching northward out of Cheapside. At an early period of his blameless life—(we confess our obligations to a tombstone for this interesting phrase,)—he married the daughter of a neighbouring warehouseman,

a lady whose charms were, at the time, extolled by the loving bridegroom in regular climax : she possessed accomplishments, beauty, virtue, and—eighteen hundred pounds. After some years of laudable industry, Mr. Bagshaw found himself master of a tolerable fortune ; and, moreover, being blest by not being plagued with any pledges of mutual affection, he very wisely considered that he and his lady might pass the rest of their lives very idly and pleasantly together. So, selling off his silks, satins, and velvets, lease, fixtures, and good-will, and investing the produce of the sale, along with his other moneys, in government securities, he retired into the country to live the life of a private gentleman.

The term “ country,” if largely defined, would mean “ a vast open tract of land remote from a populous city :” in a more restricted sense it means, simply, “ out of town.” Mr. Bagshaw, being satisfied with the latter definition, purchased an edifice, ycleped “ Lake-of-Lausanne Lodge ;”—a title, its right to which no one would have presumed to contest, so long as it stood alone in the centre of an extensive brick-field at the back of Euston Square, with a large muddy pond on one side, and Primrose

Hill bounding the prospect on the other ; but which seems to be somewhat inappropriate, now that it is built in on all sides by houses considerably higher than itself. However, we protest against holding Mr. Claudius Bagshaw accountable for this : in the present rage for building, the same accident might have occurred to him if he had betaken himself to the highest hill in Cumberland.

On the morning of the third of July, the Bagshaws were busy in their several after-breakfast occupations : he reading the *Morning Post*, (that being the paper he patronized as soon as he became a private gentleman,) the lady herborizing, botanizing, and ruralizing, in the garden. This garden, it is true, falls somewhat short of the flourishing description given of it in the catalogue of the auctioneer who knocked down the property to its present owner—"an extensive garden, well-stocked with fruit-trees and flowering shrubs ;" yet it is actually forty-two feet long by twenty feet wide, and contains two lilacs, one poplar, sundry pots of geraniums, pinks, and mignonne, two apple-trees, one ditto cherry, (which in compliment, no doubt, to their master and mistress, have never taken the liberty to be

blest with offspring,) and a peach-tree, which does annually contribute forty or fifty little hard knobs, not in the finest state for the table, but admirably adapted to the service of a minor piece of ordnance called a pop-gun. We are thus particular in describing the rural capabilities of this retreat, in order to show that if, except on great and remarkable occasions, the Bagshaws languished not for country more countrified than their own, it was not that they were insensible to the beauties of nature, but because "Lake-of-Lusanne Lodge," with its domain, its lilacs, apple-trees, &c. presented quite as many as any rational being ought to covet.

"How fortunate we shall be, dear," said Mr. Bagshaw, (who, having finished the reading of his newspaper, had proceeded to the window to observe his lady's horticultural pursuits)—"how happy we shall be, if the weather should be as fine on our wedding-day as it is to-day!"

"True, love," replied Mrs. Bagshaw; "but this is only the third of July, and, as the anniversary of our happy day is the twenty-fourth of August, the weather *may* change."

This proposition Mr. Bagshaw did not attempt to deny.

The Bagshaws were the happiest couple in the world. Being blest, as we have before observed, with the negative blessing of no offspring, the stream of their affections was not diverted into little channels, but ebbed and flowed in one uninterrupted tide reciprocally from bosom to bosom. They never disputed, they never quarrelled. Yes, they did sometimes, but then it was from a mutual over-anxiety to please. Each was afraid to pronounce a choice or a preference, lest it might be disagreeable to the other ; and hence there occasionally did arise little bickerings, and tiffings, and miffings, which were quite as unpleasant in their effects, and, sometimes, as difficult to settle, as quarrels originating in less amiable causes.

“ But,” said Mr. Bagshaw, referring to the barometer, “ the instrument for indicating the present state and probable changes of the weather still maintains its elevation ; and I tell you what, dear, if the weather should be *preposterous* on the twenty-fourth of August, suppose, instead of going into the North, as we did last year, we migrate into Kent or Surrey ?”

Now, lest the reader should imagine that

Mr. Claudius Bagshaw alluded to a journey to Northumberland, or contemplated a flight to Canterbury or Godalming, it is proper he should know that Mr. Bagshaw, since his retirement from business, had become a member of one of those March-of-intellect seminaries, which abound in and about London, for the improvement of grown gentlemen whose educations have been neglected:—"The Islington, Gray's-Inn-Lane, and New-Road Grand-Junction, Literary, Scientific, and Philosophical, Institution." The natural consequence of his association with this learned body was, that he never used a short word when he could press a long one into the service, though in most instances the word so kidnapped might fairly have pleaded the privilege of exemption; nor would he express himself, upon the most simple subject, in his old, intelligible, though not super-elegant, Cheapside phraseology, if he could contrive to find a philosophical term, or to construct a round-about sentence for the purpose. In short, to the original fool and ignoramus was superadded the pedant: so that if he wanted the warming-pan, he would say, "Bring me the contrivance for raising the temperature of the atmosphere of beds;" and now, when he

talked to Mrs. Bagshaw about the "North," and "Kent," and Surrey," he meant nothing in the world more than this: "Instead of dining at Hampstead, as we did last year, shall we go to Greenwich, or to Putney, and eat little fishes?"

"Whichever you like, love," was the lady's answer to the so-intended question.

"But I put it to your choice, dear."

"Either—or neither—please yourself, love, and you are sure you will please me."

"Psha! but it is for the gratification of your—or, more properly speaking, for your gratification, I submit to you an alternative for the purpose of election; and you know, Jane, I repudiate indifference, even as concerning or applying to trifles."

"You know, Claudius, we have but one wish, and that is to please each other; so do you decide."

"But, Mrs. Bagshaw, I must promulgate a request that—having, as I have, no desire but to please you—you will——"

"How, sir! would you force me to choose, when I am so obedient as to choose that you should have the choice entirely your own way? This treatment of me is monstrous!" And

here Mrs. Bagshaw did what it is usual and proper for ladies to do on such occasions—she burst into tears.

“Why then, Madam, to use a strong expression, I must say that——”

But a loud rap at the street-door prevented the utterance of an “expression,” the force of which would doubtless have humbled Mrs. Claudius Bagshaw down to the very dust.

“Claudius,” said the lady, hastily drying her eyes, “that is Uncle John’s knock. We’ll go to Gre—Put—Greenwich, love.”

“That’s well, dear; and be assured, love, that nothing is so adverse to the constitution of what Locke emphatically calls the human mind, philosophically considered, as to persevere in that state of indecision which—that—whereof——But we’ll not go to either; Uncle John shall select the locality.”

Uncle John was a bachelor of fifty-five, possessing twelve thousand pounds, a strong disinclination to part with any of them, a good heart, and a bad temper. His good heart was of no farther use than to prevent his doing any thing positively wicked or mischievous; while his bad temper, together with his twelve thousand pounds, which he intended to leave

to — none of his relations could tell — rendered him so great a tyrant in his small way, that to all, except those interested in submitting to him, his whims, caprices, and ill-humours, were, at times, intolerable. It must, however, be stated in his favour, that such times were chiefly when the weather was bad, or his stomach out of order. Upon this occasion, the sky being clear, and the digestive organs in condition, Uncle John appeared to the best advantage—he could.

“ Good morning t’ ye, good folks ; as usual, I perceive—billing and cooing.”

The Bagshaws had by this time got together in a corner of the garden, and were lovingly occupied in trimming the same pot of sweet-peas.

“ Quite the contrary, Uncle John,” said Mrs. Bagshaw. “ Claudius and I have just had one of our most desperate quarrels.”

And here the happy pair giggled, and exchanged looks, which were meant to imply that *their* most desperate quarrels were mere kittens’ play ; and that Uncle John did so interpret them, he made manifest by a knowing shake of his fore-finger.

“ The fact is, sir, Jane and I talk of comme-

morating the annual recurrence of the anniversary of our wedding-day, at some place a *leetle* farther in the country ; but our minds are in a perfect vacuum concerning the identity of the spot. Now, sir, will you reduce the place to a mathematical certainty, and be one of the party ?”

“ Why—um—no : these things are expensive ; we come home at night with a guinea a-piece less in our pockets, and I do n’t see the good of that.”

“ I have it !” cried Bagshaw ; “ we ’ll make it a pic-nic ; that *won’t* be expensive.”

“ Then I ’m with you, Bagshaw, with all my heart—and it shall be *al fresco*.”

“ There, or any where else you please, sir,” gravely replied the learned member of the Universal-Knowledge-Warehouse.

“ Uncle John means in the open air, Claudius ; that *will* be delightful.”

“ Charming !” rejoined Bagshaw ; “ and as one of our most celebrated writers, whose name I do not at this moment remember—in one of his most generally-esteemed works—the title of which I forget—says—and with that deep insight into the most secret workings of the human heart, for which he is so *very* super-

eminent—that a party, to be pleasant, should, in its component parts, numerically consist of a number not more restricted than the Muses, nor more exaggerated than the—the—what I mean is, that we must exercise some caution and research in respect of whom and of how many we invite to join us — Ay,”— (with a sudden recollection) — “the Muses and the Graces — *and* the Graces.”

Pray let it be remembered, in excuse for the member of the “Islington, Gray’s-Inn Lane and New - Road Grand - Junction Literary, Scientific, and Philosophical Institution,” that, although forty-nine years in the world, he was not by any means of so long standing in the *Belles Lettres*.

“And,” continued the learned member, “as we have plenty of time before us, let us use it to the best advantage, instantly commence preparations, beat up for recruits, and put our shoulders steadily to the wheel; and if, by a judicious distribution and application of labour—the first principle of all social compacts—if, I say, on the twenty-fourth of next August, we do not by that co-operation produce an aggregate of pleasure to be equally shared among the members of our little community—

without which equal division the bonds of society *must—break—asunder* ;—if, in short, we don't make the pleasantest thing of it that ever was, I'm greatly mistaken."

It may be inquired why Uncle John, who objected to the disbursement of a guinea for a day's pleasure, should so readily have yielded at the suggestion of a pic-nic. Uncle John possessed a neat little morocco pocket-case, containing a dozen silver spoons, and silver-handled knives and forks ; and, although we are told that these implements are of later invention than fingers, there is, nevertheless, a very general bias in their favour, for the purposes to which they are applied. Now, Uncle John being aware of the prevalence of their employment, it was for this reason he never objected to make one of a pic-nic party ; for whilst others contributed chickens, pigeon-pies, or wines, Uncle John invariably contributed—*the use* of his knives, forks, and spoons.

The whole morning was spent in debating on who should be invited to partake of this "pleasantest thing that ever was," and in examining into their several pretensions, and their powers of contributing to the amusements of the day ; when, at length, the honour of

nomination was conferred upon the persons following, and for the reasons assigned:—

Sir Thomas and Lady Grouts—because of their title, which would give an air to the thing—(Sir Thomas, formerly a corn-chandler, having been knighted for carrying up an address in the late reign.)

Miss Euphemia Grouts, daughter No. 1,—who would bring her guitar.

Miss Corinna Grouts, ditto No. 2,—because she would sing.

Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass,—Mr. Snodgrass being Vice-president of the Grand-Junction March-of-intellect Society.

Mr. Frederick Snodgrass, their son, (lately called to the Chancery bar),—who would bring his flute.

Messrs. Wrench and Son, (eminent dentists). The father to be invited because he was charming company, and the son, a dead bore, because the father would be offended if he were not. And, lastly,

Miss Snubbleston, a rich maiden lady of forty-four—for no other earthly qualification whatever than her carriage, which (to use Bagshaw's words,) “ would carry herself and *us three*, and also transplant a large portion

of the provender to the place of rendezvous."

Bagshaw having made out a fair copy of this list, somewhat in the shape of a bill of parcels, this, the first step towards the "pleasantest thing that ever was," was taken with entire satisfaction.

"Why, Bagshaw!" exclaimed Uncle John, who had cast up the numbers, "including our three selves, we shall be thirteen!"

The member of the institution perceived the cause of his alarm; but, having been lectured out of *prejudices* respecting matters of greater moment than this, he prepared a look of ineffable contempt as his only reply: however, happening to think of Uncle John's twelve thousand pounds, he suppressed it, and just contented himself with—"And what then, sir?"

"Why, *then*, sir, that is a risk I won't run; and, unless we can manage to—I have it! the very man. How came we to forget him! *The—very—man*. You know Jack Richards?"

The last four words were delivered in a tone implying the utter impossibility of any human creature being unacquainted with Jack Richards.

"Not in the least, sir; I never heard of him."

"What never heard of Ja——. The thing is impossible: every body knows Jack Richards. The very thing for us: such a wit! such a wag! he is the life and soul of every thing. Should be but be unengaged for the twenty-fourth of August! But he is so caught up I was invited to meet him at dinner last Sunday at Jones's, but he did n't come. Such a disappointment to us! However, I shall meet him on Thursday at the Times, if he should but keep his promise, and then——"

"But, uncle," said Mrs. Bagshaw, "had n't you better send him an invitation at once?"

"I'll do better still, my dear; I'll call at his lodgings, and, if I find him hanging loose, I'll bring him to dine with you to-day." Then, turning to Bagshaw, he added—"That a man like *you* should n't know Jack Richards is surprising!"

As this was evidently pointed at Mr. Claudius Bagshaw in his capacity of member of a learned body, Bagshaw pursed up his mouth into a mock-modesty smile, and slightly bowed.

Off went Uncle John in quest of Jack Richards; and, that the pleasantest thing in the

world might not suffer by delay, off went Mr. Bagshaw to apprise the Snodgrasses, the Groutses, and the rest of the nominees ; and—more important still !—off went the lady to the poulterers, to inquire whether he was likely to have any nice pigeons for a pie, about the 23d of next month.

The dinner-hour arrived and so did Uncle John, but with a face of unspeakable woe.

“ I feared how it would be.”

“ What ! can’t he be with us on the twenty-fourth ?” inquired both the Bagshaws at the same instant.

“ He will if he can, but he won’t promise. But to-day ! — However, it serves us right ; we were unwise to indulge a hope of his coming at so short a notice. He has almost engaged himself to you for Sunday fortnight, though. What a creature it is ! he has given me such a pain in the side !”

“ Something he said that almost killed you with laughing :—repeat it, uncle, repeat it.”

“ Why, no, he did n’t say any thing particular ; but he has a knack of poking one in the ribs, in his comical way, and sometimes he hurts you.”

We intended to describe Jack Richards at

length ; Uncle John's accidental notice of this trait has, most probably, rendered that trouble unnecessary. Indeed, we feel that we need scarcely add to it, that he can sing a "devilish good song" — (and every body knows what is meant by that)—and imitate Mathews's imitations of the actors, not even excepting *his* imitation of Tate Wilkinson's imitation of Garrick.

Excepting the uncertainty about Jack Richards, the result of the morning's occupation was satisfactory. Bagshaw, still retaining his old, business-like habits of activity and industry, had contrived to wait upon every person named in the list, all of whom had promised their attendance ; and Mrs. Bagshaw had received from the poulterer a positive assurance that he would raise heaven and earth to supply her with pigeons on the 23d of the ensuing August !

The next day was spent by Bagshaw, at his Institution, in *doubting* over a "map of twenty miles round London," and noting down the names of several of the best-known villages and rural towns ; and the two or three days following that, in studying, and re-studying, and taking extracts from all the "Guides," and "Descriptions," and "Brief Histories,"

and "Beauties of ——," which that learned establishment contained. He was resolved that no pains should be spared, on his part, to contrive a pleasant day. But, amidst the profusion of "lovely spots," his mind became bewildered. To use Othello's phrase, he was "perplexed in the extreme;" to use his own, (in reply to an inquiry of Mrs. Bagshaw's as to what place he had determined upon,) he was "like a specimen of the feline tribe introduced into an emporium for the exhibition and sale of the intestines of oxen;"—which, ere he became a member of the Institution with a long name, would have been, simply, "like a cat in a tripe-shop." At length he had recourse to the notable expedient of summoning a committee of the whole house, that each one might deliver his or her opinion for or against any place suggested.

Uncle John thought that his nephew was making mountains of mole-hills, and that one person had better undertake the whole arrangement; but Bagshaw made no doubt he should be able to prove, "both synthetically and anti-thetically," (we have already made a sufficient apology for the learned member's occasional blunders,) "that too much pains and labour

could not be bestowed upon the arranging of a party of pleasure : that it was *imperious* upon them to bring the full force of their intellects to bear upon each individual point : and that—in short—a perfectly delightful day *must* be the consequence of such omniscient and simultaneous efforts.”

Committees were forthwith summoned.

First, a committee to consider of the whereabouts. At this, after an evening of polite squabbling, which had nearly put an end to the project altogether, Twickenham Meadows received the honour of selection—*nem. con.* as Bagshaw said.

Next—lest it should happen as it did once happen, for want of such preconcert, that a picnic party of ten found themselves at their place of meeting with ten fillets of veal and ten hams—Bagshaw called a committee of “provender.” Here it was settled that the Snodgrasses should contribute four chickens and a tongue ; the Bagshaws, their pigeon-pie ; Wrench and Son, a ham ; Sir Thomas Grouts, a hamper of his own *choice* wine ; Miss Snubbleston, a basket of fruit and pastry ; Uncle John, his silver spoons, knives and forks ; and Jack Richards—his charming company.

Lastly came the committee for general purposes!! At this important meeting it was agreed that the party proceed to Twickenham by water: that, to save the trouble of loading and unloading, Miss Snubbleston's carriage convey the hampers, &c. direct to the place appointed—the said carriage, moreover, serving to bring the ladies to town, should the evening prove cold: that, for the *water-music*, the following programme be adopted:—

I. On reaching Vauxhall Bridge, the concert to commence with Madam Pasta's grand scena in "Medea," previous to the murder of the children—by Miss Corinna Grouts.

II. Nicholson's grand flute-concerto in five sharps, by Mr. Frederick Snodgrass.

III. The Dead March in "Saul," with variations, guitar, by Miss Euphemia Grouts.

IV. Sweet Bird; accompaniment, flute obligato, Miss C. G. and Mr. F. S.—and,

V. The Dettingen Te Deum, (arranged for three voices, by Mr. F. S.) to be sung by Miss Euphemia, Miss Corinna, and Mr. Frederick Snodgrass. (The "interstices of the concert," as Mr. Bagshaw called the intervals, to be filled up by the amusing talents of the elder Wrench and Uncle John's friend.)

And, lastly, it was settled that the company do assemble at Mr. Bagshaw's on the morning of the 24th of August, at ten o'clock *precisely*, in order to have the advantage of the tide both ways.

A short time prior to the eventful day, the weather being remarkably fine, and the Bagshaws having nothing better to do, Mr. Claudius suddenly proposed to his lady that they should "go and dine *promiscuously* at Richmond." Scarcely had they arrived ere they met the Snodgrasses ! and, presently after, the Groutses ! who had also been seduced by the fine weather to take a jaunt out of town at the spur of the moment ! Well ; they rambled about, up the hill and down the hill, strolled about the meadows, went on the water, dined together at the Castle (the best and pleasantest house in all England), talked and laughed and were happy, and returned home, pleased with their trip, each other, and themselves.

"If we have enjoyed so pleasant a day without any preparation for it," said Mr. Claudius Bagshaw, "what a delightful day *shall* we have on the 24th, after all the pains we have taken to make it so !" Alas ! poor Mr. Claudius Bagshaw !

It was now within three days of the important 24th. Mr. Bagshaw, who had been appointed to hire a boat, and make the most economical arrangement he could about the fare, went down to Westminster Bridge. He was instantly surrounded by a dozen of the gentlemen who habitually congregate at that place.

“Boat, your honour — all ready, your honour.”

Mr. Bagshaw explained.

He came “to engage a boat, barge, or other aquatic vehicle, of sufficient capacity to convey a party of fourteen to Twickenham and back : — what would be the remuneration required ? ”

A stout, impudent, half-drunken, fellow thrust himself forward, shouting, “I ’m your man for five guineas.”

Mr. Bagshaw’s only reply to this was, “You are an extortionate scoundrel.”

Hereupon, the “jolly young waterman ” struck Mr. Bagshaw a violent blow on the right eye. Mr. Bagshaw proceeded to the nearest police-office, and stated his complaint ; in consequence of which a warrant was issued to bring up the offender on the following morn-

ing. The following morning Mr. Bagshaw, wearing a green shade (his right eye being much swollen, and the other considerably inflamed), appeared before the magistrate, and, with much literary, scientific, and philosophical circumlocution, repeated his charge. The waterman, however, declaring that the complainant began by using very ungentle language to him; and five others of the craft, swearing point-blank *that the complainant struck the first blow!* the magistrate was *clearly* of opinion that complainant was the aggressor: that the parties had better settle the affair out of doors:—still, if the waterman insisted on prosecuting, he, the magistrate, was bound to hold Mr. Bagshaw to bail. The parties retired, and the waterman consented to abandon all farther proceedings, “on condition as how the gentleman would give him a five-pound note!”

There are few misfortunes under which a wise man will not find some topic of consolation; and Claudius Bagshaw consoled himself with the reflection that a *really* pleasant day is not attainable but at some little inconvenience.

Restless and impatient though you be, depend upon it there is not a day of the whole three hundred and sixty-five will put

itself in the slightest degree out of the way, or appear one second before its appointed time, for your gratification. Oh ! that people would consider this, and wait events with patience ! Certainly Mr. Bagshaw did not. The night of the 23rd to him appeared an age. His repeater was in his hand every ten minutes. He thought the morning would never dawn, but he was mistaken : it did ; and as fine a morning as if it had been made on purpose to favour his excursion.

By six o'clock he was drest ! By eight the contributions from all the members had arrived, and were ranged in the passage. There was their own pigeon-pie, carefully packed in brown paper and straw ; Sir Thomas's hamper of his own choice wine ; and the rest. Every thing promised fairly. The young ladies and Mr. Frederick had had thirty rehearsals of their grand arias and concertos, and were perfect to a demi-semiquaver ; Jack Richards would *certainly* come ; and the only drawback upon Mr. Bagshaw's personal enjoyment—but nothing in this world is perfect !—was the necessity he was under of wearing his green shade, which would totally deprive him of the pleasure of contemplating the beauties of the

Thames' scenery; a thing he had set his heart upon.

Nine struck—Ten! "No one here yet!" sighed Bagshaw; "Jane, my love, we shall infallibly lose the tide." And for the next quarter of an hour the place of the poor repeater was so insecure.

A knock! Mr. and Mrs. Snodgrass and Mr. Frederick.—Another! The whole family of the Grangers.—Next came Mr. Charles Wrench.

"Eh, as! Mr. Charles," said Bagshaw, "where is your father?"

Now Mr. Wrench senior, was an agreeable old denizen,* always gay, generally humorous, sometimes witty: he could *sketch* characters as well as *draw* teeth; and, on occasions of this kind, was invaluable. The son was a mere—*junior*: a silly, simpering, well-dressed young gentleman, the owner of not more than

* We know not whether Mr. Wrench was the inexpert operator who once produced a tragic play written in blank verse. If so, it is probable that it was upon him the following epigram was made. At any rate, we will venture to insert his name in it.

Oh Wrench! thou art a versatile genius, in sooth!

Now character-drawing, now drawing a tooth!

Now thy words and pliers claim equal applause.

For when put in one's mouth, they both shatter one's jaws.

the eighth part of an idea, and of a very fine set of teeth, which he constantly exhibited like a sign or advertisement of his shop. Appended to every thing he uttered were a preface and postscript, in the form of a sort of billy-goat grin.

“He! he! he! he! fayther regrets emezingly he caint come, being called to attind the Duchess of Dilborough. He! he! he! he!” As we have already said that it was in pure compliment to the father that the son was invited, and not at all for the sake of his own company, his presence was a grievous aggravation of the disappointment.

The next knock announced Miss Snubbleston. But where was her carriage? Why, it had been newly varnished, and they might scratch her panels with the hampers: and then she was afraid of her springs. So here was Miss Snubbleston without her carriage (for the convenience of which alone had she been invited), considered, by the rest, in exactly the same light as young Mr. Wrench without old Mr. Wrench—*id est*, a damper. A new arrangement was the necessary consequence; and the baskets, under the superintendence of a servant, were jolted down in

a hackney-coach, to be embarked at Westminster.

But Miss Snubbleston brought with her a substitute which was by no means a compensation. Cupid, her wretched, little, barking, yelping, Dutch pug, had eaten something that had disagreed with him, and his fair mistress would not, "for worlds," have left him at home whilst he was so indisposed. Well; no one chose to be the first to object to the intruder, so Cupid was received.

"But where *can* Uncle John and his friend be? We shall lose the tide, that's certain," was scarcely uttered by Mr. Bagshaw, when in came our Uncle, together with the long expected Jack Richards. The usual introductions over, Mr. Richards saluted every body with the self-sufficient swagger of a vulgar lion.

"The day smiles auspicious, sir," said Bagshaw, who thought it requisite he should throw off something fine to so celebrated a person.

"Smile? a broad grin *I* call it, sir."

And here was a general laugh. "Oh, excellent!"—"Capital!"

Uncle John, proud of his friend, whispered in Bagshaw's ear, "You see, Jack's beginning."

And now, hats and gloves were in motion.

"You have got your flute, Frederick?" inquired Mrs. Snodgrass.

"Yes, mother," was the reply.

"Lau! Ma'," cried Miss Corinna, "if I have n't come without 'Sweet bird,' and my scena from 'Medea,' I declare."

As these were indispensable to the amusements of the day, a servant was despatched for them. He would n't be gone longer than half an hour.

"Half an hour!" thought Bagshaw; "'tis eleven now; and the tide ——"

But the servant was absent a few minutes beyond the half hour, and poor Bagshaw suffered severely from that gnawing impatience, amounting almost to pain, which every mother's son of us has experienced upon occasions of greater — or less importance than this.

They were again at the very point of starting, when a message was brought to Mrs. Snodgrass that little Master Charles had cut his thumb dreadfully! What was to be done? Mrs. Snodgrass vowed she shouldn't be easy in her mind the whole day, unless she knew the extent of the mischief; and as they *only*

lived in Euston Square, and she could be there and back again in twenty minutes, she would herself go see what really was the matter : and away she went.

Twenty minutes ! — During all this time, Bagshaw—but who would attempt to describe anguish indescribable ! At length he was relieved by the return of Mrs. Snodgrass ; but, to the horror and consternation of himself and of all present, she introduced the aforesaid Master Charles—an ugly, ill-tempered, blubbering little brat of seven years old, with a bloated red face, scrubby white hair, and red eyes ; and with the interesting appendage of a thick slice of bread-and-butter in his hand.

“ I’m sure you’ll pardon this liberty,” said the affectionate Mamma ; “ but poor Charley has cut himself very much, and he would not be pacified till I consented to take him with us. He has promised to be very good. There, don’t cry any more, darling ! ” And, accordingly, the urchin roared with tenfold vigour.

There were no particular manifestations of joy at this arrival ; and it is just possible, although nothing was uttered to that effect, that there did exist a general and cordial wish that young Master Snodgrass were sprawling

at the bottom of the deepest well in England. Uncle John, indeed, did mutter something about "the pug and the child — two such nuisances — people bringing their brats into grown-up company!"

At length the procession set out; the Bagshaws, Uncle John, and Jack Richards, bringing up the rear in a hackney-coach.

On reaching the corner of the street, Mrs. Bagshaw called out to the driver to stop.

"What is the matter, dear?" said Bagshaw.

"Your eye-lotion, love."

"Well, never mind that, sweet."

"Claudius, I shall be miserable if you go without it. Dr. Nooth desired you would use it every two hours. I must insist — now, for my sake, love — Such an eye as he has got, Mr. Richards!"

So away went Bagshaw to Lake-of-Lusanne Lodge for the lotion, which, as it always happens when folks are in a hurry, it took him a quarter of an hour to find.

They were now fairly on the road.

"What a smell of garlick!" exclaimed Uncle John; "it is intolerable!"

"Dear me!" said Mr. Richards, "do you

perceive it ? 'Tis a fine Italian sausage I bought at Morel's, as my contribution. We shall find it an excellent relish in the country;" and he exhibited his purchase, enveloped in a brown paper.

"Pha! shocking! 'tis a perfect nuisance! Put it into your pocket again, or throw it out at window." But Mr. Richards preferred obeying the first command.

"Apropos of contributions, Uncle, have you brought your spoons?"

"Here they are," replied Uncle; at the same time drawing from his pocket a parcel in size and form very closely resembling Mr. Richards's offensive contribution.

On arriving at Westminster Bridge, they found the rest of the party already seated in the barge, and the first sound that saluted their ears was an intimation that, owing to their being two hours behind time (it was now past twelve), they should hardly save the tide. "I knew it would be so," said Bagshaw, with more of discontent than he had thought to experience, considering the pains he had taken that every thing should be well-ordered.

As Uncle John was stepping into the boat, Richards, with great dexterity, exchanged parcels with him, putting the Italian sausage into

Uncle John's pocket and the spoons into his own; enhancing the wit of the manœuvre by whispering to the Bagshaws, who, with infinite delight, had observed it, "Hang me but he shall have enough of the garlick!" The old gentleman was quite unconscious of the operation, as Richards adroitly diverted his attention from it by giving him one of his facetious pokes in the ribs, which nearly bent him double, and drew a roar of laughter from every one else.

Just as they were pushing off, their attention was attracted by a loud howling. It proceeded from a large Newfoundland dog, which was standing at the water's edge.

"Confound it!" cried Richards, "that's my Carlo! He has followed me, unperceived, all the way from home—I would not lose him for fifty pounds. I must take him back—pray put me ashore. This is very provoking—though he is *a very quiet dog!*"

There was no mistaking this hint. Already were there two nuisances on board—Master Charles and the Dutch pug; but, as they were to choose between Jack Richards with his dog, or no Jack Richards, (or, in other words, no 'life and soul of the party,') it was presently decided that Carlo should be invited to a seat

on the hampers, which were stowed at the head of the boat—Uncle John having first extracted from Mr. Richards an assurance that their new guest would lie there as still as a mouse. This complaisance was amply rewarded by a speedy display of Mr. Richards's powers of entertainment. As soon as they reached the middle of the river, Jack Richards suddenly jumped up, for the purpose of frightening Miss Snubbleston; a jest at which every body else would have laughed, had not their own lives been endangered by it. Even his great admirer suggested to him that once of that was enough.

His next joke was of a more intellectual character. Though he had never till this day seen Sir Thomas, he had heard something about his former trade.

“What is the difference between Lord Eldon and Sir Thomas Grouts?” inquired Jack Richards.

Nobody could tell.

“One is an ex-chancellor—the other is an ex-chandler,” replied Jack Richards to his own query.

Every body laughed, except the Grouts family.

This was succeeded by another thrust in

Uncle John's side ; after which came a pun, which we shall not record, as the effect of it was to force the ladies to cough and look into the water, the gentlemen to look at each other, and Mrs. Snodgrass to whisper Mrs. Bagshaw, " Who is this Mr. Richards ? "

Indeed, there would have been no end to his pleasantries, had they not been interrupted by a request that Miss Corinna would open the concert, as they were fast approaching Vauxhall Bridge. Mr. Bagshaw (looking at the programme, which he had drawn out on paper ruled with red and blue lines,) objected to this, as it would disturb the previous arrangement, according to which the concert was not to commence till they were *through* the bridge. This objection was overruled, and the fair Corinna unrolled the music, for which the servant had been despatched with so much haste. Miss Corinna screamed !

" What is the matter ? " inquired her alarmed Mamma.

" They have not sent the grand scena from ' Medea,' after all, but a wrong piece ! And the pains I have taken to be perfect in it ! "

" Could not Miss Corinna sing it from memory ? " inquired some one of the party.

“Impossible !”

“How careless of you, Corinna ! Then sing what they have sent.”

“Why, Ma’,” said Corinna, with tears in her eyes, and holding up the unfortunate sheets, “why, bless me, Ma’, I can’t sing the overture to ‘Der Freyschütz !’ ”

The difficulty of such a performance being readily admitted, Mr. Frederick Snodgrass declared himself “but too happy” to comply with the call for his concerto in five sharps, which stood next on the list ; and, with the air of one well satisfied that an abundance of admiration and applause would reward his efforts, he drew forth his flute, when, lo ! one of the joints was missing ! This accident was nearly fatal to the musical entertainments of the day ; for not only was the concerto thereby rendered impracticable, but “Sweet bird,” with the flute accompaniment obligato, was put *hors de combat*.

Disappointment having, by this, been carried to its uttermost bounds, the announcement that two strings of the guitar had “gone” was received with an indifference almost stoical ; and every one was grateful to Miss Euphemia for so *willingly* undertaking (the whispered

menaces of Lady Grouts being heard by nobody but the young lady herself,) to do all that could be done under such untoward circumstances. She would endeavour to accompany herself through a little ballad; and thus it proceeded:—

O leave me (*twang*) to my sorrow, (*twang twang*)

“ Dear me !”

—For my soul (*twang*)

“ Div’l take it !”

—is heavy (*twang*) to-day; (*twang twang*)

“ I told you, Mamma, I could n’t.”

—O leave me (*twang*)

“ There ’s another string gone !”

—and to-morrow (*twang*)

“ You see it is nothing without an accompaniment.”

These dark clouds (*twang*)

“ You really must excuse me ;”—and away went the guitar.

Mr. Claudius Bagshaw, with all his literature, science, and philosophy, now, for the first time, wondered how anything could fail, so much trouble having been taken to ensure success. Drawing forth his repeater, he a-hem’d ! and just muttered, “ Unaccountable ! Hem ! upon my word ! One o’clock, and no pleasure yet !”

"One o'clock!" echoed his spouse; "then 'tis time for your eye, dear!" and Bagshaw was compelled not only to suffer his damaged optics to be dabbled by his tormentingly-affectionate wife, but to submit again to be hood-winked, in spite of his intreaties to the contrary, and his pathetic assurances that he had not yet seen a bit of the prospect; a thing he had set his heart upon.

Now occurred a dead silence of some minutes. A steam-boat rushed by. Bagshaw seized this opportunity to make a display of his scientific acquirements; and this he did with the greater avidity, as he had long wished to astonish Vice-president Snodgrass. Besides, in the event of his offering to deliver a course of lectures at the Institution, the Vice-president might bear evidence to his capabilities for the purpose—his acquaintance not only with the facts, but with the terms of science. Whether those terms were always correctly applied, we confess ourselves not sufficiently learned to pronounce.

"How wondrous is the science of mechanism! how variegated its progeny, how simple, yet how compound! I am propelled to the consideration of this subject by having optically

perceived that ingenious nautical instrument, which has just now flown along like a mammoth, that monster of the deep ! You ask me how are steam-boats propagated ? in other words, how is such an infinite and immoveable body inveigled along its course ? I will explain it to you. It is by the power of friction : that is to say, the two wheels, or paddles, turning diametrically, or at the same moment, on their axioms, and repressing by the rotundity of their motion the action of the menstruum in which the machine floats—water being, in a philosophical sense, a powerful non-conductor—it is clear that, in proportion as is the revulsion so is the progression ; and as is the centrifugal force, so is the——”

“ Pooh !” cried Uncle John, “ let us have some music.”

“ I have an apprehension, Bagshaw,” said the Vice-president—“ though I should not presume to dispute with you—that you are wrong in your theory of the centrifugal force of the axioms. However, we will discuss that point at the Grand-Junction. But come, Frederick, the ‘ Dettingen Te Deum.’ ”

Frederick and the young ladies having, by many rehearsals, perfected themselves in the

performance of this piece, instantly complied. Scarcely had they reached the fourth bar, when Jack Richards, who had not for a long time perpetrated a joke, produced a harsh, brassy-toned, German Eolina, and

“ Blew a blast so loud and shrill,”

that the Dutch pug began to bark, Carlo to howl, and the other nuisance, Master Charles, to cry. The German Eolina was of itself bad enough, but these congregated noises were intolerable. Uncle John aimed a desperate blow with a large apple, which he was just about to bite, at the head of Carlo, who, in order to give his lungs fair play, was standing on all-fours on the hampers. The apple missed the dog, and went some distance beyond him into the water. Mr. Carlo, attributing to Uncle John a kinder feeling than that which actually prompted the proceeding, looked upon it as a good-natured expedient to afford him an opportunity of adding his mite to the amusements of the day, by displaying a specimen of his training. Without waiting for a second hint, he plunged into the river, seized the apple, and paddling up to the side of the boat with the prize triumphantly exhibited in his jaws, to the consternation of the whole party

he scrambled in between Uncle John and his master, dropped the apple upon the floor, distributed a copious supply of Thames' water amongst the affrighted beholders, squeezed his way through them as he best could, and, with an air of infinite self-satisfaction, resumed his place on the hampers.

Had Mr. Jack Richards, the owner of the dog, been at the bottom of the Thames a week before this delightful 24th, not one of the party, Mr. Richards himself excepted, would have felt in the slightest degree concerned ; but since, with a common regard to politeness, they could not explicitly tell him so, they contented themselves with bestowing upon Mr. Carlo every term of opprobrium, every form of execration, which good-manners would allow — leaving it to the sagacity of “the life and soul of the company” to apply them to himself, if so it might be agreeable to him. Poor fellow ! he felt the awkwardness of his situation, and figuratively, as well as literally speaking, this exploit of his dog threw a *damp* upon him, as it had done upon every one else.

For some time the Pic-nics pursued their way in solemn silence. At length, Bagshaw, perceiving that there would be very little plea-

sure if matters were allowed to go on in this way, exclaimed—

“An intelligent observer, not imbued with the knowledge of our intentions, would indicate us to be a combination of perturbed spirits, rowed by Charon across the river Tiber.”

In cases of this kind, the essential is to break the ice. Conversation was now resumed.

“Ah! ha!” said the Vice-president, “Sion House.”

“The residuum of the Northumberlands,” said Claudius; “one of the most genealogical and antique families in England.”

And here, having put forth so much classical and historical lore, almost in a breath, he marked his own satisfaction by a short, single cough. The Vice-president *said* nothing, but he thought to himself, “There is much more in this Bagshaw than I suspected.”

Jack Richards was up again.

“Come, what’s done can’t be helped; but, upon my soul! I am sorry at being the innocent cause of throwing cold water on the party.”

“Cold water, indeed! look at me, sir,” said Miss Snubbleston, with tears in her eyes, and exhibiting her *ci-devant* shoulder-of-mutton sleeves, which, but half an hour before, as stiff

and stately as starch could make them, were now hanging loose and flabby about her skinny arms.

“Too bad, Jack, to bring that cursed Carlo of your’s!” exclaimed Uncle John. Carlo, perceiving that he was the subject of conversation, was instantly on his legs, his eye steadily fixed upon Uncle John, evidently expecting a signal for a second plunge. The alarm was general, and every tongue joined in the scream of “Lie down, sir! lie down!”

Uncle John, whose nostrils had been more than once offended by the odour from his friend’s garlick sausage, and who had on each and every such occasion vented an exclamation of disgust, to the great amusement of Mr. Richards, (who chuckled with delight to think of the exchange he had secretly effected,) here, in the very middle of the stream, resolved to rid himself of the annoyance. Unperceived by any one, he gently drew the parcel from Richards’s coat-pocket, and let it drop into the water! Like King Richard’s pierced coffin, once in, it soon found the way to the bottom. Uncle John could scarcely restrain his inclination to laugh aloud; however, he contrived to assume an air of indifference, and whistled part of a tune.

At Richmond, whilst waiting the return of one of the watermen, who had been sent ashore to procure a few bottles of Collins's famous Richmond ale, the party had time to contemplate and remark upon the beauty of the surrounding scene.

"Bagshaw," observed the Vice-President, "I was not till lately aware that that charming bridge was originally built on a tontaine."

"You might have known that," with an oracular air replied the member of the Joint-Stock Knowledge-Society; "you might have known that by the form of the arches."

Arrived at Twickenham, the boatmen were ordered to pull up to a beautiful meadow, sloping down to the water's edge. 'T was the very thing for them! In an instant they were all ashore; and the hampers were placed near a large tree, beneath whose spreading boughs they resolved to take their rural meal.

The invention of eating and drinking is one of which much may be said both *pro* and *con*.

That it is excessively vulgar we at once admit; but, there is this in its favour, that the near prospect of a good dinner does much towards the restoration of suspended harmony; and savage must be his heart, his very nature

uncharitable and unforgiving, who feels no touch of kindness for, or sympathy with, his fellow-creatures at the sound of the dinner-bell. The beneficial effect of the approaching repast was evident now. They shook hands with each other ; spoke with some degree of composure of the failure of the concert ; alluded to their wetting as a mere trifle ; caressed Carlo ; refrained from throwing the yelping, barking, Dutch pug into the Thames ; and some of them even patted the scrubby white head of Master Charles.

“ Well,” said Bagshaw, “ I knew our pains and trouble would be rewarded ; we *shall* have a pleasant day, after all.”

They were just preparing to open their packages when a servant came running towards them.

“ Beg pardon, gentlemen ; do n’t you see that post ?” And he directed their attention to a sign-board bearing the hospitable notice that any person, or persons, landing to dine in those meadows, would be prosecuted.

“ But,” said Bagshaw, “ what damage or deterioration of property can we possibly inflict ? ”

“ Don’t know, sir ; but Sir Gregory Grumpy

does not like his grass to be greased all over with ham and chicken."

Remonstrance was in vain; so they re-embarked their "provender" and themselves, and pulled farther up the river. Bagshaw looked at his repeater, and shook his head.

The next place at which they attempted a landing was equally prohibited, though the prohibition appeared in the more polite form of an invitation: "You are requested *not* to dine here."

Now, with respect to these prohibitions, as about eating and drinking, something may be said on both sides. Neither Mr. Bagshaw, nor any of his party, (with the exception, perhaps, of Jack Richards,) would have pulled up the grass, or mutilated the trees, or broken down the hedges, or poked their noses in at Sir Gregory Grumpy's dining-room windows; but we know that certain persons have committed such indiscretions: and that is the best excuse we can imagine for what would otherwise appear to be a churlish proceeding.

At last, however, they discovered an undefended spot, and of this they took possession.

There was no time to lose—they had had no pleasure yet—so Bagshaw entreated that every

one would "put his shoulder to the wheel, and be on the *qui-va-là*." In an instant a large heavy hamper was landed, but, as in compliance with Bagshaw's request, every one did something to *help*, a scene of confusion was the consequence, and numerous pieces of crockery were invalidated ere the cloth was properly spread, and the dishes, plates, and glasses distributed.

But for the feast.

Mr. Snodgrass's basket was opened, and out of it were taken four remarkably fine chickens, and a tongue—uncooked ! There was but one mode of accounting for this trifling omission. Mr. Snodgrass's Betty was a downright, matter-of-fact person, who obeyed orders to the very letter. Having been told, the day before, to get four fine chickens *for* roasting, together with a tongue, and to pack them, next morning, in a basket, she did so literally and strictly ; but, as she had received no distinct orders to dress them, to have done so she would have deemed an impertinent departure from her instructions.

Well ; since people in a high state of civilization, like Mr. Claudius Bagshaw and his friends, cannot eat raw chickens, they did the

only thing they could under the circumstances — they grumbled exceedingly, and put them back again into the basket. This was a serious deduction in the important point of quantity, and Uncle John felt a slight touch of remorse at having thrown, as he thought, his friend's Italian sausage into the Thames. However, there was still provision in the garrison.

But the run of luck in events, as at a game of whist, may be against you ; and, when it is so, be assured that human prudence and foresight (remarkable as even Mrs. Bagshaw's, who bespoke her pigeons seven weeks before she wanted them,) avail but little.

When the packages were first stowed in the boat, the pigeon-pie was inadvertently placed at the bottom, and every thing else, finishing with the large heavy hamper of crockery, with Carlo on that, upon it : so that when it was taken up it appeared a chaotic mass of pie-crust, broken china, pigeons, brown paper, beefsteak, eggs, and straw ! ”

“ Now, this is enough to provoke a saint,” said Bagshaw ; and no one attempting to deny the position, with this salvo for his own character of philosophic patience he indulged himself in the full expression of his vexation and

sorrow. After a minute examination, he declared the pie to be "a complete squash," and that nobody could venture to eat it but at the imminent risk of being choked. As he was about to throw it over the hedge, Miss Snubbleston, seized with an unusual fit of generosity, called out to him :

"What *are* you doing ? Though it is n't fit for us to eat, it will be quite a treat to the poor watermen. I dare say, poor souls, they do n't often get pigeon-pie."

But the good genius of Mr. Carlo prevailed ; and the truth of the adage, " 'T is an ill wind that blows nobody good," was confirmed in his mind as he found himself busily employed in the ingenious operation of separating pigeon from porcelain. It was, doubtless, extremely ill-bred in one dog not to invite another, and Cupid expressed his sense of the slight by a long-continued yell, which drew down upon him, from the equally disappointed bipeds of the company, sundry wishes, the positive accomplishment of which would not have tended much to his personal happiness.

The next basket was opened. Things were not altogether in a desperate state. Mr. Wrench's ham was in perfect order, and that,

with Miss Snubbleston's salad, and some bread and —— Could it be possible ! After so much preparation, and Mr. Bagshaw's committee of "provender" to boot, that no one should have thought of so obvious a requisite as bread ! There would not be time to send Mr. Bagshaw to Twickenham town to procure some, for it was getting late ; and, if they lost the tide, they would be on the water till midnight, and they did not like the appearance of the sky, which was by no means so blue as it had hitherto been. However, the want of bread did not *much* signify : they could make shift with Miss Snubbleston's biscuits and pound-cakes. But Uncle John did not come out on an excursion of pleasure to make shift ; no more did Bagshaw, nor more did any of the others. There was nothing else to be done : so where is Miss Snubbleston's basket ?—And where is Master Charles ?—Gracious !—Do n't be alarmed, the precious rarity is in no danger. He was soon discovered behind a tree, whither he had dragged the fruit and cakes, and was engaged with all his might and main in an endeavour, with a piece of stick, to force out an apple. In this attempt, as it was presently seen, the interesting child had cracked a bottle,

the contents of which—merely a preparation of oil, vinegar, and mustard, for the salad—were quietly dribbling through the pound-cakes, biscuits, and fruit. Similar aspirations to those which had lately been so cordially expressed for the Dutch pug were now most devoutly formed in behalf of Master Charles.

“This comes of people bringing their plaguy brats with them,” said Uncle and Bradshaw.

While this scene was going on, Jack Richards, perceiving that the service of the table was incomplete, bethought him of Uncle John’s silver-handled knives and forks, and spoons. He felt first in one pocket, then in the other ; then he ran down to search the boat, then he rummaged the baskets.

“Jack, my boy,” hallooed Uncle John, “do n’t trouble yourself, you ’ll never see *that* again.”

“What, sir ? ”

“I could not bear the smell of it any longer, so I slyly drew it out of your pocket, and dextrously let it fall into the deepest part of the Thames.”

And here Uncle John chuckled, and looked about him for applause.

“Bless me, sir ! Do n’t say so—why—bless

my heart!—you don't know!—before we got into the boat, I put the sausage into your pocket, and your case of cutlery into my own!”

There was a general burst of laughter against Uncle John. He turned as pale as — nay, paler than any thing that has ever yet been dragged into the comparison. For an instant he stood stock-still, then thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth the unfortunate substitute, and at the same time exclaiming, “D——ation!” dashed it violently to the ground. He next buttoned his coat from the bottom to the top, pulled down his cuffs, whispered to his no-longer-admired Jack Richards — “You shall hear from me, Mister ——;” and, saying aloud to Bagshaw, “This comes of your confounded party of pleasure, sir,” away he went, and returned to town outside a Twickenham coach: resolving by the way to call out *that* Mr. Richards, and to eject the Bagshaws from the snug corner they held in his last will and testament.

This explosion seemed to have banished pleasure for that day. They were all, more or less, out of humour; and, instead of making the best of things, as they had hitherto done,

they now made the worst of them. Sir Thomas's hamper of *his choice wine* (which, by the by, he had purchased for the occasion at a cheap shop,) was opened; and slices of ham were cut with their only knife and fork.

Jack Richards tried to be facetious, but it would not do. He gave Bagshaw a poke in the ribs, which was received with a very formal—"Sir, I must beg—." To Mr. Wrench, junior, he said, "You have not spoken much to-day—but you have made amends for your silence—d'ye take?—Your *ham* is good, though your *tongue* is not worth much!" Instead of laughing, Mr. Wrench simpered something about "impertinent liberties," and "satisfaction." On being invited by Sir Thomas to a second glass of his "old East India," he said that one was a dose—had rather not *double* the *Cape*; and, at the first glass of champagne, he inquired whether there had been a plentiful supply of gooseberries that year. In short, whether it were that the company knew not how to appreciate his style of wit and pleasantry, or that he was in reality a very disagreeable person, the fact is—But hold! let us say nothing ill of him: he died last week, at Folkstone, of a surfeit of goose, in the forty-ninth year of his age. For the consolation of such as were amused by him and regret his loss, be it remembered that

there are still to be found many Jack Richardses in this world.

As we have said, they now seemed resolved to make the worst of every thing : the grass was damp, the gnats were troublesome, Carlo's nose was in every body's face, Cupid's teeth at every body's calves, and Master Charles was ill of too many sour apples ; it was growing late, and no good could come of sitting longer in the open air. They re-embarked. By the time they reached Putney, it was pitch dark, and the tide was setting against them. They moved on in mute impatience, for there was a slight sprinkling of rain. It now fell in torrents. Master Charles screamed, Cupid yelped, and Carlo howled. Accompanied the rest of the way by these pleasing sounds, at one in the morning (two hours and a half later than they had intended,) they arrived at Westminster-stairs, dull, dreary, drowsy, discontented, and drenched.

How this day's excursion failed of being " the pleasantest thing that ever was," after the pains, trouble, labour, inconvenience, and bodily suffering he had endured to make it so, Mr. Bagshaw, with all his literature, science, and philosophy, is still utterly at a loss to discover ; but he is resolved to renew the experiment once again, on the 24th of August next ensuing ; and, to secure an additional chance in favour of its success — will commence his preparations at Christmas.

SPARROW-SHOOTING;

OR,

GOOSE-GREEN.

A

Dramatic Foolery.

•• SPARROW-SHOOTING was first published on that most appropriate day of all the days of the year — the *First of April*. Should it receive the honours of performance at any Private Theatricals in the Christmas Holidays, when criticism is caught napping — (for which purpose it is, perhaps, well adapted) — the nonsense-prologue ought by all means to be spoken: that being quite as likely to propitiate the indulgence of an audience as any prologue, the most sensible and the dullest, that ever was composed.

PROLOGUE.

ADAPTED TO THE OCCASION.

When first the Stage, by rigid Fancy reared,
In Grecian splendour, unadorned appeared;
Imperial Rome, all-conquering and admired,
With gentle gales her emulation fired:
Thence, like Jove's eagle, from barbaric toil,
Her golden plumage waved o'er England's soil;
The trembling Graces wandered, hand in hand,
And one meridian blaze o'er-canopied the land!

But, cold and cheerless in refulgent night,
One dreary chaos bound the Drama's light,
Till, nobly daring, with empyreal flame,
Enrobed in clouds, IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE came!
The tragic Muse, translucent to his lyre,
Struck deep the strains of energetic fire;
Each nameless grace in fair Thalia's train
Confessed his force, and gambolled o'er the plain!
Now smiles Favonian at his mandate glow,
Now pitying streams in rills pellucid flow;
Nature his nurse, he sways the Classic Nine,
Bids brighter fires above Parnassus shine,
But rears in *British hearts* his chosen shrine! }

O! might our Bard, whose trembling bark to-night
Steers its lone course o'er billows gay and light,
Up-raise the banners of illusive Hope,
O'er realms restricted by a partial scope,
Your plaudits, then, might waft him o'er the main,
And tempt his vessel to these shores again.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD FIZZLEGIG.

OLD QUIZBY.

HOAXLEY.

TOM TRIMBUSH.

CORNELIUS CRAMCALF.

JEM, *Servant to Fizzlegig.*

MISS DOLLY FIZZLEGIG, *Sister to Fizzlegig.*

MISS PEGGY, *Fizzlegig's Daughter.*

*The Scene lies at Old Fizzlegig's House, at Goose Green,
Hammersmith.*

N. B. All the men wear green shooting-jackets.

SPARROW-SHOOTING;

OR,

GOOSE-GREEN.

SCENE I. *A Room at Old Fizzleigig's.*

Enter MISS DOLLY, PEGGY, *and* TOM TRIMBUSH.

Dolly. Never you mind, Mr. Trimbrush, do n't be down hearted: my niece Peggy shall be Mrs. Trimbrush before the month's over, or my name is n't Dolly Fizzleigig.

Peggy. But what can you do, aunt? I'm afraid papa has set his heart against it.

Dolly. What can I do, my dear? I'll tell you what I can do. Does n't your papa, my brother Fizzleigig, know well enough that I've got six thousand pounds in the Bank; and that, at my death — Heaven grant me long life! — I can make every shilling of it your's, my darling little Peggy?

Peggy. Thank 'ee, Aunt.

Dolly. And that, if he dare marry you contrary to my inclination, I can leave it all among strangers — and you sha n't touch a farthing of it, my darling little Peggy.

Peggy. Thank 'ee, Aunt.

Trim. But I fear Mr. Fizzleigig has some other match

in his eye, else his friendship for me and my Uncle Quizby —

Dolly. A Fiddlestick in his eye! He may have a bundle of matches in his eye, for any thing I care. As for your Uncle Quizby, he's as great a fool as my brother. There they are, a couple of old blockheads, dressed from head to foot like sportsmen, shooting sparrows in the garden from morning till night. (*A shot heard.*) There — they are at it — do you hear them? As for you, Mr. Trimbush, a sensible young man —!

Trim. O, Ma'am, I put on a shooting dress, and take a pop at the sparrows now and then, just to humour the old gentleman. If Mr. Fizzlegig likes to sit down on a camp chair, in his garden here, at Goose Green, Hammersmith, with a fowling-piece in his hand, and call it sporting, I see no great harm in humouring him. He's not very well pleased with me for leaving him now, to follow you and my dear Peggy.

Dolly. Sporting, indeed! And they can neither of them see the length of their noses. I'm sure it is a mercy I'm not shot whenever I'm plucking a rose, or choked when I venture to eat an apple. There is not a morsel of fruit in the garden but is stuck full of their plaguy shot. As for Mr. Hoaxley —! but I don't wonder at *him*; he is quizzing them all the time; and, so long as he can find any one to laugh at, 't is all the same to him.

Peggy. But Mr. Hoaxley is a great favourite of papa's, and, if he would speak to him for us, —

Dolly. But there is no getting him to talk seriously. He turns every body and every thing into ridicule. Besides, your old fool of a papa is too busy to listen to us now, in the shooting season, as he calls it. I just mentioned the matter to him yesterday, and all I could get from him was — “Well, well, there is no hurry — time

enough to think of marrying the girl when there are no more sparrows in the world."

Peggy. So — if I'm not to be married till there are no more sparrows in the world — —! But there is Mr. Trim-bush's uncle, Mr. Quizby; he might speak to papa, too.

Dolly. He! nonsense! The drivelling idiot scarcely ever opens his lips; and when he does, 'tis to say black is white, if 'tis my brother's humour to say so. But here they come, a set of simpletons!

Enter FIZZLEGIG, QUIZBY, and HOAXLEY. They are all dressed like sportsmen, and each carries a fowling-piece.

Fiz. Ay, here he is! I thought we should find him here, tied to the women's apron-strings.

Quiz. So, sir, here you are! I thought we — That's right, friend Fizzlegig, give it him roundly.

Fiz. Ah! you lump of sugar-paste! ah! you milksop! Was it for this I invited you down to Hammersmith? Instead of being out in the garden, along with us, here you are — —! A pretty figure you cut while manly sports are going on.

Quiz. Ay, a pretty figure you — at him again, Fizzy.

Fiz. Look at your uncle; there's a hearty old cock for you! Up shooting by half after nine! And Mr. Hoaxley too — —!

Hoax. Pray, sir, don't overwhelm the young man with comparisons. (*Aside.*) Tom, stick close to Peggy; I suspect you'll have a rival here to-day.— (*To Fizzlegig.*) Every one is not born to be a sportsman, sir; but we — 'tis in our nature! As for you, Mr. Fizzlegig, it does one's heart good to see you. Breakfast no sooner over, than there you are, seated on your camp-stool, with your

gun in your hand, letting fly at every thing, from a sparrow down to a Tom-cat.

Fiz. Out in all winds and weathers—that is to say, when it does not rain.

Hoax. Braving hunger and thirst!

Fiz. Never thinking of tasting wet or dry when I'm at the sport—till lunch-time; and, as for fatigue, when once I'm fairly in for it, I'd as soon tramp over the wet grass as along the gravel walks. Give me your sound sportsman; a fellow who cares to eat nothing but of his own killing. Did n't I shoot the turkey we had on Sunday! and don't I shoot every bit of poultry that comes to table?

Dolly. Ay, and every table-cloth, too, that is hung out to dry. I declare there is not a piece of linen in the press but is as full of shot-holes as the sails of the man-of-war in your picture of the sea-fight.

Fiz. Dolly, Dolly, you are provoking ——! Can I help it if the birds will come and perch upon the clothes-lines.

Quiz. Why, you know, if the birds will come and——

Dolly. Get away with you; you are a greater fool than he!

Fiz. Why, sister Dolly, how dare you say my friend is a greater fool than I am?

Hoax. Sir, the thing is impossible.

Fiz. Do you hear that, sister? 't is impossible. But, come, don't let us waste our time here. 'Tis near twelve o'clock, and the cook is catching the chickens for me to shoot for to-day's dinner. Come, Quizby; come, Mr. Hoaxley. [going.]

Dolly. Hark'ee, brother; and you too, Mr. Quizby. Here stands your daughter, my niece Peggy; here is your nephew, Mr. Tom Trimbush: I have got six thou-

sand pounds in the Bank. Well — what have you to say?

Fiz. Well, sister Dolly, don't I know all that?

Dolly. Know all that, indeed! And what say you to it, Mr. Quizby?

Quiz. I? Why I — My friend Fizzy says he knows all that, and I can't help saying *that* is exactly my opinion.

Dolly. Once more; do you mean that the young folks should make a match of it, or do you not?

Quiz. Fizzy, do you speak first, and then I shall know better what to say.

Fiz. Don't talk to me now, sister Dolly; you are making me lose all the fine of the morning. Besides, as I told you before, I have got something in my eye.

Quiz. Don't you hear, now? He has got something in his eye.

Dolly. Remember six thousand pounds, brother.

Fiz. Well, well, I never forget six thousand pounds, but I've got fifteen; Peggy is my only child; Mr. Tom Trimbush there has got nothing but what his uncle may choose to give him; and, should he marry my daughter without my consent, Quizby will give Tom nothing, and I'll give Peggy nothing: and, as that is all we will give them, the interest on that is all they'll have to live upon.

Quiz. No, no; as Fizzy says, I'll give Peggy—I mean he'll give Peggy nothing, and I'll give Tom nothing, and I have four hundred a-year of my own in the Bank, and neither chick nor child. Come, Fizzy, let us go a-shooting.

Hoax. That is the longest speech of his I have heard this twelvemonth.

Dolly. Now, pray, may I ask what it is you have in your eye?

Fiz. A capital match: an Essex man, sister; the son of Cramcalf, the rich grazier.

Dolly. Cramcalf or Cram-any-thing-else, think of it if you dare!

Quiz. Lord, how she talks to him! If I dared but Hector him so!

Fiz. Well, well, 't is too late to say any thing against it now: I have settled it all with his father. He is a match for a daughter of the Emperor of *Chany*.

Quiz. The Emperor of *Chany*!—do you hear that?

Dolly. And why was this never mentioned to me before? I suppose — (*Fizzlelegig levels his piece at a flower-pot in the window.*) Is the man mad! What, in the name of wonder, are you doing? Do you want to blow the house up? (*She pulls his arm.*)

Fiz. Plague take you, sister Dolly! He's gone! A sparrow as big as a pigeon on the geranium-pot.

Dolly. And what sort of person is this choice of your's?

Fiz. Eh?—what?—I hardly know. I have not seen him since he was ten years old; that is eighteen years ago; and then he was the ugliest brat you ever set your eyes on! But ugly children change, you know. But, come, we'll talk of that by-and-by. Come, Quizby; come Hoaxley. As for you, Tom, come, or let it alone, just as you please. You a sportsman! A pretty fellow you are to invite to spend a week with one at Hammersmith in the shooting season. [*Exeunt FIZ. and QUIZ.*]

Dolly. Go with them, Mr. Trimbush; humour the old fools. Return to us presently, and we'll consult upon what is to be done.

Grand Aria: PEGGY.

Dear aunt, dear sir, contrive it—
Some speedy means discover
To rid me of this lover.

To be better half
 To an Essex calf—!
 I'm sure I shall ne'er survive it.
 What should I do at Colchester?
 Or Chichester?
 Or Rochester?
 Or Dorchester?
 Or Porchester?
 Or Ilchester?
 Or Winchester?
 Or Manchester?
 Or any of the Chesters?
 But be,
 As I foresee,
 The scoff of all your jesters?
 Dear aunt, &c.

[*Exeunt DOLLY and PEGGY.*]

Hoax. Come, Tom; we will make common cause against this rival of your's; and, if he really be the sheer, downright, and most egregious ass I have heard him described to be, we will force him, by a powerful exercise of the noble arts of quizzing and hoaxing, to abandon the contest.

[*Exeunt HOAXLEY and TRIMBUSH.*]

SCENE II. *Fizzlegig's Garden.*

Enter CORNELIUS CRAMCALF. He is dressed as a sportsman, except that he wears shoes and white cotton stockings. The calves of his legs are immoderately large.

Cram. So! here I am! That is Mr. Fizzlegig's house, and this is Mr. Fizzlegig's garden. Now let me con over what I have to do. First, I am to see Mr. Fizzlegig, then I am to introduce myself and say, "Sir, I am your intended son-in-law," then I am to marry his daughter in lawful wedlock, and then I'm to go home again to Calf

Hall near Colchester. Besides all this, I'm to be sure to remember to take my wife home along with me ; and I'm to be very particular to tell nobody here but Mr. Fizzle-gig himself what I come about. I'm not the one to make a blunder—'t is all written down for me on my ass's-skin tablets. Besides, I can't make a mistake about Mr. Fizzle-gig, for the man at the gate told me I should find him in the garden, in a green shooting-jacket, and with a gun in his hand. And as sure as a gun here he comes.

Enter TRIMBUSH.

Trim. A plaguy old bore ! how Hoaxley can remain with him I do n't know, but for my part——

Cram. How do you do, sir ? Well, you see here I am—just arrived—fresh out of Essex.

Trim. (Aside.) From Essex ! so, so !—So, sir, you come out of Essex, sir ? Did you walk all the way, sir ?

Cram. Walk ! no, sir ! I travelled up in a carriage with several more of my own species.

Trim. Then you came up in a calf-cart, I presume ?

Cram. Bless you, no ; in the Colchester stage. Do you know—I knew you the instant I saw you.

Trim. Me !

Cram. Ay, though you are much changed since you were with us at Calf Hall, eighteen years ago. You are looking much younger.

Trim. That is a surprising change, indeed !

Cram. Not at all, for then you had a bald head ; now you have taken to your hair again. That always makes folks look younger.

Trim. That is an idea that would never have occurred to me.

Cram. And then I could not fail of knowing you by your shooting-jacket.

Trim. A sufficient reason for knowing *me*, truly.

Cram. Ay, and a reason, too, that kept me upwards of a week at the Saracen's Head, Aldgate; and that cost me a pretty lump of money, that I can tell you.

Trim. How so?

Cram. Why, father told me I must be sure to wait upon you in a sporting-dress, just; as he said, to humour the old fool. He did n't intend that I should tell you that—he merely said it to me, in private. So I was obliged to wait in London whilst it was making; then the tailor disappointed me; then the coat was too big; then it was too little; then—but 't is a nice fit now, is n't it?

Trim. Allow me to examine it. (*Squeezes him tightly in it, and twirls him about.*)

Cram. (*Almost choked.*) Thank 'ee, that will do.

Trim. 'T is exquisite!

Cram. And so it ought to be, for it cost devilish dear. And I was obliged to pay for it, too.

Trim. Why, you would not have had the tailor give you a coat for nothing?

Cram. Yes, I would if I could, though.

Trim. So, sir, it seems you have business with Mr. Fizzlegig.

Cram. Yes, Mr. Fizzlegig, and business which will bring me a pretty lump of money; and that is some consolation for the trouble and expense I have been at in coming to see you.

Trim. Then, sir, since this is no affair of mine, I leave you.

Cram. How! A'n't you Mr. Fizzlegig?

Trim. No, sir.

Cram. And yet you have got a — this is a most extraordinary resemblance.

Trim. Stay—some one comes this way. (*Aside.*) 'T is Hoaxley. — Perhaps 't is Mr. Fizzlegig: I'll leave you together. Ha! ha! Ha!

[*Exit TRIMBUSH.*]

Cram. 'T was an excellent piece of advice of my father's not to tell my business to any one but the old gentleman himself. 'T was lucky I did not say more to *him*. That comes of knowing how to keep a wise tongue in one's head.

Enter HOAXLEY.

Hoax. Sparrow-shooting is a very pretty amusement, but I begin to tire of it.—Eh! who the deuce is this? For a quizz, a promising phiz—A-hem!

Cram. (*Aside.*) This must be my man. But this time I'll go more cautiously to work. I'll see whether he knows me. I'll cross-examine him as they do at Assizes.—Mr. Fizzlelegig, have you any recollection of me?

Hoax. You are not a person to be forgotten?

Cram. But you must find me much grown since you were at Calf Hall eighteen years ago?

Hoax. (*Aside.*) Ah! ha! our rival.—Prodigiously! you were a child at that time.

Cram. (*Aside.*) That's true; I'm safe this time. Yet I'll put one home question.—Did my parents consider me a sensible child or a fool?

Hoax. A prodigy of sense! And in that respect I'll answer for it you are not changed.

Cram. And that's true; for I am just as sensible now as I was when a baby. But you will pardon my being a little cautious about you, Mr. Fizzlelegig, for I have mistaken another person for you already.

Hoax. You are convinced there is no mistake now?

Cram. Yes.—No.—(*Aside.*) I have it.—If you are he, you can tell me what I come about, and who I am?

Hoax. You come here to be married, and your name —(*Aside.*) Hang his name, I forget it!

Cram. Right! This is you as sure as I am Cornelius Cramcalf.—And now for my name?

Hoax. Cornelius Cramcalf.

Cram. My dear sir!—(*They shake hands.*)

Hoax. And now, sir, to business. In the first place, Cornelius is a name I can't endure.

Cram. There; I knew that would be the case one of these days. (*Ill-humouredly*). I have always said I was very ill used in that affair.

Hoax. What affair?

Cram. Why, *that*; but I assure you, Mr. Fizzlegig, I'm not in the least to blame for it. They took an unfair advantage of my youth and inexperience, and christened me without my consent.

Hoax. Unparalleled tyranny!

Cram. However, my intimate friends call me Colley;—others, Mr. Cramcalf junior.

Hoax. Mr. Cramcalf junior, your devoted humble servant. (*Bows.*)

Cram. Pray, sir, do n't—I hate to be treated with so much respect.

Hoax. I won't, I won't; I promise to treat you with as little as possible.

Cram. (*Bows.*) You are too——But my other name?—Cramcalf? 't is an appropriate name for a grazier? Of course you know what a calf is?

Hoax. (*Placing his hand upon Cramcalf's shoulder.*) I have a tolerable idea.

Cram. Talking of calves, did you ever see such a calf as this? (*Shows his legs.*)

Hoax. Magnificent indeed!

Cram. And they cost me nothing. They are a present.

Hoax. A what!

Cram. A present from my uncle, the stocking-weaver at Nottingham.

Hoax. Ha! ha! ha!

Cram. I dare say you thought they were real. No, they are — (*Angrily*) I hope you don't doubt me? Sir, they are sham calves, upon my honour.

Hoax. Sir, your word is sufficient.

Cram. And, so, this place is called Goose-Green.

Hoax. So was my grandfather before me; and so might you be.

Cram. Why, you don't dislike my sur-name—Cramcalf is a pretty name, is n't it?

Hoax. Charming!

Cram. And your daughter will like to be called Mrs. Cramcalf?

Hoax. She'll die of love for you at the very sound.

Cram. Mrs. Vice-president Cramcalf!

Hoax. Vice-president! Why, are you a Vice-president?

Cram. Yes, of the Friendly Burial Society. We have plenty of public amusements at Colchester.

Hoax. She'll lead a gay life, no doubt. (*While talking, he pulls off one of Cramcalf's buttons.*) This is your button, I believe?

Cram. (*Putting the button into his pocket.*) Thank 'ee, sir, you are very polite. — O, yes, very gay. She will be invited to all the funerals. Our club meet once a month, at the sign of the Three Coffins, and are as merry as — I seldom attend though, and so I save my money.

Hoax. Very considerate.

Cram. When you have spent your money, your money is gone, you know.

Hoax. A wise reflection!

Cram. And when — Talking of money, father says your daughter is a capital match for me. You are warm, a'n't you?

Hoax. Tolerably—considering the season.

Cram. I mean you are rich. And then she has a maiden aunt, who will die, and leave me all *her* money. But old maids are generally tough, and last a long while. I say—is your sister tough?

Hoax. Psha! you must not say that. (*Pulls off another button.*) Another of your buttons, Mr. Cramcalf.

Cram. Thank 'ee, Mr. Fizzlegig; but pray don't give me any more. — Ah! I'll take care of her money, when I get it.

Hoax. So; you are a careful person, it seems.

Cram. Careful! why, I have saved every farthing of my money ever since I was a school-boy. Here, I have an account of it in my pocket-book. (*Feels in his pocket.*) Why, I declare I have lost my ass's skin.

Hoax. Bless me! Sure no one has flayed you alive!

Cram. No, here it is! Besides, I never lent any one a penny, unless I was quite sure of my money again; and unless I was well paid for it, too.

Hoax. That is generous indeed! So, then, it seems you are very fond of money?

Cram. Doat on it. When you have paid your debt to nature, you shall see how nicely I turn your's to account.

Hoax. Shall I? That will be a very pretty sight. But for the maiden aunt—suppose she should not be of your way of thinking?

Cram. But she will; for I'm told she is a very sensible woman.

Hoax. True; but she is extremely prodigal.

Cram. Is she? Then I'll soon make her turn over a new leaf.

Hoax. (*Aside.*) Now, if I could work him up to a quarrel with Aunt Dolly! — You are right, Mr. Cramcalf. Now, listen to my advice.

Enter QUIZBY.

Quiz. So, I have found you at last, Mr. Hoaxley.

Cram. Mr. Hoaxley !!

Hoax. (*Aside.*) Confound the old twaddler !

Cram. Then I have been talking to a Mr. Hoaxley all this time !

Quiz. Why, who else do you take him to be ? But go, go, Mr. Hoaxley ; our brother sportsmen have sent me to say they are waiting for you.

Hoax. I was chatting here with your son-in-law.

Quiz. My son-in-law ! What do you mean by *my* son-in-law ?

Hoax. O, your son-in-law will explain all that to you, so I'll leave you together. Ha ! ha ! ha ! [*Exit HOAXLEY.*]

Quiz. (*Following him.*) But what do you mean by *my* son-in-law ?

Cram. (*Taking hold of his jacket and pulling him back.*) Stop, stop, if you please.

Quiz. Stop ! stop ! I know nothing about you, and I won't stop.

Cram. Don't you recollect me ? Colley, from Calf Hall ?

Quiz. I know nothing about you. You are mistaken.

Cram. No, no ; I have been mistaken twice already ; and I have something else to do than to be mistaken all day. So, come this way, Mr. Fizzlegig.

Quiz. I tell you you are mistaken, so let me alone.

Cram. Nonsense ; I did n't come all the way from Colchester to let you alone.

Quiz. Help, there, help !

Cram. I don't care for your making a riot ; I have got you this time, and hang me if I let you go till I have married your daughter.

[*Exit QUIZBY, followed by CRAMCALF.*]

Enter TRIMBUSH.

Trim. There they go. Being alone,* I'll sing the song
I sang to my beloved Peggy.

Cantata : TRIMBUSH.

Let others seek for sweet soft names
To deck their sweet soft verses,
And celebrate their darling Flames
As Chloe, Clelia, Thyrsis,
Fenella, Flora, Florentine,
Amanthis, Araminda,
Jemima, Julia, Josephine,
Belissima, Belinda ;
For me, I scorn the vain pretence,
And, oh ! I humbly beg I
May be allowed, without offence,
To sing my simple Peg—gy.

Still let them dedicate their lays
To Celia, Saccharissa,—
And lavish every flowery phrase
On Minthe or Melissa,
Sweet Sappho, Celse, Celestine,
Phœnissa, Fulvia, Phœbe,
Nemea, Niobe, Nanine,
Euphrosyne or Hebe ;
For me, I scorn the vain pretence,
And, oh ! I humbly beg I
May be allowed, without offence,
To sing my simple Peg—gy.

Here they come.

[*Exit* TRIMBUSH.

Enter HOAXLEY, DOLLY, and PEGGY.

Hoax. Ha ! ha ! ha ! There he goes : he has fastened

* A pretext for the introduction of a song, approved by the highest operatic authorities.

upon old Quizby now, and takes *him* to be his intended father-in-law.

Dolly. Why, then, it seems the young gentleman is a downright noodle.

Hoax. As flat as a pancake, and the most miserly rascal I ever met with.

Dolly. Another reason against him.

Hoax. We'll get rid of him, I'll answer for it. His little intellects are utterly confounded by the mere similarity of our dresses; and—I've an idea. I'll once more persuade him that I'm your father; and if I don't speedily drive him out of our dominions——

Peggy. But he knows now who you are.

Hoax. He is so arrant an ass that I'll risk it notwithstanding. Ha! that's the very thing.

JEM crosses with a hat and wig.

Jem, is that your master's wig and hat?

Jem. Yes, sir, the Sunday set-out.

Hoax. Give them to me.

Jem. Can't, sir; I have just dressed the wig, and there must not be a hair awry.

Hoax. Here is half-a-crown for you; give them to me, and do as I bid you, and I'll give you another. (*Puts on the wig and hat.*)

Jem. (*Looking at the money.*) I'll fetch you a night-cap or two, at this rate, sir.

Hoax. No, no, 'tis not that. Haven't you observed a strange gentleman here?

Jem. Yes, sir; he got fast hold of Mr. Quizby, just now. Ha! there he goes.

Hoax. That is he. Do you go and tell him Mr. Fizzlegig is waiting here to see him, and bring him to me. Mind, no mistake.

Jem. No, no, sir. Ah! you are a funny one!

[*Exit JEM.*]

Hoax. Now, leave me alone with him; I'll follow you presently, and report progress.

Dolly. Do what you can to get rid of him; and, should you fail, I have a little scheme of my own to try.

[*Exeunt DOLLY and PEGGY.*]

Enter JEM with CRAMCALF.

Jem. There, sir, that is Mr. Fizzlelegig—He! he! he!

[*Exit JEM.*]

Cram. Well, at last I hope—Ah! ha! there you are, and plague enough I have had to find you—there are so many of you.

Hoax. I am sorry for it: I was out shooting. And pray how is your worthy father?

[*Hoaxley squeezes his hand violently.*]

Cram. Very well, I'm obliged to you, Mr. Hoaxley; he desires to be remembered to you, and you are squeezing my fingers, indeed you are.

Hoax. But why do you call me Mr. Hoaxley?

Cram. Dear me, I ask your pardon; but I was just now talking to a gentleman of that name, and you look uncommonly like him.

Hoax. There is nothing surprising in that; he is an old school-fellow of mine.

Cram. Ah! that accounts for it.

Hoax. (*Examining his dress.*) Very well indeed! But why don't you wear gaiters?

Cram. Think of my calves!

Hoax. They would appear to less advantage certainly.

Cram. But this nonsensical whim of your's costs a vast deal of money.

Hoax. What then, sir? money is made to spend.

Cram. True ; but the less one spends the more one has, you know.

Hoax. And are you such a miserly dog as to grudge your money ! You won't do for my daughter if you are. However, she'll take you in hand. You are rich, and by marrying her you will be still richer. I shall expect you, therefore, to do honour to your fortune.

Cram. I will honour it ; that is, I'll never make in the least free with it.

Hoax. In the first place, you'll keep a good table ?

Cram. To be sure, particularly if she be fond of veal.

Hoax. Why so ?

Cram. Because we kill and eat our own calves.

Hoax. The Cannibals !—And do you afford no variety ?

Cram. O, yes, when we are tired of roast veal, we have it boiled."

Hoax. Well, well ; you must leave the management of that to my daughter. In the next place—though you already have set up a carriage for her—?

Cram. Quite the contrary : because, when we are married, 'tis only booking two places in the Colchester stage, and there we are, you know.

Hoax. Niggardly rascal ! and do you imagine my daughter will travel by a public coach ? No, sir ; she must go with four horses, and take plenty of company with her.

Cram. Well, the Colchester Telegraph travels with four horses, and takes plenty of company.

Hoax. Fie ! fie ! As my last word, you must set up a handsome commodious carriage, in which four may ride at their ease.

Cram. Four ! Why we are but two at any rate.

Hoax. And how are her two waiting-women to go ?

Cram. O, that is easily settled ; she won't have any.

Hoax. Thunder and smoke! my daughter have no waiting-women!

Cram. You are so hasty; the cook and housemaid can help to dress her; and for great occasions is not there the barber?

Hoax. Enough! you shan't marry my daughter, so get out!

Cram. But only listen to me!

Hoax. Get out! I'll write to your father that you are a stingy rascal.

Cram. But only let her see me, and give her a chance of falling in love with me.

Hoax. Get out! you shan't see her.

Cram. So, after coming all this way, you turn me out of your house!

Hoax. Not for the world, but get out instantly!

Cram. Well, then, sir, since my blood is up——

Hoax. What then?

Cram. Good afternoon to you. I'll have nothing to do with you or your daughter. (*Going.*)

Hoax. (aside.) We have done it.

Enter TRIMBUSH.

Trim. Hoaxley, Miss Dolly desires to see you instantly.

Hoax. Confound you!

Cram. So, this is Mr. Hoaxley again, after all.

Hoax. (to Trimbush.) I had just succeeded in turning him out of the place, and you have spoiled all.

Trim. How the deuce could I tell that?

Hoax. Well, come along; and we will see what Miss Dolly has devised. [*Exeunt TRIM. and HOAXLEY.*]

Cram. So *that* wasn't Mr. Fizzlegig, then! I thought so at first; for the future I'll trust to first impressions. Now had not I discovered the mistake in time, I should

have returned home again like a——Ah! here he comes again. Let him beware of imposing upon me now ; I'll pepper him if he should attempt it.

Enter FIZZLEGIG.

Fiz. I vow the plague is in the sparrows! The moment I fire, away they fly, and the devil a one will stay to be killed.—Ha! Surely I am not mistaken. Pray, sir, are not you Mr. Cramcalf?

Cram. (*turning his back upon him.*) Pooh! pooh! you know well enough who I am. But I'm not to be taken in by you again.

Fiz. Taken in by me!—The impudent fellow!

Cram. No; and instead of getting out, I shall not stir till I have seen Mr. Fizzlegig.

Fiz. I am Mr. Fizzlegig.

Cram. Now, Mr. Hoaxley, don't provoke me, or upon my life I'll make you repent it.

Fiz. But turn and look at me, you obstinate dog. I am Mr. Fizzlegig in person.

Cram. I can bear this no longer. I'll teach you—(*He turns suddenly round, seizes Fizzlegig by the throat, and shakes him violently.*)

Fiz. Would you murder your father-in-law, you unnatural dog!

Cram. And now I look at you, I think you are not Mr. Hoaxley. But tell me the truth; don't deceive me again; are you really old Fizzlegig?

Fiz. Why should I deceive you?

Cram. Because you have deceived me several times already.

Fiz. I!

Cram. Yes, you—or Mr. Hoaxley—or one or other of you.

Fiz. I see how it is; Mr. Hoaxley has been amusing himself at your expense.

Cram. Is that possible ! But if you dress all alike in these jackets how is one to——besides, the expense of them.

Fiz. I hope you are not such a miserly dog as to grudge your money to do me a pleasure.

Cram. There—there—miserly dog !—his very words ! the very thing you said to me just now, Mr. Hoaxley.

Fiz. Your father has praised you in his letters to me for your habits of economy ; yet I would not have a thorough stingy rascal for a son-in-law.

Cram. Stingy rascal ! That was Mr. Hoaxley again.—Ha ! you know my father's writing ?

Fiz. As well as I know my own.

Cram. (aside.) Now, I'll prove him. (*Gives him a letter.*) Do you know whose writing this is ?

Fiz. Your father's.

Cram. I have found him at last ; the real original. (*Bows*) Mr. Fizzlegig, I hope I see you very well ?

Fiz. (having read the letter.) Ay, ay, he has written to me the same thing many times. No doubt my sister Dolly *will* leave all her property to my daughter.

Cram. (rubbing his hands.) That will be a capital haul for me !

Fiz. You seem to be very fond of money.

Cram. Love it as if it were my own father.

Fiz. Well, well, we shall settle that matter with my sister.—And now you shall see my daughter Peggy.

Cram. (laughs immoderately.) So *her* name is Peggy, is it ?

Fiz. Yes ; and what is there to laugh at ?

Cram. The wonderful coincidence ! There is one Peggy at Colchester already. But come, let me see her.

Fiz. Ah ! you rogue ! you'll be very glad to be married, eh ?

Cram. Ay, to your Peggy—and the money.

Fiz. But at first sight she may not like you.

Cram. O, never mind that.

Fiz. However, in time she will, I've no doubt.

Cram. That is as it may happen. But is it agreed that she is to marry me, whether she like me or not.

Fiz. And is marrying her all you care about?

Cram. O, no, I care most about the money.

Fiz. Young man, young man, you should not say such things.

Cram. Pooh! nonsense; it is what I think, isn't it?

Fiz. Hush! here they come. (*CRAM. puts his calves in order—they had worked round to the fore-part of his legs.*)

*Enter DOLLY, PEGGY, TRIMBUSH, HOAXLEY, and
QUIZBY.*

Dolly. Mr. Fizzlegig, it is proper I acquaint you with a step I am about to take.

Fiz. Presently, sister Dolly; but first, ladies, let me present Mr. Cramcalf, my intended son-in-law, to you.

Dolly. So, that is your beautiful bargain, is it?

Fiz. Go, go, and address my daughter.

Cram. But there are two of them; how am I to guess which is your daughter?

Fiz. Peggy, my dear, make a curtsy. (*She curtseys.*)

Cram. So, it is the youngest I am to marry?

Fiz. Now, say something gallant to her.

Cram. I will, I will! Miss—ahem!—I come from a county famous for calves.

Peggy. Sir, you do no discredit to your county.

Cram. An uncommon polite young lady, indeed.

Fiz. Now, sister Dolly, you see the gentleman, and I trust you'll make no objections.

Cram. She can't, she can't, you know. 'Tis all settled between you and father that I am to have *her* money and

your money (to her) and I'll make the most of it, I promise you.

Dolly. Don't talk to me, dolt!—Hearkee, brother Fizzlegig; since 'tis settled there is to be a wedding in the family, to save trouble I intend to marry at the same time.

Fiz. You marry!

Dolly. Yes, and carry my fortune out of the family, since you won't give your daughter to Mr. Trimbrush.

Fiz. (to Quizby.) There! 'Tis all your nephew's fault! How dare your nephew fall in love with my daughter?

Quiz. Do you hear that, sir! (*to Trim.*) How dare you fall in love with my——That is, as my friend Fizzy says, how dare——That's right, Fizzy, don't spare him.

Fiz. No matter; what I say is law. Here, Mr. Cram-calf, I've sent for you to marry my daughter, and you shall have her.

Cram. Stop, stop; there is some mistake; if old Miss Dolly marries, what becomes of the money?

Fiz. That's neither here nor there; I have said my daughter shall have you for a husband, and she shall have you.

Cram. Have me? But people don't give nothing for nothing, you know. She shall have me if the old lady will promise to leave her——

Dolly. If I leave her my fortune, 'tis on the sole condition of her marrying Mr. Trimbrush.

Cram. Then why didn't you make up your mind to that before? and then I needn't have come all the way from Colchester.

Fiz. Well, but sister Dolly, sister Dolly——

Dolly. No words; I've told you my determination.

Fiz. You are resolved, then, that Peggy shall marry Tom Trimbrush?

Dolly. Resolved.

Fiz.. In that case, what say you to it, friend Quizby?

Quiz. Why, my opinion is—what's your opinion, Fizzy?

Fiz. Certainly.—And you, Mr. Cramcalf, what say you to that arrangement?

Cram. Why, really, Mr. Fizzlegig, it is bringing one a long way—up from Colchester to——

Fiz. Then, since you don't object to it, be it so. Here, Tom, take Peggy, and make her a good husband. And you'll leave Tom your fortune, won't you, old boy?

Quiz. That I will—you say I shall, don't you, friend Fizzy?

Hoax. Now, Mr. Cramcalf, you are witness that my friend Tommy is to marry Miss Peggy, and to inherit the wealth of all parties.

Cram. Well, but I did not come to be a witness in this business. Quite the contrary. (*To Fiz.*) But I'll trounce you; you have my written promise that I'll marry your daughter, with a forfeit of two hundred pounds if I refuse.

Fiz. Ha! ha! ha! but you have not got mine.

Cram. That's all one, and I've been very ill used. You are an old rogue, and I'll trounce you.

Fiz. Eh! what! get out, get out!

Quiz. Eh! what, get out, get out!

Cram. You are at it again. Get out! (*To Fiz.*) That is what you said when I mistook Mr. Hoaxley for you.—But you'll pay my expenses home again, won't you?

Fiz. I indeed! ha! ha! ha!

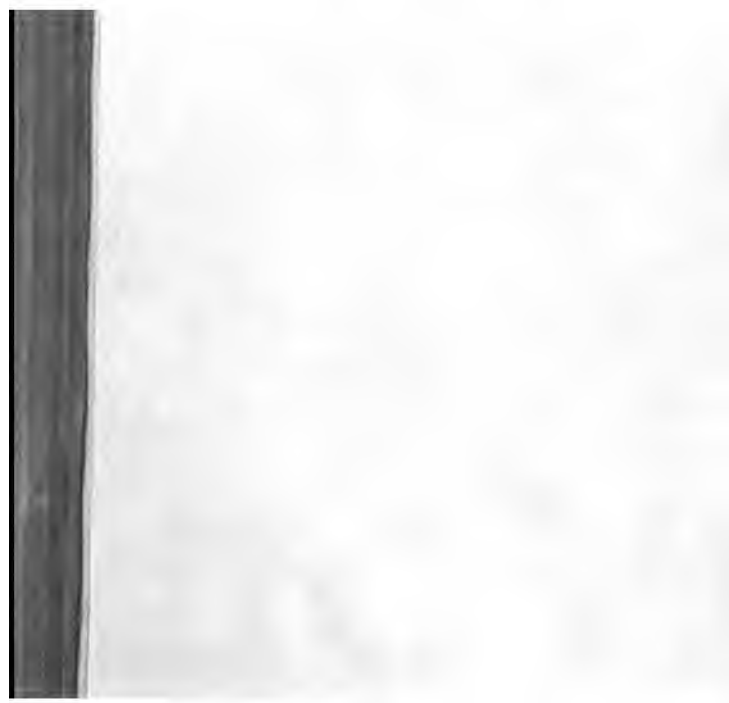
Cram. I've spent all the money father gave me, and it will be very unpleasant to walk all the way back to Colchester. Mr. Hoaxley——

Hoax. Get out, get out!

Cram. Well, if I must, let me get out genteelly. (*Comes forward.*) Ladies and gentlemen, I wish you all a very good night.

END OF VOL. I.

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